

# 템펠

파그마의 후예

MAYA & MARU GAME FANTASY STORY

박새날 게임 판타지 장편소설

마루&마야

# Overgeared

– 템빨 –

- Part 13 -

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# Chapter 551

Borneo.

The Gauss players started to feel excited.

'What? 9 million dollars just for inflicting an injury?'

'900 million for killing....!'

How many chances like this would appear before ordinary people? It was low enough that it wouldn't be strange if they never experienced it. Katz's proposal was enough to capture the Gauss players.

'Money!'

'I will become rich!'

Money! Money! Money! This was a capitalist society that produced new monsters, a very desirable phenomenon for Katz.

"Seuron, give me one blow please."

"No, please just die. Yes? Please."

The eyes of the Gauss players changed. They revealed their intent to kill a high ranker that they normally wouldn't go against. Seuron was recognized as prey, like a chicken trapped in a poultry farm. Seuron gulped as he was surrounded by the Gauss players.

"Do you really believe his words? Aren't you just fools?"

The average level of the Gauss players was 100, with no rankers among them. If Seuron were behind some fortifications like Katz, he wouldn't care how many opponents there were. But unlike Katz, however, Seuron was alone in the middle of enemy territory. He was isolated among thousands of enemies. Even the 'Soul Predator' Seuron had to feel tense.

Seuron determined that he had to be careful and tried to speak with a calm expression, "This isn't \$90,000 or \$900,000. It is 9 million dollars and 900 million. Does it make sense that he will keep this promise?"

In other words, it was worth billions of won. No matter how wealthy a person was, spending that much money just to hunt one person in a game? It was a bluff. Seuron was sure of it and people started to become dubious.

"It is a lot of money. No matter how rich Katz is, can he really spend this much?"

"That.... I would've believed it if it was a more realistic amount."

They could gain enough money to reverse their life if they dealt one injury to Seuron! This extraordinary condition ended up grabbing Katz' ankle. The Gauss players started to doubt Katz words and Seuron felt relief.

"Kukuk! Kuahahahat!" Katz' shoulders shook as he laughed from the wall. "People are fun. It is beyond your imagination so you deny it? Look, your imagination is too weak."

That was the only problem they had? Then he would adjust the level.

"I will correct the amount. I will give 100 million yen to people who injure Seuron and 10 billion yen for the person who kills him. I promise in the name of the JIN Group. How about it? Are you going to believe it?"

People didn't know how scary a madman with a lot of money was. Why? It was rare to see a madman with a lot of money!

"What are you doing? If you want to make money then you have to kill that beggar." Katz prompted with cold eyes.

It was the spark.

"Waaaaaaaah!"

The players in the Gauss army no longer hesitated. Katz offered much better incentives than the quest rewards, making them all rush towards Seuron. Seuron shrank back from surprise and roared.

"Shit....! Shit!! Overgeareddddd!"

The Overgeared Guild was a nightmare for Seuron. He was killed by a farmer in the invasion of Reidan and was unable to do anything big in the National Competition due to the Overgeared members wearing the items that Grid made. Seuron hated the Overgeared Guild, who left a stain on his life. He wanted to trample on them and get rid of the shameful past.

Yet now he was being trampled on with the power of money? Why did he get stuck in a situation where he was tied up with the Overgeared members? It was enough to drive Seuron crazy.

"Do you think you can leave a scratch on me?"

"Kill! Kill Seuron!"

"We don't have anyone strong. Hit him at the same time! One hit means a lot of money!"

"It's mine!!"

A clash between the angry Seuron and the money-blinded Gauss players! Katz enjoyed the fierce sight from the walls. The power of money that made enemies into allies caused the whole world to shake.



Bairan's siege had a special pattern. It was the first ever siege where the role of the one being sieged and the one attacking completely reversed.

*Kiiiiik!*

The firmly closed gate of Bairan once again opened.

"Hiik! Again!"

"D-Damage once again! Use the soldiers as a shield!"

The players belonging to Eternal started to retreat. The formations collapsed in an instant. The formations were a mess due to the players and the command system was temporarily paralyzed. The battlefield instantly became a mess.

At this time.

"I will show you my spirit today."

Pon rose a white horse through the open gate and threw his spear. Rail Spear.

*Kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa!*

The lightning spear blew through the Eternal army like a lightning storm. Hundreds of soldiers and players turned to grey.

"Hiyah!"

Pon pulled out a new spear and ran out. He broke into the collapsed Eternal formation and wielded his spear. The soldiers were slaughtered. It was the scene of a one-sided massacre due to the overwhelming power difference. But the massacre didn't last long.

Just 100 people. Pon defeated 100 people before recovering his spear and returning.

"Foolish guys! I told you not to let the ranks break!"

"Reform the ranks! The enemy's next attack is coming!"

The commanders verified that Pon was gone and gave orders to the soldiers. They wanted the siege weapons that arrived late to be escorted. But time was too tight. In addition, the players were a problem. The average level of the players at Bairan was 140. Apart from a few people, the majority were low-level users who hadn't received military training. The commanders did their best but the speed of the formations was too slow.

In the meantime, Yura emerged from the gate.

"I can't let you use the siege weapons."

*Peeng!*

A Demon Slayer acquired black magic power each time they slew demonkin. She could use this black magic as a resource to activate special skills. One of them was black magic. This was a specialty of Yura who used to be first in the black magic rankings. She summoned black spheres and bombarded the enemy soldiers escorting the siege weapons. Her aim was the siege weapon and no one could stop her.

The elite Eternal soldiers were still only level 180. Their abilities were useless in front of Yura's agility and aggressiveness, making them fall into helplessness.

*Kurururung!*

"Shit! How long will we let her run wild?"

The Eternal players realized the seriousness of the situation when they saw the collapsing siege weapons and firmed up their hearts. They started to concentrate on attacking Yura. They were eager to clear the quest as they fired arrows and magic. Their average level was lower than the soldiers but Yura was tired from the war that lasted five days.

*Pepepepeng!*

"Ugh."

Yura started to allow attacks. She came out of the castle to fight, so she was physically and mentally at her limits. The good news was that Eternal's players were weak. The difference in level and items was so severe that Yura wasn't seriously injured. After barely enduring the attacks of the enemies and defeating the quota of 100 people, she returned to the castle.

*Kuuong!*

She flopped down as soon as the gate closed. Yura sat down. She gasped for breath as she sweated, while Pon spoke to her.

"The supplies are running out. The archers on the wall don't have as many arrows and are running out of potions. We might only be able to last two more days."

Yura, Toon, and other skills members of Overgeared were concentrated in Bairan. They alternated going out of the castle and attacking the enemies in order to protect the castle without a loss of troops. But this wasn't possible forever. They couldn't get enough rest so their stamina recovery speed was slow and the durability of their items was at the bottom. Their potions were also running out.

It was a desperate situation for Bairan. But Yura didn't want to give up Bairan.

"Definitely.... I will definitely keep it. It will be dangerous for Patrian if Bairan

collapses.”

How much longer could they hold? Yura, Pon, Toon, and the Overgeared members. They risked their lives but wouldn't be able to hold on for more than two days. Bairan would be finished if there were no reinforcements.



*Chaaeng! Chaeeeeeng!*

“Kikik! Kikikikik!”

*Puk.*

“Kiiiiik!”

Red Sun Forest. For Korean players, it was known as the ‘Hypnotic Forest,’ where strange sights could be seen. The dubrick racer, or the nimble creatures that were deemed ‘unhunnable’ due to their species characteristics were being slaughtered by a single swordsman.

*Seokeok!*

*Puhahahak!*

A speed that couldn't be avoided. The white sword belonging to Kraugel blocked the dubrick racers that were three times faster than humans. The monsters that were 60 levels higher than him died. He wiped the sweat off his skin that was as beautiful as a woman's and tucked his hair behind his ears. His high nose and deep eyes were revealed. The man was handsome enough to capture the hearts of men and women.

“Kraugel.”

Hao arrived at Kraugel's side. After discovering that Ares' men were aiming for Kraugel, he stayed by Kraugel's side for protection. Now he asked with an anxious expression.

“Is it really okay if you don't go and help Overgeared?”

Kraugel had a great liking for Overgeared, and couldn't hide his impatience while he



grasped the war situation of Overgeared in real time. It seemed like he wanted to go and help Overgeared. But Kraugel continued hunting without heading to the Eternal Kingdom.

"Please let me know if there is anything stopping you from helping. I will assist you."

Kraugel could tell what Hao thought in his heart, since he was now quite familiar with Hao. Kraugel made a bitter smile and said, "Grid will want to avoid getting help from me."

"Why do you think that?"

"We are rivals before we are friends."



Pangea, the East Continent.

"Today is the third day...."

*Ttang! Ttang! Ttang!*

The White Hammer blacksmiths were uneasy. Grid had been constantly hammering for the last three days. Could a person be okay after working three days without any rest? In particular, forging was something that required a tremendous amount of stamina. They were concerned about Grid's health.

"Captain White, what do we do if Grid falls down? Shouldn't he rest for a while?"

White shook his head at the concerned question. White was also showing signs of weariness. It was the aftermath of watching Grid work without sleeping for the past three days.

"Don't disturb the concentration of Pangea's Duke of Virtue."

Grid was a craftsman. Once he put his soul into making an item, he wouldn't stop for food and rest. The work was the most important thing to them. White knew this because he grew up watching his father. He never intended to disturb Grid. This was a great choice.

Grid was able to focus with White's support and succeeded in smelting the Red Phoenix Breath one day earlier than expected.

"Now.... Now it is the real work."

*Hwaruruk!*

Grid increased the temperature of the furnace. The Legendary Blacksmith's Patience was activated for the fourth time and reduced his fatigue.

*Ttang! Ttang! Ttang!*

Grid started the making of the Red Phoenix Bow. He had a vague inkling.

'The best masterpiece will be born.'

It was a well-founded confidence.

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'The Red Phoenix Bow is the strongest weapon.'

Grid thought this. Was it because he always did his best and wanted to be rewarded for his efforts? No, his faith didn't come from such a vague thing. It was an absolute conviction because of several reasons.

'The first evidence.'

The quality of the design was the best ever. The original version of the Red Phoenix Bow was likely to be myth rated.

'The second evidence.'

The quality of the materials used in the production was the best ever. The white phosphorus wood and Red Phoenix Breath. In particular, the material called the Red Phoenix Breath was likely to be equivalent to adamantium. Adamantium was a mineral that was collected from the world of the gods. In other words, the Red Phoenix Breath was a by-product of a god. It was a 'part of a god.'

'The third evidence.'

Grid's concentration was at its highest level. The effect of the Legendary Blacksmith's Patience had activated four times over the last three days. It was the first time since he became Pagma's Descendant.

'Thanks to the Legendary Blacksmith's Patience, I'm not tired at all and can devote myself to working without a break.'

It was a feast of the best conditions! They overlapped and would obtain the best results.

*Ttiring~*

[You can no longer smelt the Red Phoenix Breath. It is already in the best form.]

[Strengthened Red Phoenix Breath]

The aura of the Red Phoenix enhanced by the legendary blacksmith Grid.

Increases fire resistance by 40% even when carrying it in the inventory.

It can be used to infuse items with the powerful aura of the Red Phoenix.

However, it can only be attached to items with a strong fire attribute.

Weight: 2

The strengthened Red Phoenix Breath contained a stronger flame than before. The flames in the ruby rose like they wanted to run wild.

‘Now I can make the bow.’

Grid made good use of the extra time to heat up the furnace. He used all his knowledge to handle the white phosphorus wood. Now it was only necessary to add the additional materials such as the minotaur horns.

‘It’s okay. The kids will be able to hold on well even without me. I don’t have to worry and just focus on doing my best.’

Grid wasn’t aware of it, but he was able to exert a higher concentration than usual in the production of this item because of his different mindset. His colleagues were in a crisis and he couldn’t help. Grid had to suppress his anxiety and nerves from imagining the worst situation and his concentration naturally rose during this process. He used a variety of tools during the production.

*Chiiiiik!*

“ ... ”

Grid stared at the water vapor that was generated by cooling the heated white phosphorus wood in the water. It shone firmly without yielding. It looked like the

starlight in the night sky.

[The Legendary Blacksmith's Patience skill has been activated.]

"...Good."

The Legendary Blacksmith's Patience skill once again activated! Grid smiled as sharp as a knife as his fatigue disappeared and his concentration stayed at the peak. The blacksmiths of the White Hammer smithy felt infinite awe as they watched Grid tirelessly work on the item for the fourth day in a row.

The next evening.

[The Legendary Blacksmith's Breath has been activated.]

Grid received a welcome notification window as he entered the final stages of the production. He attached the Red Phoenix Breath to the finished bow. Then a red aura appeared around the white bow. Grid prayed for the message 'a legendary item has been completed.'

'Please!'

Give him a legendary rating!

....It might be too greedy. Maybe he should pray for a unique rating.

'Then I can use Item Upgrade to make it a legendary rating.'

The moment that Grid's mind weakened.

*Paaaat!*

There was a gorgeous sight as the Red Phoenix Bow completely accepted the essence of the Red Phoenix, the white bow turning an orange-red color. It was an intense color like blazing fire. Then....

[An unexpected situation has occurred!]

“....?”

Unexpected situation? A chill went down the spine of the expectant Grid.

'What the hell is this situation?'

Grid had been hit in the back of the head while playing the game more than once or twice. Grid's expectations were always betrayed. Thus, he assumed the worst. However, it was the opposite.

[The rating of the item you produced is higher than legendary.]

[It is the result of breaking the limits due to the production method, the materials, and the maker's commitment.]

“....Ah!!”

Grid was reminded of something. It was during the pope election episode. During the process of understanding and recreating the myth rated item Lifael's Spear, Grid's blacksmithing technique was upgraded from 'Witness of God's Weapon' to 'Understanding of God's Weapon.' Thanks to that, Grid had a very low probability of producing a myth rated (reproduction) item. But the odds were very low and had never happened before.

'I wasn't expecting this!'

At this moment, a myth reproduction was born. Grid was filled with a thrill that was beyond joy. The result far exceeded his expectations, causing excitement to flow like a tidal wave. But the result was different. The item made by Grid wasn't a myth reproduction.

[Congratulations!]

[You are the first player to produce a myth rated item!]

[The title, 'Watched by the Gods' has been acquired.]

[(Understanding of Gods' Weapons) Legendary Blacksmith's Craftsmanship Skill has evolved into (Seeing the Gods' Techniques) Legendary Blacksmith's Craftsmanship Skill.]

"Wow."

Grid's eyes widened. It wasn't a reproduction, but a pure myth rating. Grid was so surprised that his heart stopped. His head was refreshed. Grid looked at the updated skill information.

[(Seeing the Gods' Techniques) Legendary Blacksmith's Craftsmanship Skill Lv. 8]

There is a high probability of producing rare~ epic rated items.

There is a certain probability of creating unique rated items.

There is a rare probability of creating legendary rated items.

If certain conditions are met, there is a very rare probability of making a myth reproduction or myth rated item.

\* All stats of a production item will increase by 21%.

\* When myth rated items are produced, all stats will permanently rise by +10 and reputation throughout the continent will rise by +1,000.

\* Something special will occur with every three myth rated items created. (Currently 1/3)

“....”

Grid was happy, but frowned after a moment. The updated skill gave Grid a new penalty!

“No, dammit.... Legendary items don’t give me any stats now?”

No, wasn’t this too severe? It didn’t make sense that he would be treated like this when making legendary items. The price for making a myth rated item was too high. Grid’s shoulders slumped.

‘The future is uneasy....’

Something special would happen every time he made three myth grade items. Why did he feel like this might be a huge penalty?

"This damn Korean game."

It was too stingy to players. They didn’t treat players well who paid a full fee every month. It was the typical attitude of a Korean game company. Grid couldn’t confirm the details of the completed Red Phoenix Bow when he heard a disturbance.

“D-Demon....!”

"Pointy-eared demon!"

“....?”

There was an uproar from the entrance to the smithy. The White Hammer blacksmiths cried out fearfully.

‘Pointy-eared demon?’



What type of monsters would scare the blacksmiths? Grid armed himself with the Sword Ghost and exited the smithy. Then he was shocked.

“Sticks!”

The pointy-eared demon that the blacksmiths were scared of. It was Sage Sticks. The person Grid had been waiting for! By the way....

"Why are you being treated as a demon?"

An elf. He was a noble existence. Elves were those who loved nature and peace, and were hostile to demonkin. They were historically honored and loved by people. It was strange that the blacksmiths of the White Hammer smithy would call him a demon.

Sticks reached out to Grid.

"I can't speculate, but the East Continent might have a difficult situation that is hard to untangle. Let's go back."

Now wasn't the time to think about the East Continent. His colleagues were the top priority. Grid nodded and grabbed Sticks' hand. Then the two people disappeared with a flash of light.



"A stronghold of a small kingdom is at this level....?"

The Yak Guild that was one of the Seven Guilds. Bubato was the master of a small territory. Therefore, he was able to see how magnificent the high walls of Patrian were.

‘The walls should be at least level 8.’

The durability was at least one million. It was natural that it would be difficult to scratch the walls with a level 100 or level 200 magic or skill bombardment. In order to break down the walls, at least a third advancement magician or high level siege weapon was needed.

‘If only I could have one of these fortresses.’

The Yak Guild had considerable manpower and capital, and they'd spent five months

raising the wall by one level. Of course, every time the level of the wall increased, the amount of capital and experience required for the next level up would increase. In other words, a player couldn't build level 8 walls.

'Grid got it for free.... Tsk.'

He noticed that Earl Ashur was on Grid's side since the Reidan invasion. Grid had been raising Earl Ashur since the earliest days and consequently obtained this great fortress.

'I don't want to admit it....'

Grid was a very wide character. He wasn't the same as other high rankers who relied on force or skills.

'Being able to capture the hearts of NPCs. This is Grid's greatest strength!'

If Grid was left alone, he would proceed forward without limits. Putting personal grudges aside, Bubab had an obligation to keep in check any high ranking competitors. But this wasn't an easy task. It was because there were too few third advancement classes in the Eternal Kingdom.

'We have to use the siege weapons well.'

Eternal's army had 12 catapults. But they weren't effective. Patrian had prominent magicians such as Zednos, Laella, and Euphemina. Their magic easily neutralized the catapults' attacks. In particular, the girl called Euphemina was a problem.

She used the best defense spell with the right attributes.

'This monster.... Did she obtain a legendary great magician class?'

Bubat clicked his tongue and turned his gaze to the leader of the Eternal army. Thousands of infantry tried to climb the walls of Patrian, but they couldn't deal with the pouring magic, arrows, and stones. In particular, the Overgeared unit led by Regas. They ran out of the castle for a while and when they did, Eternal's vanguard was severely damaged.

'Fortunately, Jishuka is tired. Now that she's on a break, it's time to get rid of Regas.'

If they defeated Regas' group, it would be very easy to climb Patrian's walls. Bubato believed this and looked at Jeff and Ralph.

"We're finally going to act?"

"My body was becoming stiff."

"We can't just watch."

The damage dealers of Overgeared were busy destroying or keeping in check the siege weapons. It was a safe environment where Bubato, Jeff, and Ralph could finally show their true colors.

"The target is Regas!"

"Kill all those who interfere!"

Bubat, Jeff, and Ralph guided their guilds forward. They killed any Eternal soldiers who blocked the road without hesitation and reached Regas. Regas screamed while fighting with Eternal's soldiers.

"Avoid it!"

The Overgeared members who were part of the Silver Knights Guild. It was the moment when the 30 of them heard Regas' call and tried to respond.

*Kurururung!*

There was the sound of thunder and the ground erupted. It was an earthquake caused by Bubato who was considered the best initiator.

"Aaaack!"

"Hiik!"

The average level of the Overgeared members in Regas' unit was 230. They couldn't resist the wide area CC used by Bubato and floated in the air. Regas barely escaped the CC and felt strained. Bubato grabbed the faces of two of the Overgeared members floating in the air.

Bubat smiled widely.

*Kwajajak!*

Bubat grabbed the faces of two Overgeared members and slammed them into the ground. It was the signal for the reversal.

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"Ugh!"

"Keuok...."

The Overgeared members had their faces pushed deeply into the ground. Following the air damage, they fell into a stunned state. Of course, the crisis didn't end there. Bubatz planned to completely destroy them.

*Peok!*

*Peeeeok!*

Bubatz's one-handed hammer struck the back of the Overgeared members without hesitation. It was a cruel attack without any mercy.

"Gorose! Han Woochan!"

Regas' eyes shook wildly as his colleagues died. They were colleagues he'd fought with for the past week! It was also by Bubatz, a third party not involved in this war!

"Wicked person! I will never forgive you!"

*Pachichik!*

Regas kicked off from the ground. Among the third advancement classes, his Asura had one of the highest difficulties. The intense power of lightning wrapped around him.

"Uhh!"

'There's no access!'

The Eternal soldiers were swept up in the rush and felt pain as their skin was torn and burnt. They tried to widen their distance from Regas. He used the precursor for the Asura's ultimate skill, 'Send to Hell.' That's right. Regas was in a cold rage. Regas

decided that the biggest risk Bublat had to be taken care of first, and he needed to prevent the enemy forces from reaching him. So he chose to use Send to Hell for his first strike.

“Haaaah!!

*Peeeeeeong!*

The moment Regas kicked Bublat like a lightning bolt.

‘What?’

Regas was somewhat surprised. All the enemies he met so far always tried to avoid his ultimate move? On the other hand, Bublat excluded any evasion actions altogether. He crossed his arms and defended against Regas’ kick from the front. The cost was great.

*Kudududuk!*

*Kuooooong.*

Bublat’s arms twisted in a strange direction after receiving Regas’ kick and the ground he was standing on was dented like an excavator had swept through the spot. It was a scene where the terrible attack power of Send to Hell could be seen. Thus, it was amazing. Bublat was still standing!

“....!”

Regas was shaken.

“Cough!”

Bublat clenched his teeth and endured the pain. He ignored the warning windows that spoke about the damage and bone fractures as he laughed.

"Have you forgotten? It’s impossible for even Grid to kill me with one blow."

Bublat’s hidden class ‘Crusher’ had a passive skill that ‘ignored damage after a certain level.’ Bublat was convinced that even a dragon’s breath couldn’t kill him with one blow. In addition, a Crusher specialized in close proximity CC, charging, and terrain destruction. It was the reason why Bublat didn’t flee from Regas. Rather than his

broken arms, Bubbat wrapped both legs around Regas' neck.

"I'll send it to you!"

*Kwajajajak!*

Regas's body rotated 180 degrees and his head slammed into the ground.

"Keok!"

Dirt and stones were pushed into his eyes, nose, and mouth. At the same time, Regas experienced a strong pain that caused him to see stars. He was in a stunned state. Bubbat wrapped his broken arms around Regas' back and kept smashing him into the ground.

"Kukuk! Puhahat! Your brain must be tired from fighting for the last few days!"

In the first place, a Crusher was the perfect counter to a martial artist. Furthermore, many of Regas' skills were on cooldown from when he was wiping out Eternal's army. Bubbat knew this and aimed for this timing.

*Chaaeng! Chaaeng! Chaaeng!*

Bubbat kept slamming Regas' head into the ground.

[You have suffered 3,900 damage.]

[You have suffered 4,030 damage.]

[You can't regain your mental state.]

[Your body is in a restrained position. It is difficult to move.]

[You have suffered 3,980 damage....]

....

....

The warning windows continuously rose in his field of view. Regas was aware of the serious crisis he was facing.

'I will die.'

The martial artist class was more about attacking than defense. Victory was settled the moment he was caught by Bubat and made helpless.

"Regas! Endure it a bit more! We're coming!"

The Overgeared members tried their best to rescue Regas, but the Yak Guild appeared in the gap caused by Bubat's air CC. The Overgeared members were surrounded by the Yak members and couldn't rescue Regas. It was difficult enough to protect their own lives. Bubat was delighted when he confirmed that Regas' health had fallen to one third.

'I can finally get revenge on Overgeared!'

Originally, Bubat had a good reputation for being undefeated in combat. But he was defeated by Grid every time in the National Competition and his reputation plummeted. He wanted to show a great appearance in this war that was being broadcasted across the world. After overwhelmingly defeating Regas, he would break down the walls with the army and take the heads of Jishuka and Euphemina.

'Then I will intercept Grid who will eventually appear and kill him!'

He would reclaim the glory of the past! Bubat was having fun as he imagined it.

*Syuk!*

Then an arrow flew and pierced him. To be exact, it stopped just before it pierced him. Bubat was protected by Jeff and Ralph. Jeff blocked Jishuka's arrow with a water droplet.

"Don't you know that projectiles have no power in front of me?"

Like Lael, Jeff was a qigong master. But his combat ability was much higher than Lael. Lael specialized in climate and terrain changes as a flow master. Meanwhile, Jeff's third advancement class was 'Defying the Natural Order.' He possessed many skills that were excellent in combat. For example, he could neutralize projectiles like



arrows.

"I will give it back."

*Paang!*

The water droplets. To be exact, Jishuka's arrow trapped in the water droplet shot in another direction. It was naturally towards Jishuka on the walls. It also had the same flying speed and attack power.

"That bastard."

Daring to return her own arrow? Jishuka's pride as the best archer was pricked and she frowned.

*Papang!*

She shot down the arrow with another arrow and turned her gaze to Regas, who was still caught by Bubat.

'I'm sorry, I can't help you.'

The magicians were desperately blocking the attacks from the catapults while the soldiers were stopping those climbing up the walls. Jishuka was currently the only one who could help Regas. However, her stamina was at its limits. It was impossible for her to use a skill. It would also be hard to rescue Regas from Bubat, Jeff, and Ralph with simple archery. They were some of the strongest rankers. There were few people who could easily neutralize them.

'One of those people is Grid....'

Grid naturally entered her mind. It was strange when she thought back to when she first met Grid. Jishuka never imagined when she first met Grid that she would rely on him so much. In the beginning, she just thought he was an idiot. But since then, he'd left a clear mark on Jishuka.

It couldn't be helped. When she realized that he was Pagma's Descendant that she was looking for, when he first made an item, when he appeared in a crisis and saved her, etc. Grid was always special and intense. Almost like a drug....

“...Oh my, what am I doing now?”

This was a war. The screams of her colleagues and the soldiers never ceased, and the number of enemies crossing the wall didn't show signs of diminishing. It was absurd that she was thinking about Grid in the middle of this situation.

'I'm tired.'

She realized it. There was no hope in this war. The enemies were stronger than Lael anticipated. Overgeared's strength was too weak.

"Well, we can start from scratch if we lose everything."

Becoming frustrated and giving up didn't fit her nature. Jishuka firmed up her heart and took out a new arrow from the inventory.

"I don't think we will lose everything?"

“ ...”

The battlefield filled with the sound of magic and weapons. It was so noisy that it was impossible to talk to the person next to her. Then why did she hear a clear voice?

“Grid....”

Jishuka turned her gaze in the direction of the voice. She smiled like the sun. Radiant, warm, and beautiful.

Above her head. Grid floated in the sky and smiled evilly, making him look like a goblin.

“Everyone has suffered.”

*Kiiiiiiing!*

Dozens of round white lights rotated around Grid as he observed the battlefield. Each sphere contained a strong aura.

"What is that?"

The battlefield. The soldiers started murmuring as they discovered the white spheres

in the sky. There were multiple small moons?

“...Eh?”

The Eternal soldiers were unfamiliar with this phenomenon and started speculating. A black-haired man floating among spheres of white light. He was only the hero of Eternal and was now a rebel, Duke Grid.

“A-Avoid it!”

“Run away!”

Grid wouldn't produce a special scene without any meaning. The Eternal commanders hurriedly shouted but it was too late. The white spheres around Grid started to shoot all over the battlefield. They poured down on the battlefield like rain.

A reversal in the war?

"Kill everything."

This was what it meant.

*Pepeng!*

*Pepepepeok!*

Hundreds of grey pillars rose simultaneously. Then Grid landed beside Jishuka and handed her a bow.

"Congratulations on truly becoming overgeared, Jishuka."

# Chapter 554

*Kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa!*

Dozens of white spheres hovered around Grid in the sky. The lights suddenly spread out and covered the battlefield.

“What is this?”

It was a wide range magic that had never been seen before. As the Eternal players were feeling confused, someone shouted.

“Magic Missile! It’s Magic Missile!”

Magic Missile was the lowest level magic. It had the advantages of a short cooldown time and activation time. In addition, the mana consumption was very small. This meant there was an obvious limit to its power. But Grid had clearly proven in the National Competition that his Magic Missile was different. Grid’s Magic Missile even hurt high rankers.

“They will aim for us!”

“A-Avoid it!”

The Eternal players started to run with all their might in order to avoid the bombardment. But there was no freedom on a battlefield filled with tens of thousands of people. In the confusion caused by the rush to get away, some people fell over and were turned to grey. They were players who died under the feet of their allies.

*Peeng!*

*Pepepepeng!*

Hundreds of Eternal players died.

*Kuwaaaaaang!*

Grid's Magic Missile bombardment hit the ground. Did the fierce white flash pierce the hearts of the soldiers? No. That wasn't their aim.

They hit the ground where thick shields were placed. The places where the siege weapons were. A hill filled with archers. The magic corps meant for increasing the speed of mana regeneration.

The places struck by Grid's Magic Missiles couldn't endure it and collapsed. Bubato watched the scene of the players and soldiers being devastated and felt alarmed.

"What is this bastard?"

Stopping Magic Missiles before they were launched and releasing them all at once?

"This is ridiculously overgeared!"

That's right. Bubato thought the reason why blacksmith Grid could use magic was due to artifacts. This was the most common sense interpretation. The voices of the Yak Guild members were heard in his ears.

"He intentionally caused an explosion by targeting the magic wards?"

"He also broke the siege weapons and killed the soldiers."

"That Grid, since when did he fight so cleverly?"

Originally, Magic Missile was a spell that dealt damage to a single target. Splash damage couldn't be expected because it was a penetration type of magic. But that story changed when it hit facilities or explosives. Jeff was angry at the Yak Guild members who felt admiration

"What's smart about that? It's a basic arrangement that junior high school students could do."

They knew that Grid was strong. But they shouldn't forget that the foundation of his strength was items.

"Don't shrink back just because you're overestimating them."

Jeff glanced at Bubato.

“What? Come and finish him off.”

He was talking about Regas stuck in the ground. They couldn’t give him a chance to recover. It happened when Bubat nodded and was about to hit Regas with a hammer.

*Kiiiiiiing!*

There was an unknown sound and a heat filled the area.

“What....?”

Bubat, Jeff, and Ralph started sweating and they paled. A giant firebird appeared in front of their shaking eyes.



"Congratulations on truly becoming overgeared, Jishuka."

[Ownership of the Red Phoenix Bow has been transferred.]

“Truly overgeared?”

Overgeared was overgeared, what did he mean by truly overgeared? Jishuka was puzzled when she suddenly got goosebumps.

‘Don’t tell me.’

Did it mean an item she had been longing for since joining Overgeared? The bow had an intense color like flames were imprinted on it. Jishuka carefully guessed the identity of the bow that Grid passed her.

“Is this a legendary bow?”

Grid’s odds of creating a legendary item were very slim. It was the same probability of a named boss dropping a legendary item. Therefore, it was rare for people to have legendary items in Overgeared. It was the same for Jishuka. Grid laughed at Jishuka’s

shining eyes.

“Let’s see?”

A meaningful answer!

*Dugun dugun!*

After Grid’s dramatic appearance, Jishuka’s wildly beating heart became faster. She was filled with anticipation as she confirmed the details of the Red Phoenix Bow. Then she became like a stone statue.

“Eh?”

What was with the rating of this bow?

“Legendary.... No?”

[Red Phoenix Bow]

Rating: Myth

Durability: 1,203/1,203 Attack Power: 3,190

- \* Accuracy will increase by 60%.
- \* 80% increase in firing speed.
- \* Fire resistance will increase by 50%.
- \* Fire attribute skill damage will increase by 30%.
- \* 20% reduction in cooldown time of fire attribute skills.
- \* Causes splash damage equal to 12% of your total attack power to all targets in a one meter radius. A player in the same guild in the range of the splash damage will be healed.

\* The arrows contain flames. It will added 4,000 fixed fire damage to your normal attack power and will cause burns. The splash damage doesn't apply to you. Once a critical strike is activated, the fixed damage will double.

\* If the bowstring is pulled for more than three seconds, a protective shield is created to resist at least one status condition. There is a 2 minute cooldown. There is a very low probability that this shield is applied to party members.

\* Every time you shoot an arrow, there is a chance to regain 1,000 health.

\* The skill 'Fly Up!' will be generated.

\* Passive skill 'Incarnation of Fire' will be generated.

A bow that is a myth beyond a legend.

The owner of this bow will leave countless achievements and will be the protagonists of hymns that future generations will sing.

It is made by Blacksmith Grid who has gone beyond his limits.

It is structurally perfect because it has the ideal shape of a bow. You can shoot faster, further, and stronger.

The breath of the Red Phoenix gives the wearer a mythical blessing.

Conditions of Use: Top three in the archer unified rankings.

Weight: 930

[Fly Up! Lv. 1]

Summons a copy of the Red Phoenix.

The clone of the Red Phoenix will deal fire damage equal to 800% of the total attack power to all enemies visible in the summoner's field of view.

\* Skills attached to myth rated items can be upgraded.



Mana Consumption: 2,000

Cooldown Time: 12 hours.

[Incarnation of Fire Lv. 1]

A persistent passive.

You have a body that is close to immortal due to the favor of the Red Phoenix.

Health recovery and stamina recovery will increase by 90%, and your stamina won't drop below 5.

\* Skills attached to myth rated items can be upgraded.

"U-Uh?"

Not surprisingly, Jishuka was an educated woman. One of her hobbies was reading. Therefore, her ability to read and understand sentences was excellent. In a short time. She confirmed the details of the Red Phoenix Bow several times.

"Is this a dream?"

"...."

It was a puzzling reaction. But she didn't understand. Grid had created several weapons that were the strongest in existence, but this was the ultimate bow. Few people could readily convince themselves of this overwhelming performance.

"It isn't a dream."

"It isn't....a dream?"

Jishuka heard Grid's answer and recognized reality. She blankly took a few steps closer to Grid. Then she leaned her forehead against Grid's chest.

"Thank you for your efforts, Grid." Jishuka had been watching Grid for a few years. She knew how hard Grid worked whenever making one item. "You fought and studied hard on the East Continent."

*Duguen. Duguen. Duguen.*

Jishuka smiled warmly as she listened to Grid's heartbeat.

*Gulp.*

Grid's face turned red as he swallowed his saliva. The world's greatest beauty. A beauty completely to his taste had her face buried in his chest. Grid wanted to enjoy this time, but it was too unreasonable.

"Save Regas first."

*Kkirik!*

Jishuka suddenly pulled away from Grid and pulled back her bowstring.

*Hwaruruk!*

The jaffa arrow started burning. The entire battlefield filled Jishuka's eyes.

"Fly Up!"

The moment Jishuka's shout was heard from the walls....

*Kiiiiiiing!*

The cry of the Red Phoenix rang out on the battlefield.

*Kurururururuk!*

Hundreds of thousands of fireballs fell from the ground, emitting black smoke. It was a disaster itself. It was an overwhelming force that made even Grid, the maker of the Red Phoenix Bow, feel frightened.



*Kurururung!*

“Pant....”

“What’s this?”

Bubart, Jeff, Ralph and the hundreds of guild members led by them looked like they were possessed by ghosts. A firebird appeared in the sky and generated thousands of fireballs with a flap of its wings. It wasn’t clear if this was a dream or reality.

It was an unreal sight. This was reality.

Thousands of fireballs poured out from the firebird and destroyed the battlefield in real time.

“What is this magic?”

The confusion of Bubart’s party reached its peak. But they weren’t rabble. They moved smartly in the midst of the confusion. They used defensive skills and evasion abilities to block the fireballs.

“These fireballs only aim once at one target! We just need to block it once!”

*Kwa kwang!*

*Pepeng!*

*Kurururung!*

All types of magic and skills were used, making the viewers happy. Bubart’s group barely managed to overcome the crisis.

“Heok, heok.... Heok?”

They barely blocked the fireball bombardment. The faces of Bubart’s party turned white as they looked around again. Eternal’s players and soldiers. Close to 20,000 were burned and died at once. For those whose level was in the mid-100s, the fireball

bombardment was a catastrophic disaster.

“Unbelievable....”

“Who’s using such an ignorant magic.... Don't tell me?”

They might be low level players and soldiers, but there wasn’t a class that could ‘sweep up’ thousands of people at once. The monsters such as Kraugel, Agnus, and Grid couldn’t do it. Therefore, Bubab was confident. It must be Earl Ashur. The great magician on Grid’s side finally showed up on the battlefield!

“Shit! Retreat! Increase all magic resistance!”

The Yak Guild members started swapping their armor and accessories and the Jeff and Ralph guild members followed them. This was an obvious mistake.

*Piing.*

A fire arrow was shot from the top of Patrian’s wall.

“Jishuka!”

Bubat belatedly noticed the flying arrow. This dumb woman was as persistent as a cockroach. He couldn’t understand what a single arrow like this could do.

“Don’t be silly and stay down!”

Bubat was frustrated because of Grid and Earl Ashur. He was angry because he missed the chance to kill Regas. At this time, Jishuka’s arrow was very irritating.

*Peeng!*

"You can’t tie up my feet for long!"

Bubat used the small shield hanging at his wrist to block the arrow. He didn’t bother using any skills to improve his defense. A Crusher was basically a tanker. He had high health, defense, and resistance. Bubab was even armed with the Undefeated King’s equipment. He had no doubt that one arrow couldn’t damage him. He intended to shake off Jishuka’s arrow and laugh. But it was impossible to laugh.

[You have suffered 7,390 damage.]

[The area hit by the arrow has started to burn! You will lose 2,500 health per second for 12 seconds.]

"Kuaaaaack!"

Bubat screamed from the unexpected pain. There was an explosion and fire burned his body the moment the arrow collided with the shield.

‘This damn girl! She recovered enough stamina to use her skills!’

Jishuka smiled brightly at Bubat, who hurriedly took out medicine for burns.

"That was a normal attack."

“What?”

# Chapter 555

"That was a normal attack."

"What?"

A normal attack? Bubab had pride as a tanker. If there was a defense power rankings, he was sure that he would be in the top 50. Yet a normal attack dealt nearly 10,000 damage?

"Nonsense!"

Jishuka's arrow was accompanied by a great deal of fire damage and splash damage. There was a normal attack with such powerful features in the world? It wasn't possible even for Kraugel, who had the strongest legendary class Sword Saint. Of course this was a skill attack. It couldn't be a normal attack.

"Do you think I'm a fool?"

Bubab's face turned red when distorted by pain. He was infuriated that Jishuka was making fun of him. The Yak members immediately stopped him from running towards the walls.

"We have to run away!"

"Don't fall for that lowly provocation!"

"Kuoh....!"

Bubab barely suppressed his anger. He remembered that he would die if he delayed the time.

"Jishuka! I'm not avoiding you because I'm afraid! You know! In a one-on-one fight, you would be stuck in the ground next to Regas!"

Bubab participated in the war because he knew that the Overgeared Guild would be in a tough situation due to the numbers difference. The reason he could easily defeat

Regas was by putting pressure on him using the numerical advantage. Now that the disadvantageous position was tilting, he planned to retreat.

There was a reason he couldn't help overreacting to Jishuka in the world. It was due to a past event.

In the past, it had been four months since Satisfy opened. Grid was still level 40, and Bublat was level 100 and performing his class quest. The contents of the quest was to hunt 100 twin trolls alone within a week. It was before he was a Crusher, when he was still an ordinary tanker. Bublat sought out the twin trolls.

But he couldn't see any twin trolls in the hunting grounds. It was because Jishuka had run rampant and defeated the twin trolls. Thus, Bublat was irritated. The 300 twin trolls took one week to respawn and the probability of success was low due to his weak attack power. He was furious at Jishuka.

Therefore, he was determined. He would kill Jishuka and secure the hunting ground! Why didn't he explain the situation and ask her to concede the hunting ground? It was because Bublat's pride as a ranker didn't tolerate it. In the first place, Bublat thought that the PK system of Satisfy was the best.

The result? He fought her and died. Bublat wasn't able to get his class advancement yet and wasn't the opponent of Jishuka, who'd already completed her class advancement. He suffered from her arrows and died. One blow? No, it was nine blows.

Jishuka didn't easily forgive Bublat who tried to stab her in the back. She didn't leave the twin trolls hunting ground, continuing to shoot at Bublat. Bublat received two death penalties in four days and lost access to the game. He naturally failed the class quest. If he failed, it would take another 10 days before he could do the class quest again.

'That damn girl!'

Bublat lost a fortnight because of Jishuka. In the early days of Satisfy, losing a fortnight was deadly, and his ID disappeared from the rankings for a while. Bublat still shook when he thought about that time. His chest throbbed from where Jishuka's arrow had hit him nine times.

'Wait and see.'

*Kwaduduk!* Bublat turned his back to Patrian's walls. Despite the ghosts of the past and

the pride he couldn't get rid of, his top priority was to run away. Jishuka's voice entered his ears as he was running away.

"Where are you going?"

*Paang!*

Jishuka once again fired an arrow. It was another fire arrow. Jishuka claimed it was a normal attack.

"This is the second shot!"

Bubat used an iron wall skill this time. It was the ultimate defense skill that reduced the amount of damage done by half. However....

*Peeeeeeong!*

Bubat's face became dismayed as he blocked the arrow with a small shield on his wrist.

[You have suffered 5,695 damage.]

[The area hit by the arrow has started to burn! You will lose 2,500 health per second for 12 seconds.]

"Ugh!"

No, why was the damage reduction so small?

'Don't tell me it's fixed damage?'

Furthermore, why was there a huge burn every time he got hit?

'How high is the probability of fire damage?'

There was also the splash damage....



It was a really good attack skill. Of course, the cooldown time would be long. No, in the first place, Jishuka's stamina was at the limit. She might've recovered a little, but it would be depleted again after shooting a skill twice in a row. Bubab hurriedly pulled out burn medicine and screamed at the guild members.

"Don't slack off and retreat! There was no reason to delay any longer!"

They were already exhausted by the time Earl Ashur and Grid appeared. They had to flee before they became targets. Bubab ignored Jishuka and hastened his retreat with his guild members.

*Paang!*

*Papapapang!*

Continuous sounds were heard from the walls of Patrian and Bubab felt puzzled.

'Again?'

It was the sound of flying arrows. It wasn't just one or two, but at least ten. What other archer could fire arrows from the walls that were 400 meters away? As far as he knew, there was only Jishuka.

"Don't tell me!"

Bubab turned his head back and his heart sank. It was because 10 arrows that looked the same as those that dealt great damage to him were flying.

"This is crazy!"

Continuously using skills? Wasn't her stamina depleted?

'No, why is the cooldown of such a powerful skill so short?'

Perhaps it wasn't an ordinary skill.

'Is it the ultimate skill of an archer?'

This ultimate skill was too dirty. Bubab cried out urgently, "Scatter!"

If they were gathered together, they would suffer great damage from the splash damage. As Bubab felt anxious and used a defense skill, Jeff laughed.

“Have you forgotten?”

The third advancement class of the qigong master. He could restrain flying projectiles and return it to the opponent. He had a perfect counter to an archer's skills. It was the Qi Barrier that made an enemy's ranged skill ineffective. It was one of the ultimate skills of Defying the Natural Order.

"Don't worry about your back and just retreat."

Jeff laughed in a relaxed manner and consumed a large amount of mana to open the barrier. He didn't doubt it. The barrier would destroy Jishuka's attack and give her a sense of despair. But reality was the exact opposite. It wasn't Jishuka who felt despair, but Jeff.

“Heok?”

The fire arrows hit the barrier. Rather than being extinguished, it passed through the barrier without any resistance. In other words....

“This isn't a skill!”

Jeff made a disbelieving expression. In addition, Bubab and the guild members believed in Jeff.

*Kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa!*

The fire arrows hit them and they were swept away by an explosion.

“Kuaaaaak!”

This was after the bombardment of thousands of fireballs. A large number of casualties occurred and screams echoed on the now relatively quiet battlefield.

“This bastard! Why didn't you block it?”

Bubat grabbed Jeff's collar after confirming that some of the guild members had been injured. Bubab knew Jeff's abilities. He thought Jeff would easily block Jishuka's skill.

Yet the attack passed through? It was enough to make him suspect if Jeff was an Overgeared spy.

Jeff explained to the angry Bubat. "This isn't a skill.... It can't be blocked by the barrier."

"It isn't a skill? Then what is it?"

"A normal attack."

"Eek! What nonsense are you spouting! Huh? Heok?"

Bubat's eyes widened as he inserted more strength into Jeff's hands. It was because he saw more fire arrows pouring from Patrian's wall. This time, there were more than 10.

"No, what the hell is this skill?"

Why did such a strong skill have a short cooldown? The fire arrows reached Bubat.

*Kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa!*

A powerful explosion rocked the battlefield again. The area where Bubat had been standing became a sea of fire.



Jishuka had perfect compatibility with the Red Phoenix Bow and became incomparably stronger than before. She laughed as she fired the bow and Grid looked at her warmly. The sharp and threatening eyes seemed endlessly gentle today.

'It's the first time I've seen such delight.'

In fact, Grid always kept Jishuka in mind. It had been ever since Jishuka listened to him and handed the Tzedakah Guild over. Grid felt a desperate desire to repay her. However, he didn't have a lot of chances to repay her. The rating was often low whenever he made her an item.

'I never made a legendary rated bow.'

But this time, he gifted her a myth rated bow. Grid was proud that he repaid the favor

and sacrifices she had given him.

‘In fact, I wanted to use it.’

There were limits to Grid’s archery. It was especially fatal that the range of arrows was limited. On the other hand, Jishuka had a lot of exclusive skills to enhance the power of archery. Therefore, she could use the power of the Red Phoenix Bow properly. It was better to hand it over to Jishuka. The stronger she was, the stronger Overgeared would be and the more Grid would get in return.

*Kwa kwang!*

*Kwa kwa kwa kwang!*

Jishuka devastated the battlefield with this bow. Grid felt reassured that she would play an active role in countless wars in the future. It was worth making a myth rated item.

‘This....’

Jishuka belatedly realized that Grid was looking at her and blushed. She was fascinated by the power of the Red Phoenix Bow and forgot that Grid was by her side.

‘...Would he like a woman who smiles when killing people?’

This was after Bubat’s party died. Jishuka bowed her head in a sad manner and Grid stroked her hair.

“You are great. You are literally a weapon of mass destruction.”

“Weapon of mass destruction....”

She heard that she was a weapon of mass destruction from her favorite man! Jishuka’s mindset became more complicated. Grid reached out to her.

“....?”

What was this? Jishuka looked at Grid’s big and thick hands and was filled with anticipation.

‘Asking me to hold his hand, does Grid like me?’

Jishuka’s imagination unfolded and she tried to place her hand in Grid’s. Grid pulled back his hand in a startled manner and said.

"No, I’m asking for money. The value of the bow."

"....Ah."

That’s right, it needed to be calculated. Jishuka’s eyes darkened. It wasn’t possible to determine the value of the Red Phoenix Bow. Everything seemed insufficient. In the end, she spoke after worrying about it.

"Shall we....get married? You will get all of my assets if we get married."

"....That’s a funny joke." Grid shook his head and signalled to Sticks. "Let’s go to Bairan first."

# Chapter 556

“Let’s go to Bairan first.”

"Is Jishuka coming with us?"

Mass Teleport was a very complicated spell. A magic circle needed to be drawn every time. Depending on the number of users and coordinates, the form of the magic circle was different every time. That’s why Sticks asked the question before drawing the magic circle. Grid replied, "No, it will just be the two of us."

The reason why they needed to defend Bairan was to defend Patrian. Patrian was the most important. Jishuka couldn’t be allowed to leave if the enemy’s offensive was going to continue. Jishuka knew this better than anyone.

'It’s unfortunate that I can’t move with Grid....'

She couldn’t not use the power that Grid gave her. Jishuka wanted to be a useful person for Grid. She waved to Grid.

"Leave it to me. I will take care of Patrian. Let’s settle the accounts next time."

“Yes.”

Grid replied with a smile. He was sincerely relieved.

'I almost drank kimchi soup again.'

In the past, Grid was the master of drinking kimchi soup. Every time a woman looked at him or tried to talk to him, he mistakenly thought she liked him. He cared too much about the opposite sex and interpreted it the wrong way if the other person showed even a little interest in him.

But Grid realized it after the incident with Ahyoung. Reasonable grounds were needed in order to love someone. From this point of view, Grid thought that the best beauty Jishuka couldn’t be sincere about her offer. It was natural. Jishuka would be courted by all type of competent, handsome, and personable men. Jishuka couldn’t like him.

'In the first place, why would a woman like Jishuka propose to a man first?'

He almost took the joke seriously, but got goosebumps when he thought about Ahyoung.

'I couldn't tell it was a joke and almost misunderstood.'

He finally grew into a man who could read the mood! Grid felt his growth as he disappeared with a flash of light. Once Jishuka was alone, she couldn't bear it anymore and blushed.

"I was rejected...."

How many women in the world experienced being rejected after proposing to a man? Jishuka's chest hurt and she was also ashamed. She liked a man for the first time in her life and was rejected!

"You fool."

The big problem was that she proposed before they were even dating. It was likely that Grid thought she was a strange woman. She blushed with mortification.

"Hing."

Jishuka wiped her tears and sniffed, unlike her usual self. She was a solo person who became smaller in front of the opposite sex. On the other hand, on the battlefield below the walls....

"Everybody forgot about me?"

Regas barely recovered from where he was lodged in the ground. He was very sad.



Gangnam, Seoul.

The finest luxury mansion that surpassed 50 billion won in value a year ago. Yura was sitting in the huge garden overlooking the Han River. Her dazzling white skin shone under the sun.

‘My body is heavy.’

Over the past few days, Yura had connected to the game until the daily access limit was reached. It was in order to defend Bairan from the enemy’s offensive. She needed to minimize the amount of time she left. As a result, fatigue pushed against her like the tide.

Her life patterns collapsed and the amount of food and exercise was insufficient. The biggest problem was that she couldn’t imagine when the enemy’s offensive would end. It was estimated that the Eternal Kingdom could mobilize approximately 500,000 soldiers. As long as Eternal had a complete food distribution route, it was possible that Bairan could deal with 100,000 enemies at once.

Could she hold on? Yura shook her head.

‘I have to hold on.’

She was working hard for Grid. They couldn’t lose in vain. Yura calmed her heart and confirmed the time. She could access the game in 30 minutes. She entered the living room and turned on the TV before taking off her clothes. It was for a shower. Her white skin was truly.... Omitted.

『Breaking news. I just received news that the Eternal army invading Patrian have been driven away.』

Yura was heading to the bathroom and stopped when she heard noise from the TV. Patrian had excellent defensive features compared to Bairan. In addition, the average level of the soldiers that invaded Patrian was lower than those invading Bairan.

But it still wasn’t easy. There were at least 20,000 Eternal soldiers attacking Patrian, with the guilds led by Bubab, Jeff, and Ralph among them. Yet Patrian drove Eternal to the brink of collapse?

‘How is it possible?’

The TV started showing the Patrian war video, answering the question of Yura and the viewers.

『As you can see, the primary strike from Reidan’s mage unit dealt a primary blow to



Eternal's siege weapons. Since then, the offensive of the army weakened.』

『The members of the magic unit are made of a species that is hard to see on the West Continent. Their skin color and tattoos are unique.』

『According to the information provided by Satisfy researchers, they're an ethnic minority called the Ul Clan. They are said to have natural talent in magic.』

『Why are the Ul Clan in Overgeared?』

『The Ul Clan suffered destruction due to the Saharan Empire. They lost their home and Grid seemed to have obtained them in a timely manner.』

『Hah.... Grid's ability to attract and manage NPCs is truly exceptional.』

『It seems he can raise the affinity of NPCs very easily. At this point, it might be fair to argue that the ability to be easily acknowledged by NPCs might be the effect of his class or titles. 』

In the video, the Ul Clan suddenly appeared due to Mass Teleport. They bombarded the siege weapons deployed at the rear of the Eternal army and disappeared with Mass Teleport.

『Even if it's a species specializing in magic, it's amazing that they can use Mass Teleport. I heard that only a few players and the great magicians can use it freely at this time.』

『No. If you look at the video closely, it isn't the Ul Clan who are using Mass Teleport. Look at the person starting the Mass Teleport spell while the Ul Clan are attacking the siege weapons.』

The video zoomed in and showed Sage Sticks. The experts were surprised when they saw him.

『An elf....! Grid is also friends with an elf!』

Satisfy's episodes were still in the early stages. The existence of other species were very rare and it was rare for the two billion users to actually encounter other species.

Yet Grid already made friends with an elf!

『Grid's affinity seems to be applied even to other species. Really amazing.』

『Truly God Grid....』

『It's the first time an elf has appeared. But why a male instead of female? It's disappointing.』

Some of the experts feeling admiration talked nonsense, but there wasn't a problem. The nonsense represented the hearts of most male viewers!

『Hum hum, in any case, Patrian's Overgeared members are able to breathe for a while due to the mage unit. However, a crisis will soon come. Bubat, Jeff, and Ralph were just watching the war and made their move.』

This time, the video showed Bubat's group. Regas was quite exhausted but the power of Bubat's group was overwhelming as they easily suppressed him. Jeff and Ralph was also successful as they slaughtered the Overgeared members. They showed the dignity of the high rankers. But it was only for a moment.

『At this point, most viewers probably expect Patrian to be occupied soon. The Overgeared members are in a desperate situation. But then Grid appeared.』

The dignity that Bubat, Jeff, and Ralph showed? They fell into disarray the moment Grid emerged. Grid showed his majesty to the world as he fired dozens of Magic Missiles at the same time, devastating the army.

“Cool....”

Yura's jewel-like eyes shone as she saw Grid's appearance on the screen.

『Now he's handing over a bow.』

Yura and the viewers witnessed the incredible sight of Grid giving Jishuka a bow. Then a firebird rose in the sky. The battlefield instantly turned into a sea of flames. Bubat, Jeff, and Ralph were helpless before Jishuka's arrows.

“The bow.... What's the rating?”

An unidentified bow that raised the user to a legendary level. It was an unusual performance compared to conventional legendary weapons. The experts guessed carefully.

『It's an extraordinary power, even considering the fact that the bow has good compatibility with Jishuka. In particular, the wide effect effects are overwhelming in a war. My guess is that it's a quest only item.』

A quest only item. It was an item indispensable for clearing a specific quests. There were causes where the item had transcendent function in order to complete the quest.

『In other words, the Overgeared Guild has a quest to defend against Eternal's offensive. In the course of the quest, Grid gained a powerful bow to prevent the enemy's offensive and Jishuka became the incarnation of a fire god.』

『I agree. The reason why Grid didn't show up during the war is now being explained.』

『Isn't it great? Then the Overgeared Guild can prevent the Eternal invasion?』

『It's difficult. How can they win a war just because of one item? Once Eternal secures a steady food supply and starts the artillery bombardment, all of Overgeared's territories will be occupied in an instant.』

『But the Overgeared Guild will gain a reputation in exchange for losing their territories. The prestige of a single guild that fought fiercely against a kingdom. They will be legends in Satisfy, and that should be good enough.』

The experts were always making guesses. They were guesses based on speculation and were rational. The problem was that Grid's abilities were unreasonable. The speculation of the experts were unfortunately wrong.



"Baron Duka and Earl Carrion have joined!"

"Marquis Bela and Earl Red have joined!"

As many as 100,000 people were gathered near Bairan. It was thanks to the leadership of the nobles under the command of the king. Chief Commander Duke Lucilliv smiled with satisfaction.

"Thanks to the advance forces, the rebels are already tired. Today we will occupy Bairan, putting Patrian into our hands!"

"For Eternal!"

"For King Aslan!"

"Waaahhhhhhhh!"

The morale of the 100,000 soldiers increased. The sight of the endless procession was spectacular. The beasts and monsters were surprised by the powerful march and ran away.

"Now the war will end and the people will be at peace."

The soldiers who joined from various places were making bright expressions. Grid, the one-time hero of the kingdom, who was now a rebel not loyal to the royal family. The soldiers were pleased that the man who caused turmoil in the kingdom was finally going to be punished and peace would return. It was like they were going to a picnic instead of a battlefield.

Only one soldier had a dark expression. A new recruit from Partu.

"Hey Ars. Are you tense?"

"..."

"Haha, it's natural to be nervous. This is the first time you're in a war. But don't worry too much. There are 100,000 of us. The rebels will be destroyed and the war will be over."

In fact, the senior soldiers of Partu were somewhat uneasy. All the young people in the land prior to the war and even beggars whose identities couldn't be proven were conscripted into the army, turning military discipline into a mess. It wasn't just from Partu's territory, but other territories.

The size of the army wasn't always advantageous. But what would happen? They could overwhelm the rebels with numbers.

"The rebels will never be able to endure the endlessly pushing army."

Ars quietly listened to the words of the senior soldiers and muttered.

"Until the command system is lost."

Ars' gaze was fixed to Duke Lucilliv's back. The leader of the 100,000 troops, Duke Lucilliv, was unaware of the gaze.

At the same time, in Bairan.

"100,000 troops are advancing from the direction of Partu."

"What? 100,000?"

It was crazy. The sweaty and bloody faces of Pon and the Overgeared members were filled with frustration and despair.

"They have already moved such a large army? Lauel's estimate was wrong?"

Lauel said that Eternal's army and transportation system had a blind spot. He predicted that Eternal wouldn't be able to operate an army of 100,000 for at least two weeks. But that was wrong. Eternal's army system was better organized than Lauel's analysis.

"Recently, Lauel has been making too many mistakes."

"He's managing the guild and the territories alone. He's too busy to be perfect."

"It can't be helped, even with geniuses. In any case, we can't hold on any longer. We need to retreat. Let's join Patrian."

The Overgeared members couldn't help thinking. How much better would it be if Asmophel was here? If the master of strategy led the army.

'....Sigh, there's hope even when he's playing as a soldier.'

Somewhere in the Overgeared territories, Private Ars was playing an active role. That's how Overgeared could withstand the enemy's offensive until now. Pon believed this.



*-It's finally done. The members can't hold on any longer. I will join the war.*

Reidan.

Lauel heard a whisper and rose from the seat.

'Piaro and the water clan have arrived.'

Over the past week.

Lauel had scattered personnel throughout Eternal. It was in order to fully understand the military trends of the Eternal Kingdom.

'I think I'm getting hair loss.'

It was so hard and stressful that he lost hair in reality. A handful would fall out every time he ran a hand through his hair. But now wasn't the time to be afraid of becoming bald. It was time for him to move. He needed to put an end to the making Grid a king project.

"Before I leave, I would like to ask this of you, Kasim. Please do this in preparation for the empire's raid."

Prior to directly leading the army, Lauel summoned Kasim and gave him an order.

Kasim felt admiration as he heard it. "This is a remarkable plan. I understand."

# Chapter 557

‘Was he called Duke Lucilliv? The commander of this army is pretentious.’

The procession of 100,000 Eternal soldiers. The golden armor of the soldiers in the lead flashed in the sun. *Tung!* The relentless sound of drums shook the sky. This was the momentum of a great army. Anyone would be overwhelmed by the greatness. But it was just their appearance.

Most of the soldiers, apart from the ones in the lead, were wearing old leather armor, and their uneven marching was masked by the sound of the drums. The reason was simple. Half of the 100,000 soldiers weren’t professionals. More than half of them were rabble who hadn’t even completed basic training.

“How rotten.... Why are we supposed to be involved in a battle between nobles?”

“What type of noble would attack the king? Shouldn’t the people unconditionally listen to the king?”

"What does it matter if the king is betrayed if we starve to death?"

The lowest class. They were always poor and hungry. They weren’t educated and didn’t have a lot of patriotism. Their purpose in life was just surviving.

“Hah.... Who will take care of my family without me? My pregnant wife is caring for our kids alone....”

"Geez, wearing armor and carrying a spear is really difficult at this age...."

The ordinary people. They labored all their lives for their family.

“Sob sob.... I want to see my mum. I’m scared.”

“My legs hurt too much.... I can’t endure it anymore.”

Young boys who hadn’t reached adulthood yet made up more than half of the 100,000 troops. The role of all these tired and struggling people was to die. The vanguard. Once

they arrived in Bairan two days later, they were destined to swap places with the golden armored soldiers and stand at the forefront.

‘But at this rate, they can’t be used.’

Ars was in the same ranks as the vanguard. He had unusually bright blond hair and was cynical.

‘The golden armor flashing in the sun was a burden on the eyes and the drumming sound was just a noise that increased fear. Their mental state will reach the limit before they arrive in Bairan.’

But Duke Lucilliv didn’t know this.

The position of soldiers wasn’t something that could be understood by nobles. A noble wouldn’t think that such a marvelous march could put pressure on the soldiers. In the first place, they believed that people would give thanks just by receiving food.

It was hard to call them incompetent. It was a very aristocratic way of thinking.

‘Was I the same in the past?’

Ars thought as he barely managed to chew the hard barley bread.

‘Well, there will be a massive desertion at the next campsite.’

Then the first chance would come.



The giants of the Eternal Kingdom referred to Marquis Steim and Duke Lucilliv.

Marquis Steim was a pioneer who revived the barren north, while Duke Lucilliv knew how to use his natural lineage. It was due to the power of Duke Lucilliv that he managed to gather the powerful armies of Baron Duka, Earl Red, Earl Carrion, and Marquis Bera in one place.

Who were they? As the masters of great territories in Eternal, they were great swordsmen and led large armies. Prince Aslan, who was on the throne in place of the dead Prince Ren, couldn’t move them.



“Indeed, the duke himself is commanding the army.”

Duke Lucilliv’s barrack. Earl Red admired the 2,000 golden armored soldiers and 5,000 cavalry that were brought. It was admiration, not flattery. He thought the procession of troops following the golden soldiers was wonderful. On the other hand, Marquis Bera showed a little concern.

“You must’ve spent a considerable amount of money plating the soldiers’ armor.... And isn’t it a waste? We can easily take Bairan and Patrian even if we advance normally.”

Duke Lucilliv sipped his wine and his shoulders shook as he shrugged.

“Marquis Bera, your way of thinking is too small. Plating? My soldiers are wearing pure gold armor. The army led by Duke Lucilliv can’t be ordinary. Isn’t that right?”

“Yes....?”

All the nobles in this place, including Marquis Bera, were amazed. The golden soldiers at the head of the procession. In other words, Duke Lucilliv had at least 10,000 soldiers. They were all wearing pure gold armor? How much money was spent? Lucilliv shrugged at all the eyes on him.

“Well, the armor is just decoration and their defense is lousy. The armor is thin because I lack gold.”

“....Duke, will your soldiers be safe from enemy attacks?”

Lucilliv lectured the careful Marquis Bera. “Why would my soldiers be in danger? Isn’t it possible for the thousands of other soldiers to finish the war in an instant? Will my soldiers even need to go out?”

That’s right. The other nobles nodded at Duke Lucilliv’s call. Their goal was to establish great merits in this war. It was shameful if they didn’t participate in the war. They planned to occupy the rebel bases in an instant by directing the troops.

“Right, right. We can trample on and slaughter the rebels with our troops. The soldiers of Duke Lucilliv will increase the morale of our soldiers.”

“Haha! That is my exact intention! I’m trying to make the war more advantageous by raising the morale of our allies! Right?”

"Indeed, the duke is great."

From their point of view, Duke Lucilliv's intentions were very good. More than half of the 100,000 soldiers were rabble, but that didn't decrease their value. They could be used as sacrifices in the vanguard. It would be enough to exhaust Earl Ashur's magic, which was considered the biggest problem. It was important to raise the morale of the soldiers who would be attacked by a large number of arrows.

But they overlooked one thing. Duke Lucilliv was able to pay for the gold armor of 10,000 soldiers because he took the money from the supplies area. That's why the 100,000 soldiers only had enough food for 14 days. Most of it was three month old food sold by Duke Lucilliv.

This was crucial to inducing a state of insecurity. The soldiers who had a tough march all day. Their physical strength was exhausted beyond the limit and their complaints soared to the sky after receiving their ridiculous meals. They were forcibly conscripted and couldn't even eat proper meals?

"Duke! Troops have deserted!"

A knight shouted after entering the barrack and Duke Lucilliv couldn't understand.

"No, why?"

This was a glorious chance for them to fight for their kingdom. Why would they desert? Marquis Bera ordered the knight on behalf of Duke Lucilliv.

"Catch and execute all of them! Show the soldiers how terrible it is to desert!"

"Yes!"

The knights received the order and immediately left. A total of 1,831 soldiers were captured while trying to escape and then executed. They were lower class citizens forcibly conscripted. They tried to beg for help, but ended up dying. The senior soldiers of Partu approached one soldier who was watching quietly.

"Don't think about trying to escape. At least our Partu is treating the soldiers reasonably. You must always be grateful."

"I'm afraid that if you run away, you'll end up dying like that. If you want to live, stay

until the end.”

“Aren’t you much happier now that you can chew on dry bread rather than living on the cold streets?”

“Private Ars. I understand.”

Ars’ gaze was fixed on Duke Lucilliv’s barrack.

‘The duke didn’t move, so there’s no gap in his guards.’

Duke Lucilliv’s guards were a few levels below the empire’s Black Knights, but there were too many of them. Above all, the biggest problem was the other nobles around the duke. They could exercise considerable power and Ars couldn’t jump in blindly.

‘I will wait for the next time.’

The incident that occurred today was enough to firmly plant fear and insecurity in the hearts of the soldiers. The morale of the soldiers was greatly diminished. Ars expected there would be more people trying to desert tomorrow.



Bairan was in a great crisis.

The advance of the enemy forces could be seen from all the gates. The arrows fired by the Overgeared members were no longer as quick and strong as they were in the beginning.

“Your parents are suffering from poor circulation! Go home and blow on your parent’s hands and feet!”

Huroi’s cries were no longer effective in disturbing the enemy. As the number of enemies decreased to 10,000, Eternal no longer had any place to retreat and managed to damage the gates and walls of Bairan.

“This is serious.”

*Kuuong! Kung!*

As the enemy's siege weapons kept striking the gate, the durability was rapidly falling. Yura became anxious as soon as the connection time limit was over and she entered the game.

"It's the end the moment that we allow the enemy to enter."

Yura and the Overgeared members had to deal with thousands of enemies at once? They would slaughter the Overgeared soldiers and trample everything in Bairan.

"Shit.... I want to go outside and kill the enemy's momentum. However, the enemies will just enter if I open the gates now."

Pon gritted his teeth. His stamina was already on the verge of being depleted. He wouldn't be able to use any skills if he left the castle. In this desperate situation, Yura and Pon received Lauel's whisper.

*-Lead the remaining troops and retreat to Patrian.*

It caused a backlash with Pon.

*-What about the people?*

*-In the end, Bairan's people are still Eternal's people. Why would the army bother killing people who didn't cause any destruction? Retreat with confidence.*

*-They're people who serve the rebel Grid. Are you sure they really won't be killed?*

*-They will be busy with looting and assaults due to the excitement of victory. But what can we do? We can't lose the soldiers that we worked so hard to nurture.*

*-You.....! Can you so easily abandon the people who believed in and served Grid?*

Bairan was originally the territory of the Tzedakah Guild. Pon and the Tzedakah Guild had been with the people of Bairan for a long time. It wasn't easy to throw them away. Lauel recognized this but they were currently at war. It wasn't possible for him to look at it with an individual's position.

*-Is it possible to lost the tens of thousands of people in Reidan just because you want to protect thousands of people? Shouldn't you be calmer?*

*-Kuack!*

Pon gritted his teeth. He understood Lael's words with his mind but it was still unpleasant. In the end, he spat out words that he shouldn't have said.

*-In the first place, it's because you are incompetent! What? We'll be able to endure the enemy's offensive to the end? They won't be able to organize an army of 100,000 for a long time? Stop talking nonsense! Everything you said was wrong! You incompetent....!*

Pon's agitated voice became smaller. He belatedly realized his mistake. Who was Lael?

He was someone who worked harder than anyone else for Overgeared. He took on the heavy responsibility alone. This was the burden they placed on him. They didn't help him enough. Now Pon was trying to put the responsibility on Lael when the situation wasn't good?

*-....I'm sorry.*

Pon sincerely apologized to Lael. He felt really sorry because it was Lael.

*-No, I'm the one who should be sorry. In fact, I've deceived you.*

*-.....?*

*-I have to fool my allies to fool my enemies. I secretly kept a plan from you in the hope that you would fight fiercely.*

What was Lael saying? Pon didn't understand the words and Lael explained.

*-Right now, I'm heading to Reinhardt.*

*-What....!*

The capital of the Eternal Kingdom, Reinhardt. Now that most of the troops were gone, Lael was leading his army there.

*-The war will end soon.*

At the same time, in a mysterious place. Sticks was coughing up blood with a pale

expression while Grid looked at him with concern.

‘He just had to have a heart attack at this timing.’

Dozens of minutes ago. Mass Teleport was activated at Patrian. The curse of the gourmet dragon Raiders engulfed Sticks and he failed to manage his mana. Thanks to this, Mass Teleport was affected and Grid and Sticks landed in an unknown place.

‘It’s a place where whispers are impossible.’

They fell into a strange place. It was an instant dungeon where nothing was visible. What was happening at Bairan? To Yura and his colleagues? Grid was nervous and uneasy, but couldn’t express his displeasure to Sticks. Grid waited quietly while Sticks took his medicine and recovered.

‘Is this the bad luck that came from making a myth rated bow?’

The gourmet dragon, Grid wanted to strike it hard in the stomach.

# Chapter 558

“Cough cough! I-I’m really sorry. In this situation.... I don’t want to hold your ankles.”

Sticks coughed while looking like someone who was about to die. However, he apologized because he was more worried about Overgeared than himself. It was a good attitude that Grid liked.

‘It’s because I made him use Mass Teleport several times....’

It was meaningless to be irritated. He wasn’t in a position to worry about Sticks’ sickness, but he couldn’t help feeling sorry and worried. Grid controlled his mind and smiled benevolently.

“Please don’t worry and just focus on recovery. You have to live a long and healthy life in order to pass on all your knowledge to my son.”

“G-Grid....”

Sticks’ voice trembled. The pointed ears that symbolized a high elf shook! The beautiful face turned red. He was moved by the words ‘long and healthy.’ Grid interpreted it this way but the reason for Sticks’ response was different from what he expected.

“Only wanting me to give knowledge to young Lord.... Does that mean you want me to live a short life? Huh? Do you want me to die early? I don’t want to....”

“....”

As a high elf, Sticks had a strong commitment to life. He was 983 years old. There was a moment of awkward silence before Sticks suddenly felt afraid.

‘This strong magic power! Don’t tell me!’

He needed to recover and escape. Sticks hurried to recover. On the other hand, Braham’s soul was also fluctuating uneasily.

‘If this pathetic elf doesn’t recover, Grid will die.’

In the first place, Grid shouldn’t have been in this place. Braham whispered to Grid.

‘That elf will recover quickly. Don’t waste time and gather Magic Missiles with the Alarm magic.’

Grid nodded.

“I will do so.”

Grid was also disturbed by this place. His high insight warned him about something in the depths of the darkness.

‘My pride is hurt.’

He tried so hard, but he was still very weak. Grid realized this and used Magic Missile and Alarm repeatedly. The loss of mana potions was very painful, but right now wasn’t the time to save money. Then they left for Bairan after an hour.



*Kuuong! Kuuong!*

*Kwa kwa kwa kwang!*

“Ohhh!”

“Finally!”

Bairan’s southern gate failed to survive the ongoing attack of the siege weapons and collapsed. The soldiers were excited. In particular, the players shouted with joy. Over the past week. Most of the players had died many times in battle and received severe damage. Not only did they lose a lot of experience, some of them also dropped expensive items.

The strong counterattack of the Overgeared members caused them countless pain and frustration. But that frustration would end today. From now on, it was time to receive their rewards for the sacrifices they made throughout the war!



“Forward! Shoot!”

“Enter Bairan! First smash all of the Overgeared members!”

"Waaahhhhhhhh!"

The purpose of the players' quest was to occupy Bairan! If they occupied Bairan, the rewards would be comparable to SS grade quests. An ordinary player's life could be changed with these huge rewards. The surging momentum seemed to pierce the sky. In particular, additional rewards could be obtained if they defeated the Overgeared members or soldiers. As they entered Bairan, they climbed onto the walls and started attacking the Overgeared archers.

"These damn scum! I suffered so much that I lost levels! Get lost!"

“Revenge!”

“Kuak!”

The Overgeared soldiers wearing Grid's set were very strong. The same level players couldn't beat them in a one-on-one fight. Even at the same level, the Overgeared soldiers were stronger than the Eternal players. However, the Overgeared soldiers were very tired and inadequate in numbers.

The Overgeared soldiers were unable to cope with the players constantly rushing in. They used Grid's Dagger (Entry Level) to try and protect their bodies, but it was hard to last long. As a result, the soldiers turned to grey one by one. This made the Overgeared members angry. How much time and money did they invest into the soldiers?

"You didn't even go to your mother's funeral!"

Huroi cried out and pulled out a long sword. It was Grid's Longsword that had been constantly improved since the days when the guild stayed in Winston. The players thought it was ridiculous.

“An orator is holding a sword?”

"There's no way you can wield it!"

An orator was considered one of the weakest classes in close combat. It wasn't possible for the players to shrink back from Huroi. They regarded the sword that Huroi was holding as a decoration. However, Huroi had a second class. As the Apostle of Justice's Partner, he could use a sword.

*Chaeng!*

*Seokeok!*

*Chaaeng!*

*Puuok!*

"Keok!"

"Heeok!"

Every time Huroi wielded his sword, one of the players died. The players were astonished.

"How can an orator use a sword?"

"It's a second class!"

They belatedly noticed, but it was already too late.

"Bah! Descend! Lord of the Skies above the Grasslands!"

The excited Huroi shouted.

*Kiyaaaaaah!*

"....!"

A dazzling explosion filled the sky. It was the advent of a huge wyvern. It was also a red wyvern! A wyvern that boasted the strongest fire attribute!

*Kurururu!*

The red wyvern in the sky poured out a breath and 50 Eternal players caught on fire.

"Aaaagh!"

"H-Hik!"

The players felt fear as flames burned their bodies. The lower level players were unable to deal with the damage and died.

"T-This...."

How was he so strong?

"I thought he was all talk!"

At the south wall.

Huroi was the only Overgeared member protecting this place. The players assumed that they could easily occupy it, but reality was terrible. In fact, Huroi wasn't on the front lines like Yura and Pon, and he also had the highest stamina. In particular, he was one of 100 people who owned a wyvern.

Strong. The south wall that Huroi defended became a hell for Eternal.

"I am the descendant of the great blue wolf!"

*Seokeok! Puk.*

*Kwarururung!*

Huroi flew on the wyvern and burned the Eternal players. Dozens of cameras watched as he proclaimed to the whole world.

"I am Grid's first servant!"

"Ser....!"

"Vant!"

A top ranker was just Grid's servant! The astonished Eternal soldiers were swept away by flames.



The east wall.

“He’s fighting really well.”

Pon watched Huroi at the south wall with admiration. The reason why he placed the smallest unit on the south wall was because he believed in Huroi’s strength. Now he felt rewarded for his faith.

"Huroi is also top class."

The people who had been with Grid from the beginning. Euphemina and Huroi. Unlike the other Overgeared members, they rarely revealed themselves in public. However, they had the highest level of combat power and versatility. They were with Grid from the beginning for a reason.

‘Grid has a talent for choosing people.’

The Overgeared members urged Pon while he was thinking.

“The gates are beginning to collapse. We’ll soon be pushed by the enemies.”

“Let’s run away while Huroi buys time.”

It was time to flee through the north gate that Yura had opened. Huroi was able to get away at any time on the wyvern.

"Yes, let's go. Order a full retreat."

Pon was concerned about the residents of Bairan, but he had to trust Lauel. The residents of Bairan were fundamentally people of Eternal. The Eternal army wouldn’t slaughter them.

“Full retreat!”

“Move through the north gate!”

The Overgeared members moved in an orderly fashion. They quickly commanded the soldier and archers on the walls and moved them to the north gate. The northern wall

already contained the elites of Overgeared, including Yura, who opened the path.

However, Eternal didn't watch in silence. The Eternal knights moved to the north and blocked the path of the Overgeared members. Magic and arrows poured from all sides to tie up the feet of Overgeared and the knights attacked, causing great damage.

"Shit!"

It wasn't easy to take care of knights unless they were Grid. The Overgeared members couldn't use skills due to their low stamina and were caught by the enemy's offensive.

"(#%\$/@!P\$#~\*\$!%##(:\*!!!!"

The wyvern flew high in the sky and Huroi shouted in a loud voice. His curses spread through the battlefield. It was the moment when the skills of an orator were activated.

"That.... Wicked person!"

"How can you insult my dead ancestors!"

"Do you have no parents?"

As the Eternal army converged on Huroi, the broadcasters around the world were busy trying to censor Huroi.

"Now!"

The Overgeared members didn't miss their chance to press ahead. They succeeded in securing their retreat and moved away from Bairan.



『The Overgeared Guild has abandoned Bairan.』

『There were limits from the beginning. They probably would've been wiped out if they persisted longer.』

『Bairan is just the beginning. Eternal has secured the route to attack Patrian by occupying Bairan. Now they can launch a full offensive against Patrian and the

Overgeared Guild won't be able to withstand it. They will lose Patrian and Reidan sequentially.』

『It's only a matter of time until all the territories of Overgeared Guild fall.』

『It's the aftermath of expanding their forces too hastily. They couldn't avoid an economic and diplomatic catastrophe. The Overgeared Guild will have to live quietly like dead rats for at least one year in the future.』

Bairan had been the stage of an intense war for the past week. Eternal's flags were stuck all over the ruined walls. Now that Bairan was once again the territory of the Eternal Kingdom, the thousands of players who participated in the Bairan occupation were surrounded with golden pillars symbolizing a level up. The amount of experience was enough to raise their level and skills, and they were also pleased with the epic and unique rated items they received.

The commentators relaying the war predicted the future situations.

『The players of Eternal have become stronger in an instant. They're growing as a result of the Overgeared Guild's rebellion.』

『The king of Eternal is still young. Opportunities are overflowing. Based on their growing military power, they will soon invade the Gauss Kingdom and expand.』

『The future of the West Continent might.... Eh? What's this?』

The commentators suddenly became confused.

*Duong! Duong!*

*Kung! Kung! Kung!*

The sound of 100,000 soldiers marching and their drums! The procession of a golden army came to Bairan. The commentators had covered many events in Satisfy, but this was the first time they were overwhelmed.

『Eternal's army....!』

『This is too huge! This large army will soon be advancing to Patrian!』

The commentators were filled with excitement. They couldn't help feeling excited since it was the first time they witnessed a 100,000 large army. It was the same with the viewers. They realized that this was a war and how strong one country could be.

Thanks to this, viewership of Bairan's battle started to rise steeply. However, the broadcasting stations soon reached a point where they stopped with tears in their eyes.

Why? It was because Duke Lucilliv, commander in chief of the 100,000 strong army, was trying to do something ridiculous. After gathering the thousands of Bairan residents into the center of the city, he had them stand in a line with bows aimed at them?

『S-Surely he isn't going to execute so many people?』

『They're just ordinary people. It's their lord who rebelled. Why should they be held responsible and put to death?』

『It's really terrible.』

The commentators and viewers felt uncomfortable. The Bairan residents were going to be executed just because they were Grid's people. No one could watch as the people, young and old, cried out in fear after becoming targets of the bows. The broadcasters realized it was a scene that young viewers couldn't watch and tried to stop it.

*Pahat.*

A light flashed in the sky and a man appeared. He had hundreds of white spheres around him. The breeze blew through black hair, revealing sharp eyes.

"Grid!"

Yes, it was the emergence of Grid. The master of this rebellion had shown up in front of 100,000 soldiers! Duke Lucilliv was stunned for a moment before shouting.

"Catch him!"

[The 'Fight the Rebel Leader' has been created!]

The Eternal players received a new quest.

"Eh? Why isn't anyone here....?"

Grid started sweating. The timing of his appearance was too unfortunate.



# Chapter 559

At the center of Bairan.

More than 9,000 people were tied up in a row. It was due to Duke Lucilliv's words.

"You didn't leave here, despite Bairan becoming a den of rebels. It's clearly a crime. Your taxes and labor have filled the rebels' stomachs. As a result, you're also against the royal family."

The Bairan residents were no longer people of Eternal.

Duke Lucilliv judged. "They are not qualified to live on Eternal's lands. Kill them. All generations will be destroyed and the graves of their ancestors torn down."

"....!"

The residents of Bairan thought it was unfair. Someone with courage tried to plea for mercy, but they weren't allowed to open their mouths. The senior magicians used silence magic to forcibly shut the villagers' mouths.

"Hup....! Oof!"

They couldn't talk? Desperation filled the eyes of the residents. At the very least, they wanted Duke Lucilliv to spare their children or parents. But Duke Lucilliv gave the command without caring.

"Kill them."

"Oof! Oof!"

The residents tried to resist. They couldn't move because they were bound tightly by rope. The soldiers overpowered them and they became the target of the bows.

"This is impossible...."

More than half the 100,000 troops were conscripted soldiers. They trembled with fear

as they watched the unbelievable sight in front of them.

“Are they really going to kill all these people?”

“This is nonsense.... Why are they guilty? Wasn't it the country's incompetence that the land was taken away by rebels in the first place, rather than the people's fault? Why are they placing the sin on the people?”

"They're facing death for just being in the presence of rebels! Even the young children who don't know anything!"

Their commander was someone who didn't care about the lives of the people. As soon as they realized this fact, the morale of the common soldiers was sharply reduced. They lost confidence in their commander. It was the moment when their mental state was broken down after their physical strength was pushed to the limits from the hard march.

‘From now on, only fear can be used to control them.’

Ars made an unpleasant expression.

‘I guess there will be more deserters tonight.’

The number of people who deserted on the way from Partu to Bairan came close to 6,000. It would soon go over 10,000. Ars stared at Duke Lucilliv's back.

‘There will be a chance very soon.’

Duke Lucilliv had a small crack that he wasn't aware of. The command system of the army would eventually break down and cause confusion. Wouldn't it be ideal if Duke Lucilliv revealed a gap at that time? Based on the result of his observations, Duke Lucilliv placed his own safety as the top priority. He was always protected by 300 guards and 10 senior magicians, so Ars found it hard to find a chance to assassinate him.

‘If not, I need to rush to the front.’

If the situation reached that point, he didn't mind sacrificing his life for his master. In the first place, his life was saved by Grid. Therefore, he could offer his life for his lord.

‘I will entrust my revenge on the emperor to Piaro.’

The moment a bittersweet smile appeared on Ars’ face.

*Paaaat!*

A light flashed in the sky and Grid appeared.

“M-My Lord....?”

Private Ars from Partu. His actual identity was Asmophel of Overgeared and now he felt shocked.

‘Why is My Lord here?’

It was a situation where the troops protecting Bairan had already retreated! Then why did his master run to this place alone?

‘Don't tell me?’

His lord came to save the people left here?

“Unbelievable....”

A lord who faced 100,000 troops alone in order to defend his people. Asmophel’s chest was hot as he looked up at the sky.

“I would like to see the kingdom that My Lord will establish.”

A king who thought about the people, rather than his own life. It was certainly stupid. The king was an irreplaceable entity, yet he was risking his life to protect the people? In the days when Asmophel was a noble, he would’ve laughed at the thought of such a king.

But now Asmophel was looking at the world from the viewpoint of a soldier and his heart was different. He thought Grid looked nice. He wondered how Grid’s kingdom would look. Therefore, he would protect his lord.

‘I will protect you. I will be the force that carries out My Lord’s faith and will.’

*Kkuok!*

Asmophel's hands shook as he held a spear. He started to move among the 100,000 troops as a bombardment was launched at Grid.



"Eh?"

Grid doubted his eyes when he arrived in Bairan with Sticks. The familiar faces weren't there anymore and an army filled the city.

"Why is no one...?"

Grid discovered the flag of Eternal planted on the walls and the soldiers wearing golden armor.

"...You? Shit."

Grid's face darkened as he panicked for a moment.

"Are they dead?"

These bastards who took his land! His dead colleagues and soldiers! Grid couldn't suppress his rage while Sticks, who was tired from continuously using Mass Teleport, hastily tried to calm him.

"Pant.... Pant.... Grid, calm down. Do you think your soldiers and knights will be so easily beaten?"

Right now, they were in the middle of enemy territory while the number of soldiers were like grains of sand in a desert. If Grid lost his temper and acted emotionally, it was inevitable that he would die. Grid barely regained his coolness at Sticks reminder and asked in the guild chat.

@Grid: What happened to the members protecting Bairan?

@Pon: It wasn't possible to protect it, so we retreated. Sorry we couldn't keep it Grid. We'll be sure to get it back.

@Ibellin: Brother Grid! Why did you come back so soon? Weren't you planning to stay on the East Continent for a long time?

@Vatnenr: The bow you gave Jishuka is amazing! It is really great!

"Sigh...."

Grid was relieved when he saw Pon's answer. He thought it was the worst situation where all the power in Bairan was exterminated.

"Let's go. It was a strategic retreat."

The number of enemies was really countless. Grid hadn't seen such a large number even on TV. It was hard to imagine fighting them alone.

"....?"

Grid was feeling overwhelmed when he noticed the Bairan people. They were all sentenced to death, regardless of gender or sex. He gazed at the targets that the bows were aiming at.

*Flinch.*

Grid stopped in place.

Smith, who taught him how to make the jaffa arrows. The young people he repaired the walls with after stopping the invasion of the Yatan Church. The girl who gave him fruits and the elderly people who told him stories. Grid saw the people he had built ties with in his beginner days.

"They're going to be hurt?"

Grid's anger skyrocketed. He was someone who valued his bonds. In other words, it was unacceptable that Eternal tried to 'steal' what was his.

"Grid?"

The enemy archers and magicians were already starting the attack. Sticks cast a shield spell and made an uneasy expression as he saw the attacks filling the sky. Grid looked very serious.

"Sticks, go to Patrian first."

Indeed.

"Is it necessary to stand up against such a large army alone? It's out of the question with how many there are. There were 100,000 enemies. I know your strength, but it's suicide to deal with 100,000 alone...."

"But isn't it shameful to step back like this? I, the leader of Overgeared, retreated when meeting the enemies? It would shame the honor of my colleagues who fought for me."

Grid was conscious of the cameras from the broadcasting stations all over the world.

'Watch.'

His power had grown steadily since the 2nd National Competition. Was he closer to the position of the best now? It was a good opportunity to let the people assess him. In addition, he was curious himself. He wondered if he could play an active role when it was a battle of 1 VS 100,000.

'There's 20 minutes until the alarm of Magic Missiles go off.'

He would fight with all his strength until then.

'My top priority is to secure the escape of the people.'

Braham whispered to Grid.

'Do you understand? For a legend, the concept of numbers is meaningless. A legend isn't afraid to move against one million people, let alone 100,000. In other words, if you and I are together, the 100,000 soldiers.... Well, it doesn't have to be together.'

The only thing that could overcome a transcendent existence was someone with similar strength. There were only a handful capable of that. Grid nodded and laughed.

'I will look at the situation and call you if needed.'

'Bah. I'll do it if you insist.'

Grid confirmed Braham's answer and his eyes became serious again.

‘This is an opportunity to gauge the gap between me and the previous legends.’

The first one who came to mind was Lantier on the Behen Archipelago.

“I will check it and then challenge him again!”

*Chiiiiing!*

Grid had hundreds of white spheres around his body. The first thing he needed to do was deal with the archers aiming their bows at the people of Bairan.

“Pagma’s Swordsmanship, Transcend.”

[Attack power is doubled. Your basic attacks will be converted to ranged attacks. This effect will last for 30 seconds.]

"Normal attacks will suffice."

*Kwa kwang!*

*Kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa!*

Grid separated Sword Ghost into two pieces and swung his arms without stopping. 7~8 energy blades per second poured down from the sky towards the Eternal archers.

"Kuaaaack!"

It became pandemonium in an instant. Hundreds of soldiers instantly died. It was insane firepower!

“Eek! First turn off the flying magic!”

Marquis Bera hurriedly shouted. A magician from his territory immediately cast a spell. It affected the mana circuit of all magicians within range, making it impossible to use Fly. Yet the magic didn’t work on Grid. Grid used Fly through Braham’s Boots rather than his own magic.

"No! The magic didn't work?"

"It's due to a magic artifact!"

The magicians panicked at wasting a difficult spell in vain. But there were 100,000 soldiers. Other people were attacking while the magicians struggled in vain.

"Shoot! Continue shooting!"

The elite soldiers gathered from various places. They succeeded in breaking down Sticks' shield with arrows and magic before focusing their attacks on Grid. Grid was an easy target once fully exposed.

'It's deadly to be in the sky when hit.'

After allowing a few magic bombardments, Grid swapped boots and landed on the ground. Then he was surprised. He deliberately landed in a narrow space between buildings. However, all four sides were already full of enemies.

"Die!"

The Eternal soldiers pushed at Grid. Due to their large numbers, they forgot about Grid's strength and were courageous.

"Hiyaaaah!"

Right in front.

Ten soldiers stabbed with their spears at the same time. The viewers around the world wondered how Grid would respond.

*-It's impossible to counterattack against all 10 people.*

*-I think he'll wipe them all out with an attack skill. But using a skill consumes a lot of stamina.*

*-By the way, how many people will Grid kill?*

*-The Eternal soldiers have an average level of 160.... I think Grid will kill at least 5,000.*



It was a really short amount of time. The amount of time it took the viewers to write a sentence.

"Get lost."

Grid pulled out Failure and swung it. Yes, he just swung it. It was a normal attack.

*Jjeejeeong!*

"Kuaaaak!"

The 10 Eternal spearmen were struck by it and died.

-....

-....

The chat windows of the Internet broadcasting sites stopped like there was a lag.

"This is funny."

As the world fell silent, Grid laughed. He was excited when he recalled that the world was paying attention to him. However, he wasn't careless. There were a number of elite knights and magicians in the 100,000 troops, so he was always on guard.

However, a group of third advancement troops were under attack by a private.

# Chapter 560

Blood flowed under the blazing sun and screams echoed.

Grid wore a bizarre half mask that made it unknown if he was laughing or crying. Every time his sword swung in a half circle, 10 soldiers died. Sometimes it was 20 soldiers when he drew a full moon. The shark-shaped blue greatsword tore the soldiers' armor apart.

"There were rumors that his swordsmanship is strong."

Well, he already had a reputation for having great swordsmanship. But there was one thing that was hard to identify.

"What are the white spheres circling around him?"

Baron Duka. He was one of Eternal's great swordsman that emerged after Chucksley. He earned Duke Lucilliv's favor thanks to his strength and was promised the title of an earl after this war. Of course, this was on the premise that his performance was sufficient. If he could directly cut off Grid's head, he would become a marquis instead of an earl.

Baron Duka watched Grid with interest while his deputy spoke up.

"According to the analysis of the magicians, it's estimated to be Magic Missile. It's probably through an artifact like Fly magic."

"Hoh.... Magic Missile that isn't immediately launched."

There were exactly 113 white spheres around Grid. The reason was clear. It was to help in combat. Grid intended to protect his own body and release a Magic Missile when he was in a crisis.

'There are also the four golden hands called the God Hands.'

Every hand guarded Grid's rear while holding hammers. The amazing thing was that the hammers swung by the God Hands killed the soldiers.

‘Strong.’

It was a perfect harmony between strong swordsmanship and overwhelming artifacts. Grid had great power as a legend.

‘It might be different if he was armed with ordinary weapons. Still, I wouldn’t dare fight him alone.’

But Baron Duka wasn’t afraid of Grid. There were 100,000 troops here. Grid would kill the soldiers surging like a tsunami and become exhausted. It was impossible for Grid to block all the attacks. Right now, he was accumulating wounds by allowing the attacks from magicians and archers.

‘In the next few hours, he will become exhausted.’

Then he would bring the knights and easily overpower Grid.

“Hmm?”

Baron Duka smiled wickedly at the thought.

*Step step.*

He heard someone coming up the stairs. The clock tower in the central square. Baron Duka came him in order to see the battlefield at a glance and ordered his troops not to let anyone up. Then who was coming up?

‘Marquis Bera?’

There was no one else who would be authorized. Baron Duka naturally thought that the owner of the footsteps was a noble like himself. However, that wasn’t it. The clock tower had six floors. A soldier came to the spot where Baron Duka and his deputy were standing.

It was a soldier wearing leather armor. A private with a low status who was conscripted.

‘How did a soldier come here?’

The deputy went forward to question the soldier on Baron Duka’s behalf.

"It's scandalous to leave your position during a war. What unit do you belong to? No, why did you come here in the first place?"

A non-regular soldier, Ars. He answered while pointing his spear.

"I am a soldier serving under Grid. The reason I came here today is to take Baron Duka's head."

"....?"

*Bark bark.*

Why did he hear the sound of a dog barking? The absurd introduction of the soldier made Baron Duka and his deputy go blank.

"Haha."

Baron Duka regained himself and laughed. Of course, it wasn't a laugh of enjoyment. His real feelings were expressed by his deputy.

"You're crazy."

The deputy made an angry expression and pulled out his sword without hesitation.

"Grid's spy! I will have your head!"

Baron Duka's deputy was also a master with the sword. He could easily kill one soldier.

*Seokeok!*

The sharp blade extended towards Ars' neck. The sharp sword reached Ars' neck in an instant. The deputy didn't think much of it. The soldier in front of him would die without even realizing his head was separated from his body. But it was strange.

'Eh?'

Where was the soldier whose head should've been cut off? And why was his gaze falling towards the ground?

*Duk.*

The head of the deputy fell to the ground. That's right. The deputy hadn't realized his head was cut off when he died.

"...What's your identity?"

Grid's subordinate had swiftly used the spear to cut off the deputy's head. Baron Duka stared at the scattered ashes of his deputy and then the bloody spear. Ars picked up the sword and replied, "I am Grid's soldier."

"Nonsense!"

A person who could make a great swordsman nervous couldn't be a lowly soldier! Killing intent filled Baron Duka's eyes. His sword headed towards Ars. It was an incredible swordsmanship that cut from the left and right without a time difference.

*Chaaeng!*

However, Ars angled the spear to block the two swords at once and laughed at Baron Duka.

"Your swordsmanship is poor compared to other great swordsmen."

Baron Duka had just recently become a great swordsman. It was lacking compared to when Piaro was a great swordsman of the empire. Ars had been growing steadily while serving under Grid and Baron Duka wasn't a match for him. Baron Duka got chills as he realized the difference between their skills.

"You are....! Kirinus!"

The best spearman on the continent was serving Grid?

"Reidan's Spearmanship 3rd style, Splitting the Seven Seas."

*Peeeeeeong!*

Baron Duka's sword was deflected and the golden spear moved in a straight line. This was the technique that Nautilus of the Red Knights couldn't withstand, so Baron Duka was devastated.

"Kuaaaack!"

Baron Duka was swept up by the golden flash and disappeared. Ars finished his mission and descended the clock tower. His next target was Earl Carrion. The earl had become a great swordsman one step ahead of Baron Duka. Ars would wipe out anyone who could threaten Grid.



‘This is easier than I thought. Is it still early?’

Death in the game wasn’t comparable to death in reality. It didn’t mean a complete ending. But users who played the game were more afraid of death than anything else. They were frightened of losing their level and hard-earned items.

Yes, Grid was amazing. He thought he was crazy when he plunged into 100,000 troops alone. But his fear disappeared as he fought. He displayed his overwhelming power and felt pleasure rather than fear.

[Critical!]

[The +9 Failure’s option effect is activated, causing the skill ‘5 Joint Attacks’ to be generated!]

[You have dealt 155,900 damage to the target.]

[You have dealt 149,540 damage to the target.]

[You have dealt....]

The level, stats, and items of the general soldiers were poor compared to Grid. Grid’s basic damage was like skill damage and all the soldiers within range of the attack were killed in one blow.

"Magic Missile."

Grid refrained from using skills in order to preserve his stamina. He used Magic Missile which didn’t consume any stamina because it was the lowest level magic. His

maximum mana increased and it wasn't difficult to use. He also wanted to raise the level of Magic Mastery that he learned from the Behen Archipelago.

"You monster!"

"Die!"

*Puk! Puuok!*

Grid wasn't Kraugel. He had ranker level control, but that didn't mean he was a god. He couldn't completely block the attacks of all the soldiers. But it didn't matter.

[You have suffered 230 damage.]

[You have suffered 155 damage.]

"Good, good. You're doing very well. Hit me more."

The benefits to Grid were significant after receiving damage from many people at once.

[Weapons Mastery has risen to Lv. 5.]

[The experience of Tiramet's Belt (Unique) has increased by 0.01%!]

His skill experience and item's experience rose at a tremendous pace. Grid was becoming stronger in real time.

'If this continues, Weapons Mastery will hopefully gain one more level today and Tiramet's Belt might accumulate 30% experience.'

Weapons Mastery was a passive skill that raised his attack power and speed no matter

what weapon was worn. Magic Mastery was a passive skill that raised the power of magic. Tiramet's Belt reduced damage and allowed him to summon the vampire Tiramet if it reached the legendary rating.

Grid was pleased with this growth. He was able to reduce the stress of having demonic power rise every time he killed a person. At this moment, Grid perceived the battlefield as a workplace. There was no tension. Why?

'None of them are a match for me.'

The 100,000 troops. It was literally just numbers. There were no enemies who could threaten Grid.

'Are there no knights?'

Braham spoke to the curious Grid. 'The enemies are waiting for you to become tired. Then they will commit their true power.'

'I know.'

He needed to be vigilant. Grid controlled his mind and saw the soldiers rushing at him with shields.

'Now they are using tactics?'

Use the shields in the lead to block Grid while attacking Grid from the rear with spears. Duke Lucilliv used basic, but efficient, tactics to press at Grid. It was a means to reduce losing troops and accelerate Grid's stamina consumption. But what if he pierced through?

"Do you want to stop my sword with these cheap shields?"

*Seokeok!*

Grid wasn't burdened by the shields. From the public's point of view, the soldiers with large shields seemed very strong. But Grid slashed at them without hesitation. Then.

"Kuaaaack!"

The sword pierced through their shields and armor, killing the soldiers.



“Heok.”

The spearmen who believed in the shields panicked. Their upper bodies were exposed and Grid rotated, cutting at them.

*Seokeok!*

“....!”

An overwhelming attack that made the combination of shields and spears useless! The morale of the Eternal army fell rapidly after they witnessed this.

[The morale of the soldiers is at the bottom. The soldiers’ attack and defense will drop by 20% and their recovery speed is reduced.]

“Wow.”

The Eternal players were shocked by the warning windows that appeared before them. They couldn’t catch the timing to attack Grid. They coveted the rewards for the ‘Fight the Rebel Leader’ quest, but could they really obtain it? It was more likely that they would be killed by Grid.

Grid’s momentum shot to the top.

*Pepepepeok!*

Then the magic bombardment from the rooftops of the two-story houses surrounding the central square began. Duke Lucilliv grabbed Grid’s eyes with the shield infantry and used the magicians in this gap.

[You have suffered 2,200 damage.]

[You have suffered 930 damage.]

[You have suffered 1,660 damage.]

[You have suffered 3,490....]

....

....

“Ugh.”

Grid’s face became tense for the first time. The magic damage was quite burdensome because he was wearing Triple Layers, not the Holy Light set. The bombardment poured at him from all directions. It was difficult to avoid or stop. However, did he replace his battle gear with the Holy Light set? No, it was meaningless. The damage from the pouring arrows would just increase instead.

The reaction of the viewers was updated in real time.

*-Crazy;; Hundreds of magic spells are pouring down. It’s a big hit.*

*-The Overgeared members wouldn’t be able to withstand that. —; It seems really dangerous.*

*-A reversal.... It’s the end for Grid.*

*-5,000 people is nonsense. ⇨ ⇨ He couldn’t even kill 2,000 people. ⇨ ⇨ Kraugel would’ve killed way more. ⇨ ⇨*

*Pepepepeok!*

In the midst of the magic bombardment.

“Item Transformation.”

Grid transformed two of the God Hands protecting him. They changed to a bow. The Red Phoenix Bow. One Red Phoenix Bow was held by two God Hands while the other was held by Grid.

“Fly Up!”

*Kiiiiiing!*

Bairan Castle. Two red phoenixes appeared in the sky above it.

# Chapter 561

[Item Transformation]

A skill that can be triggered if the legendary mineral 'pavranium' is possessed.

It transforms the pavranium into the shape and performance of a specific item.

\* It can only transform into items you have learned how to make.

\* The duration of the transformation is 3 minutes. After the transformation is released, the pavranium will return to its original form.

Skill Mana Cost: None.

Skill Cooldown Time: 6 hours.

It was the power that Grid obtained in return for making the 15th legendary item. It was a skill that maximized the value of pavranium. So far, the skill had been used to reproduce the myth rated Lifael's Spear. Now he used it to reproduce the Red Phoenix Bow.

Pagma's Descendant lacked wide area skills compared to other combat classes. The Red Phoenix Bow was a good item to overcome this shortcoming. Of course, it was impossible to completely reproduce the myth rated Red Phoenix Bow. The prerequisite for the myth rated Red Phoenix Bow was the Red Phoenix's Breath. As the essence of a god, it couldn't be reproduced by pavranium.

The Red Phoenix Bow that Grid reproduced was the legendary rated one that he gave to Han Seokbong.

"Fly Up!"

[Fly Up!]

Summons a copy of the Red Phoenix.

The Red Phoenix's clone will deal fire attribute damage to all targets within 300 meters of the summoned spot. The damage is 600% of the summoner's total attack power.

Mana Consumption: 3,000

Cooldown Time: 24 hours.

It was a terribly weak effect compared to the Fly Up! attached to the myth rated Red Phoenix Bow. The attack range was too bad. The myth rated Red Phoenix Bow attacked all enemies within the player's field of view, while the legendary rated bow had an attack range of 300 meters.

But 300 meters wasn't a small range. Wide area skills with such a large range were actually very rare. It didn't matter if this wasn't the Fly Up! of the myth rated Red Phoenix Bow. The legendary rated Fly Up! would be used! It was a superb wide area skill.

In addition, the myth rated Fly Up! also had limitations. It was difficult to exert the full effect when the user's view was restricted. In terms of stability, the legendary rated Fly Up! was better. It was more efficient. However, the disadvantage was that it attacked all targets within range. In other words, it didn't differentiate between friends of foe. But right now, there was only enemies here. All of them were enemies except for the inhabitants of Bairan.

"Fly Up!"

*Kiiiiiii-!*

The white phosphorus arrow was fired at the same time by Grid and the God Hands, leaving the Red Phoenix Bow and soaring into the sky. At the same time, the cries of birds rang throughout Bairan and two red phoenixes appeared. Birds surrounded by flames. The size was as big as a house. The Eternal soldiers fell into a panic as they saw the giant birds blocking the sun.

"Phoenix!"

"Grid summoned them!"

There was no limit to Grid's power!

*Flap.*

The birds in the sky flapped their wings and flames fell to the ground. Duke Lucilliv sensed the danger and screamed at the soldiers.

"Spread out!"

It was in order to minimize the loss of troops. But the large number of troops was a disadvantage. Bairan was full of Eternal soldiers. The place was too narrow to allow escape. Before they could move a few steps, their bodies collided, their feet became tangled up and they collapsed. The fireballs bombardment commenced above their heads while they were trapped in the streets and defenseless.

*Pepepepeok!*

"Aaaaack!"

These were the screams of the survivors. The soldiers burnt by the flames couldn't even scream as they turned to ash. A scene where thousands of soldiers were targets of the falling fireballs.... People started sweating at the overwhelming sight.

"The magicians as well....!"

Duke Lucilliv felt anxious from his position on the walls. In front of Grid, the number of troops was meaningless. The battlefield was devastated. The bulk of the soldiers were lost. In particular, the loss of the magicians forced him to make a decision.

"Send out the knights! We'll only receive more losses if this continues!"

"Waaahhhhhhhh!"

Finally, the real battle started. Around 5,000 knights in the mid-200s assaulted Grid.

Duke Lucilliv laughed. "They're different from the soldiers!"

It was painful to lose knights. However, the ultimate goal of this war was Grid's death. They needed to devote resources to take care of Grid.

'The curse doesn't care if he is a creature of the gods.'

He had prepared a curse. A curse that only worked on immortal beings. It was an atrocious curse that increased the player's death penalty by up to three times. It could cause fatal damage!

Grid looked at the confidence Duke Lucilliv and released the transformation of the Red Phoenix Bow. Then he transformed the other two God Hands into Red Phoenix Bows.

"Don't you know I have two more left? Fly Up!"

*Kiiiiiii-!*

Grid fired the bow and two more firebirds appeared in the sky.

"Heok!"

"This doesn't make sense!"

The 5,000 knights approaching Grid hastily stopped in place. It felt like a dream that such a powerful skill was used twice in a row.

"A-Avoid it!"

The knights started to flee between the soldiers. They used the soldiers as shields to protect their lives. But Fly Up! It attacked all targets within a certain range. Using people as shields were meaningless.

*Kurururung!*

Fireballs that poured like rain!

"Kuaaaack!"

The knights were struck by burning fireballs and screamed in horror. But knights were knights for a reason. Most of them didn't die from the blow. The vast majority of them barely lived. But.

[The hidden passive 'God's Command' has reset the cooldown of Fly Up! If reused within three seconds, no resources will be consumed.]

"There is still one remaining."

*Kiiiiiii-!*

The red phoenix appeared once again. The knights couldn't understand and shouted.

"This is impossible!"

It was a cry that was full of misery and wishful thinking. They turned to ashes from the fireballs. It was the moment when the proud knights of the Eternal Kingdom were destroyed. Duke Lucilliv was stunned as he lost his main forces in vain.

"T-This doesn't make sense....!"

There was no way for even a great magician to use large magic spells consecutively. Grid's power was infinite. Duke Lucilliv was filled with doubt and fear. He was afraid that he really might lose 100,000 troops to Grid.

'No! Absolutely not!'

Duke Lucilliv and his 100,000 troops couldn't be destroyed by only one enemy. He would be labelled as the most incompetent person in the history of the West Continent. Duke Lucilliv needed to avoid this situation and decided to convene the elite group.

"Baron Duka! Earl Carrion! Earl Red! Marquis Bera? It's your turn!"

They were the great swordsman and magicians who boasted the strongest power. The knights and soldiers they fostered were excellent compared to the Eternal Kingdom. Duke Lucilliv believed they would be able to kill Grid, even if they received damage.

However....



"Where is everybody?"

They couldn't be seen at all? Confusion filled Duke Lucilliv's eyes. It was enough to drive him crazy.



『What are we seeing right now?』

Jishuka summoned a red phoenix above Patrian. Experts from all the the world evaluated as a quest item. The power from a player was so strong that it must be a force that could only be used during the Eternal Kingdom's war quests. But now they realized that might not be the case.

The bow that summoned a red phoenix. Grid had several of them.

*-Grid can summon the red phoenix five times in a row, although it's weaker than the phoenix summoned by Jishuka. No matter how weak the red phoenixes summoned, doesn't Grid's summoning ability seem much stronger than Jishuka?*

*-I agree. It seems comparable to Meteor, which is a rumored high grade spell.*

*-What was Grid doing after the National Competition? How did he become so strong in such a short period of time?*

*-Don't try to understand him. Did you see how easily he beat the vampires? He is a king/god gamer.*

*-Right now, I think that the candidates to win the 3rd National Competition are South Korea and Brazil. Summoning a phoenix alone would end the war.*

*-Now people are shutting up. Those cursing Grid are silent.*

The viewers around the world admired the sight. Grid summoned five red phoenixes in a row and destroyed more than 10,000 troops. Was there a player capable of destroying 10,000 troops in the blink of an eye? People started speculating. It was only Grid capable of doing this, not Kraugel.

The basis for it was as followed:

『We shouldn't overlook one thing. Grid hasn't shown most of the skills he used during the National Competition.』

『Grid still hasn't fully revealed his abilities.』



Akaru Fortress.

It was located on the edge of the Saharan Empire. Geographically, it was facing Reidan's direction and the reason for the fortress' presence was to watch and keep in check the Saharan Empire. It was a neutral state but it wasn't necessary to keep it in check. Like other kingdoms, the Eternal Kingdom also offered a tribute to the empire. As a result, there were few troops deployed to Akaru Fortress.

But the atmosphere had changed in recent years. The noble called Grid revolted in the Eternal Kingdom, causing the Eternal Kingdom to be in turmoil. The Saharan Empire didn't intend to miss this gap. In particular, the Saharan Empire had long since coveted Reidan. Now that the Eternal Kingdom was in turmoil, they planned to invade Reidan and take control.

Now 20,000 elite troops were deployed to Akaru Fortress and this was a golden opportunity.

"The Eternal Kingdom has moved 100,000 troops."

"There's a group deployed from Reidan in response."

"Now Reidan is empty."

This was the time. The time had come to enter Reidan with no bloodshed and plant the flag of the empire. What about the Eternal Kingdom? The empire was just giving strength to the kingdom suffering due to the rebels. They were just protecting Reidan while the kingdom was recovering. After this, they could casually occupy it.

The takeover of a territory by a powerful nation! Earl Turich, commander of Akaru Fortress, didn't even think about it. He moved without any hesitation towards the empty Reidan. But he was forced to stop the march of the army.

‘This is impossible!’

The mountain range that was between Reidan and Akaru Fortress. As they crossed the mountain range, they saw tens of thousands of Reidan soldiers in the vast desert. The large army was united and training in the same movements. The imperial soldiers got goosebumps.

“How can tens of thousands of soldiers move the same?”

There wasn’t a hair out of place. The tens of thousands of troops were doing the exact same movement with the spear. It was obvious with a glance that they were the elites.

"....We have to step back."

Earl Turich judged and gave an order to his army. He never imagined it. There were actually only 1,000 soldiers training in the desert heat. The reason there seemed to be tens of thousands? It was due to the shadows that the 1,000 soldiers made under the sun.

“Using my shadow soldiers strategically.... Earl Lauel is really a great person.”

Kasim’s heart thumped as he saw the imperial army retreat beyond the mountains. He become even more convinced that Grid, accompanied by powerful forces and talent, would surely destroy the empire.

# Chapter 562

The fortified city of Patrian.

*Pepeng!*

*Pepepepeng!*

The night passed. Fire arrows relentlessly poured all over the place, lighting up the darkness.

“Shit....! This is nonsense!”

The players belonging to the 4th Patrian Reclamation Army. They believed that the 1st to 3rd armies would’ve been able to limit the power of Overgeared and that the war would end the moment they arrived. Instead, they became desperate in just half a day.

The woman called Jishuka. She held the Red Phoenix Bow and became a true godly archer. She transcended the strength of a player. An infinitely strong firepower that could be used from a distance! She was the worst weapon of mass destruction and the Eternal army turned to ashes in front of her.

“How do we defeat that?”

The Eternal army fell into a panic. It was hard to think about breaking through the fire arrows that killed hundreds of them with multiple shots.

“What are the archers and magicians on our side doing? Turn Jishuka into a corpse! Don’t give her a chance to attack!”

Someone shouted with frustration in the frozen atmosphere. There was a cynical response in return.

“Don’t you know that Jishuka is a godly archer?”

“Her archery skill level is unrivalled. Her range and accuracy are on a different dimension from us.”

“We have to get within 200 meters to attack Jishuka. But Jishuka won’t allow us to get there.”

“ ... ”

Patrian was the largest fortress in the Eternal Kingdom. The wall that Jishuka was on wasn’t just strong, but high as well. Jishuka’s power was maximized. Her Hawk Eyes allowed her to see the entire battlefield and kill the dangerous elements first. Eternal’s odds of victory became smaller.

[The morale of the soldiers has decreased!]

[The stats of all soldiers will drastically fall!]

“This is crazy.”

The players saw consecutive notification windows talking about the weakening of the the soldiers. They realized they would have to abandon recapturing Patrian. They couldn’t accept it. What was this absurd balance where one player blocked tens of thousands of people?

"It doesn’t make sense that an existence that makes the existence of the army pointless actually exists.”

"Jishuka needs to be nerfed. She is OP enough to block 20,000 troops alone.”

The players grumbled.

Some players refuted it.

“That is nonsense. Jishuka put a lot of effort into becoming strong. Don’t you think it’s better to do your best instead of not working as hard as her?”

This was a fact that players couldn’t overlook.

"We are players like her. One day we can be as strong as her. We shouldn’t be feeling

jealousy right now. We should be admiring her.”

Unlike NPCs, a player’s potential was infinite. The Eternal players were reminded of this by Jishuka and dreamt of one day becoming rankers.



“Why did he ask this?”

15 minutes ago. Grid had asked questions in the guild chat window. The question was about where all the people protecting Bairan were. After that, there was nothing. The Overgeared members including Pon and Yura were worried about Grid.

“Judging by the tone, he’s in Bairan....”

“Don’t tell me that he is isolated among 100,000 troops?”

“....It seems so.”

“ ... ”

The reason why Grid didn’t say anything in the guild chat window was because he had no time to talk while being attacked.

“I’ll go there.”

The Overgeared members worried about the worst situation. One of them was Yura. But she stopped the Overgeared members who wanted to go to Bairan.

“Don’t be so hasty. It isn’t clear yet.”

What if Grid wasn’t there when they returned to Bairan? They would just suffer a meaningless death from the 100,000 troops. It was correct to wait for Grid to talk again.

“In the first place, Grid would’ve summoned his knights if he was really in danger.”

“ ... ”

They were convinced after hearing about the knights summoning.

‘Youngwoo-ssi, I believe in you.’

Yura’s beautiful face was filled with a strong trust.



[Your demonic power has reached 10,000!]

[Your coordination with dark magic power has increased!]

[Resistance to dark magic will increase by 10%!]

[Resistance to divine magic will fall by 10%!]

[The functions of the Blackening skill has been upgraded!]

[One of the conditions for the memphis’ evolution is satisfied!]

His demonic power naturally rose due to the mass killing. Grid was relieved when he saw the notification windows.

‘So far, it’s positive.’

Demonic power was a stat that had opened since the best demonic beast of hell, Noe became his pet. Grid always felt anxious about going to hell if it rose to a high value. He thought he might change into a demon if his demonic power increased. Fortunately, it didn’t seem to be a species change just yet.

‘In the first place, it isn’t that easy to change species.’

In addition, it said that he could ‘freely’ access hell if his demonic power increased. This didn’t mean he would be forced there. Looking back, he wondered if his fear of demonic power had no basis.

‘I have Blackening and Noe, so it might be better for my demonic power to rise....’

As Noe and Blackening became stronger, his force would increase by one step. The penalty of divine power resistance falling? It was worth it. Grid had a high rapport

with most religions, including the Rebecca Church. On the other hand, he was a complete enemy of the Yatan Church.

It meant Grid was more likely to be attacked by dark magic than divine magic. The effects of the increase in demonic power were appropriate for the current Grid.

*Pa pa pa pa pak!*

Hundreds of arrows fell towards Grid as he thought this. The magicians were destroyed by the five consecutive red phoenix summoning so the archers tried to slow down Grid. Grid instinctively avoided them and checked his health gauge.

[You have suffered 250 damage.]

[You have suffered 190....]

....

....

The arrows fell on Grid who was wearing Triple Layers. He ignored the arrows as he took a potion, rotated his body like a windmill and swept his greatsword through the hundreds of soldiers.

“Hah....”

Duke Lucilliv expressed his admiration. Grid swept through the formation in an instant. The biggest problem was Grid’s stamina. The duke thought Grid would become tired after some time, but he was still fine.

‘There’s no end to this damage. I have no choice but to send them in.’

*Kkuok!*

Duke Lucilliv made a decision.

"My brave soldiers! Cut off the head of the rebel!"



At the same time.

“Waaaaaaaaah!”

The soldiers of Duke Lucilliv that were on the walls. The soldiers in golden armor jumped down from the walls. They rushed wildly towards Grid. The moonlight shining on their golden armor was spectacular.

*-Finally, the elite troops!*

*-It's the real battle from now on.*

The soldiers in the golden armor were different. Their strength seemed different from ordinary soldiers and the actual movements wasn't ordinary. They moved through the allied soldiers and quickly reached Grid.

“For the glory of Duke Lucilliv!”

“Die!”

The golden soldiers aimed their weapons at Grid. The players belonging to Eternal didn't miss this gap.

“Now is the perfect time!”

“We will go!”

These players were highly trusted by Duke Lucilliv. They believed that Grid would show weaknesses during the process of fighting the golden soldiers. The moment that the golden soldiers were about to hit Grid.

“The timing is great.”

*Kakiing.*

There were 113 white spheres hovering around Grid. They became rays that shot in every direction. This was the effect of Alarm.

*Pepepepeok!*

“Kuaaaaak!”

“Cough!”

The golden soldiers in the lead screamed.

“Pagma’s Swordsmanship, Wave.”

*Kurururung!*

A blue wave of energy swallowed the area around Grid. Grid’s eyes widened as the golden soldiers died.

[You have defeated an elite soldier of Duke Lucilliv.]

[A Sharp Longsword has been acquired.]

[A gold nugget has been acquired.]

[A gold nugget has been acquired.]

[A gold nugget....]

....

....

“....Wow.”

The soldiers Grid killed so far only gave old weapons or leather. However, Duke Lucilliv’s golden soldiers gave him gold. Soldiers giving him gold? Grid’s eyes became larger.

[Gold Nugget]

It is worth 50 gold.

Weight: 5

A gold nugget worth 60,000 won was in his inventory! Grid became too excited and revealed a gap. The players mixed in among the golden soldiers and rushed towards Grid. The third advancement players succeeded in approaching Grid.

"Grid, I have no hard feelings towards you!"

"Please understand that it is because of the quest rewards!"

The rankers made excuses as they used skills.

*Kwarururung!*

The intense skills of the third advancement users would kill Grid.

"I don't have hard feelings towards you either. But please leave your items behind."

"....!"

Did he really relax and allowed a surprise attack? Question marks appeared over the heads of the high rankers.

*Kwa kwa kwa kwang!*

Grid's health fell by one-third after being hit by the skills of the high rankers. Yes, one-third. Grid's defense and health was ridiculously high, making it rare for him to lose a lot of health in one go. But the high rankers had thought differently. They had been determined to put Grid in at least a critical condition with those attacks. But Grid only lost one-third of his health?

'What is this defense?'

'Crazy overgeared!'

The high rankers turned pale. Something glittered when they were trying to link up with the following skills. It was a very thin thread. It shone in the moonlight.

‘What is this?’

The moment they had that question.

“You will be my shield.’

*Kwack!*

Grid’s grim voice was heard in their ears as a silver thread wrapped around them and restrained them.

[Your body is bound by something unknown!]

[It is a powerful binding! It isn’t easy to escape! This will last for 5 seconds.]

“What....?”

Five seconds of captivity? The bodies of the high rankers floated in the air. They were tied up like a spider web and were beaten by the golden soldiers.

-Wow....

-Look at Grid’s smile.

Grid used the silver thread with dazzling hand techniques and five high rankers hung behind him as a barrier. It was in stark contrast to his expression. Grid was smiling while the high rankers were crying. This sight could only be seen as disturbing.

One of the rankers who was bloody from the golden soldiers’ attacks couldn’t help asking.

“Overg.... is it possible to join Overgeared?”

# Chapter 563

The silver thread unfolded like a spider web and refracted beautifully in the moonlight. The flashing silver was reminiscent of a chandelier and Grid in the center was like an arrogant king. He looked around with cold eyes. He was so tranquil that it was hard to believe he was isolated among tens of thousands of enemy soldiers. He caused the audience and give high rankers captured by him to feel thrilled.

“Overg....is it possible to join Overgeared?”

It wasn't because their life was at risk. The high rankers felt a real dignity from Grid. They had a desire to follow him from the bottom of their hearts. They couldn't help falling for Grid's absolute power and dignity. However, Grid misunderstood. They had just tried to kill him before asking to join the guild, so how could they be sincere?

'These guys are speaking lame things because they don't want to die.'

Even stupid people wouldn't fall for it!

'I am different. Hut!'

Grid gained a lot of insight from his accumulated experience. Setting aside his insight stat, Grid's mind managed to puzzle out the intentions of the five high rankers.

“No. I won't accept you.”

“....?!”

The rankers were very embarrassed. Who were they? Rankers who achieved their third advancement. They were in the top 10 of the rankings for their class. The Seven Guilds also wanted to recruit them. Yet Grid refused to let them join the guild after they applied for membership? They could only think of one reason.

'Is it because we tried to kill him?'

They could understand Grid's feelings. How could Grid trust those who tried to kill him and the guild members? The high rankers wouldn't accept it, let alone Grid.

‘Then it can’t be helped.’

‘I will humbly accept my death today and pledge to him next time.’

The high rankers hanging from the silver thread closed their eyes. They expected Grid to kill them. However, it wasn’t Grid who attacked them. It was Duke Lucilliv’s golden soldiers.

*Puuok!*

*Puuooook!*

The blades that aimed for Grid ended up hitting the high rankers that were used as shields.

“Cough!”

The golden soldiers were second advancement soldiers. The soldiers of Duke Lucilliv exerted strength different to the Eternal soldiers.

*Flinch.*

Grid hesitated as he was about to deal the final blow to the high rankers who groaned with pain. Far away, in the central square of the city. It was because he saw soldiers of Eternal aiming their bows at the people of Bairan.

‘Those bastards!’

They couldn’t overpower him, so they wanted to use hostages!

‘Why?’

Why was it always the weak who needed to make one-sided sacrifices? The unhappy memories of his school days made him feel more unpleasant. Grid grimaced and his face distorted like a demon. He was about to move there when he stopped.

‘Stay calm.’

The old Grid would’ve run over right away to rescue the hostages. But in the process of making the Red Phoenix Bow, he realized how important it was to be calm. He tried

to remain calm as he thought about what his best choice would be. First, he killed the enemies attacking the high rankers before bringing the rankers in front of him.

“....?”

The high rankers were confused when they were freed from the silver thread. They expected to die. It was five seconds of captivity. It was possible to shorten the time depending on the individual's ability. However, it would still allow Grid to strike them once.

Being hit by Grid made it highly likely they would die instantly. In other words, Grid could kill them at any time. Yet he was sparing them?

The rankers were puzzled as Grid continued to beat the enemies.

"As I said earlier, I have no intention of accepting your application to join the guild. I can't trust people who tried to kill me just a moment ago. Isn't that right? But I will give you a chance."

“....?”

"From now on, you will fight for me. Cut down any enemies blocking my way."

“....!”

It was a test to see if they deserved to be members of Overgeared. It was good that Grid was testing them. It was a golden opportunity and an inspiring event for the high rankers.

'Giving us a chance before punishing us for trying to kill him? Grid has great personal skills!'

'I now understand why other bigwigs are following him.'

Grid had excellent insight that could look into a person's heart. The high rankers replied to Grid at once.

“We're going!”

*Pahat!*

The high rankers shouted and surrounded Grid at once. They started to slaughter the golden soldiers targeting Grid. They were indeed high rankers in each class. Duke Lucilliv's soldiers couldn't interrupt them. Grid felt relief when he saw it.

'I thought they were going to hit me in the back of the head. Fortunately, they didn't.'

Indeed, it was important to maintain his composure. It was possible for the high rankers to deal with a large number of soldiers while he rescued the hostages. Grid equipped the Ideal Dagger and used Quick Movements to run towards Bairan's residents.



'The golden soldiers are just bait!'

Duke Lucilliv knew how endless human greed was. Despite being second in the kingdom and having tremendous wealth, he still wanted more wealth. He was confident that Grid was the same as him. Grid would briefly lose his mind when the golden soldiers dropped gold lumps every time they died. In this gap, Duke Lucilliv would act.

The central square. After making it seem like the residents of Bairan were going to be killed, he placed magic traps, guards and elite knights in the streets that Grid would have to go through.

'He will definitely want to protect the people.'

Grid was bound to fall into this perfect trap!

"Kukuk!"

Duke Lucilliv smiled wickedly. The Bairan residents under the silence magic inwardly screamed.

'Duke Grid, you absolutely can't come here.'

'Don't fall into the trap of that evil person because of us!'

*Tremble tremble.*



Despite death being around the corner, they were worried about Grid. It was natural. Grid confronted the 100,000 troops to save them. The people had no choice but to care about Grid who tried to save them. Duke Lucilliv felt excited while the villagers' fear created a heavy atmosphere. On the other hand, the soldiers felt strong doubts.

'Why are we serving the Eternal Kingdom?'

'It's true that we were born and raised in the Eternal Kingdom. Therefore, we love the kingdom and paid the taxes. But the kingdom treats us like cattle.'

'Being forced to sacrifice ourselves because of a war....'

'Taking the lives of innocent people....'

The behavior shown by the kingdom they served wasn't good. The 60,000 non-regular soldiers were disappointed in the kingdom. They started to doubt the reasons for their loyalty. This was the result of Duke Lucilliv's behavior.

Duke Lucilliv had royal blood flowing in him. As a great noble of the Eternal Kingdom, his duty should be to save the people. Yet he didn't act like this at all and it made the non-regular soldiers think that all nobles were like Duke Lucilliv. Most of the non-regular soldiers conscripted from their respective territories saw the actions of Duke Lucilliv.

Then what about Grid? He was different.

In the distance.

*Kuwang!*

*Kwa kwa kwa kwang!*

Grid ran through the enemy in order to save his people. Despite his body becoming bloody, he only looked at the people and not himself. The non-regular soldiers started thinking. This was a person they wanted to serve.

On the other hand, Duke Lucilliv thought that Grid looked stupid.

"Putting yourself in danger to save these people, I can't understand it at all. Well, I'm able to gain larger achievements thanks to you."

Duke Lucilliv didn't read that the atmosphere of the soldiers was changing. For him, the common people were just pigs without any brains. He couldn't even think that they would dare to oppose him. As Grid's momentum rose, the duke proudly grasped his bow. Then he aimed it at one of the beautiful residents of Bairan.

"If you can't protect what you want to protect.... Will your heart hurt?"

*Kkirik!*

He wanted to see Grid scream. The moment that Duke Lucilliv smiled wickedly and was about to pull back the bowstring.

*Peeeeeeong!*

There was a loud sound in Duke Lucilliv's ears.

"What?"

Duke Lucilliv perceived danger and instinctively paled.

Next.

*Teong!*

One of the senior magicians guarding Duke Lucilliv was stabbed by a spear that pierced through the shield magic. The magician's eyes widened.

'Breaking the shield with an ordinary spear?'

How great was the person who threw this spear?

The other magicians and Duke Lucilliv all turned their eyes in the direction the spear came from. A soldier stood there. He was wearing leather armor that was covered with dirt and blood. He was a very handsome man with noble blond hair that didn't match the rest of him.

Private Ars. His face was delighted as he gazed at Duke Lucilliv.

'I finally reached here.'

It was a really long time. Ars had been sleep deprived for several days as he kept staring at Duke Lucilliv in order to find a gap. It wasn't easy when Duke Lucilliv always had guards by his side. Now it happened thanks to Grid.

"I'll finish it quickly for My Lord."

Now that the loyalty of the non-regular soldiers was collapsing, the effect would be magnified if he defeated Duke Lucilliv, the one oppressing them. Most non-regular soldiers would put down their weapons and this war would end. Ars rushed towards Duke Lucilliv.

"Stop him!"

The magicians beside Duke Lucilliv tried to cast spells but it was too late. Ars narrowed the distance to Duke Lucilliv in an instant.

"You!"

The moment Duke Lucilliv felt his life being threatened!

*Pahat!*

The spear about to pierce Duke Lucilliv's body disappeared in a flash of light, along with Ars.

"....?"

Duke Lucilliv and the senior magicians were stunned.

At the same time.

"M-My Lord?"

Bairan City.

Asmophel looked at Grid with a very perplexed expression after Knights Summoning was used. Grid killed two of Duke Lucilliv's guards and shouted.

"Asmophel! Stop looking blank and do your job! The kids told me that they didn't know where you were!"

“...”

Do his job? Asmophel felt wronged. But now there was no time to explain. Asmophel nodded and blocked Duke Lucilliv's guards.

Grid summoned Noe, Randy, and Iyarugt.

‘More!’

More! More! More! The group of high rankers, Asmophel and the pets quickly broke through the enemies. The distance with the central square narrowed to a certain number. Grid didn't miss this opportunity and immediately used Blackening. Demonic power had reached 10,000 points and Blackening was further strengthened.

“Freely Move!”

Grid avoided all the guards, knights, and magical traps at once. This was the strength of the Secret Hero title.

“...!”

Duke Lucilliv and the Eternal troops stared like they had seen a ghost. There was an awkward silence before Grid came face to face with Duke Lucilliv.

“Hah, that's right. A trash that makes me tired.”

The sun rose behind Grid's back, shining on his black hair. After a terrible and fearful night for the Bairan people, a brilliant morning arrived.

"The position of the weak who can't resist, I will let you experience it for the first time today."

The sun of Reidan illuminated all of Eternal.

# Chapter 564

Impertinent. Scandalous. Unpleasant. Shocking.

‘I want to tear him apart!’

Duke Lucilliv was furious as he faced Grid. Who was he? He was the younger brother of the late King Wiesbaden and the uncle of the present King Aslan. He had the most noble lineage in the Eternal Kingdom. No, even if his lineage wasn’t mentioned, he was still the most powerful man in the kingdom. He was even treated well by the prestigious nobles of the Saharan Empire.

‘A guy without any lineage dares to insult me?’

It was an attitude that couldn’t be accepted.

“Grid....! This behavior is too vulgar! You don’t even know filial piety and basic etiquette!”

Duke Lucilliv shouted with a red face and Grid shook.

"Even if I have manners, why should I be polite to trash? And what is filial piety? Don’t use words that are so difficult.”

“T-This....!

Again! Again! Again!!

Using the word trash for a noble like him? He couldn’t help doubting Grid’s brain.

‘Don’t you understand how noble the royal lineage is?’

Duke Lucilliv forgot the seriousness of the situation and became concerned. Grid pointed a dark blue sword at him. No, it was like a wooden sword rather than a longsword because there was no distinction between the handle and the blade. Duke Lucilliv’s tension was released.

‘That’s right. He won’t dare hurt me. If he doesn’t submit to me, the hostages will eventually die.’

“Duke Lucilliv!”

"Protect the duke!"

"Waaahhhhhhhh!"

The moment that Duke Lucilliv and Grid face each other. The Eternal troops deployed all over Bairan flocked to Grid, surrounding him by over 90,000 troops. It was an obvious crisis for Grid. Duke Lucilliv saw Grid as a beast trapped behind barbed wire.

“Experience the position of the weak who can’t resist? You are the one who will experience it.”

Duke Lucilliv pulled out a handkerchief to shield his mouth and nose from the dust caused by the movements of the soldiers. He truly acted like a noble. On the other hand, dust was nothing for Grid who always lived a fierce life. He was willing to eat all of it.

"You'll see soon."

*Kwajijjik!*

Duke Lucilliv misunderstood that this was a wooden sword. Grid moved with the +7 Sword Ghost. The Eternal soldiers, including Duke Lucilliv, doubted their eyes.

“D-Demon....?”

A little while ago, the sun was rising when Grid reached here. It wasn’t possible to grasp Grid’s appearance because of the shade. But now. As the sun rose in the sky and the shade covering Grid disappeared, Grid’s appearance became clear.

Darkness swelled. His white skin contrasted with that. White skin and red eyes. He was similar to the demons described in books. It was difficult to see him as an ordinary human.

“D-Duke Grid is a demon, not a human?”

“His strength makes sense now....”

The soldiers muttered. Asmophel’s expression wasn’t good as he belatedly arrived at Grid’s side.

‘The hearts of the soldiers who feel envious towards Grid are starting to shake!’

Grid had to remove the misunderstanding that he was a demon. But how? The moment Asmophel thought this, Grid judged that the soldiers had misunderstood and put on the Holy Light Crown. The crown used by Pope Franz who sealed Marie Rose, the strongest vampire. There was no need to talk about the divinity coming from it. The demonic energy Grid was giving off paled next to it.

“Ahh....”

The eyes of the soldiers towards Grid changed once more. After envy and fear, there was now awe. Grid started a spectacular sword dance.

“Pagma’s Swordsmanship, Linked Kill Wave.”

*Kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa!*

Black energy blades flew like a gale towards Duke Lucilliv. It was also twice in a row!

"There is one more Linked Kill Wave."

-?

Was this a video replay? The viewers fell into confusion.



Was there a need to have a large piece of land on the West Continent? There was a total of 17 kingdoms and a wide variety of ethnic groups on the continent. But in the end, the influence of the Saharan Empire couldn’t overtake it. It was right to call the West Continent itself the Saharan Empire. Some scholars had pessimistic interpretations.

The power of the Saharan Empire was overwhelming. All kingdoms on the continent gave tribute to the empire, learned the culture of the empire, and some small nations

even followed the empire's orders.

"....But I will change the landscape of the continent. The Eternal Kingdom will become the focal point of all nations in the shadow of the empire."

Eternal's 14th king, King Aslan.

He was a prince who had studied in the empire. Of course, it wasn't from his desire, but because it was compulsory. Throughout the time of his studying, he experienced great contempt from the nobles and royalty of the empire. He didn't want his descendants to experience such humiliation. He decided to change the world.

He had grand aspirations. He had no intention of making the sacrifice of his brother Ren in vain. After killing his brother and becoming king, he was determined to leave behind great achievements. Aslan was confident at first. He was sure that he was better than his brother after winning the throne.

'My first goal is to build Eternal into a fully neutral nation.'

It was a challenge to become self-sufficient enough to stand up to the empire, who were able to exert pressure in the fields of economy, military, and science. This was why King Aslan was obsessed with Grid. He tried to keep their relationship as good as possible, despite the fact that Grid was a dangerous person who declared he wouldn't be loyal to the royal family.

But eventually it failed. Grid caused a rebellion. The worst thing was that the most reliable person in Eternal, Earl Ashur, was acquired by Grid. King Aslan became desperate. He lost strength before he could build up his strength and he saw that Eternal was walking down the path of defeat.

'I hate the circumstances where I had to pin my brother's death on Grid.'

Over the past few months, Eternal had been declining. In order to recapture the territories taken by Grid, most of the kingdom's funds were used for war supplies and developing the soldiers. In addition, the young people who were the future of the kingdom were conscripted into the war. What meaning was there in condemning Grid and successfully reclaiming the territory? In the end, the kingdom would be ruined!

"Kukuk.... I'm also incompetent."



King Aslan's heart became sick.

The reason he'd killed his brother was because he had a big dream in mind. Now that this happened, the justification for losing his brother disappeared and King Aslan's heart became sick. He was drinking another cup of wine when somebody knocked on his door.

There weren't many people allowed to knock on the door of the king's bedroom.

"Come in."

King Aslan spoke in a hoarse voice. The man who entered his room after receiving permission was Chucksley. He was the best swordsman in Eternal and was loyal to the royal family. In addition, he was one of the few people who knew that King Aslan was Prince Ren's killer.

"A guest from the empire has come."

Chucksley spoke gently, while Aslan replied cynically.

"Is the payment for making me king still lacking? Ah~ that's right. Are they here to get compensation for the solo number knight who died from a soldier?"

Aslan had borrowed the empire's power to become king. He wasn't being used by the empire, he was using them. But now the situation was reversed. He couldn't escape his destiny of being the empire's puppet.

"Kukuk.... The late king must feel sorry. How terrible is it to see his son kill his own brother and hurt his kingdom."

"Your Majesty, please pay attention to your behavior."

Chucksley resented Aslan for killing Prince Ren. However, he had to serve Aslan. After all, Aslan became king and Chucksley had to give his loyalty to the royal family. Chucksley was concerned when he heard Aslan's words. King Aslan's chest hurt looking at him.

'I'm saddened that he has met an incompetent master and lost his talent.'

Chucksley had become a great swordsman with his own abilities. This wasn't common

even in the empire. It was said that there was no one better than Chucksley except for Piaro, Asmophel, and the top three solo number knights of the present Red Knights.

If King Aslan had created a good environment for Chucksley, he would've become one of the best talents of the West Continent.



"It has been a long time. This is late, but congratulations on becoming king."

"....!"

King Aslan was very surprised when he entered the reception hall. Was it because the guest from the empire just nodded instead of kneeling before the king? No, that wasn't it. The guest who came from the empire wasn't someone who needed to be polite to the king of Eternal!

"Prince Benoit....?"

The empire's 3rd prince! Unlike the other members of the royal family, he had a weak presence in the empire. He rarely showed up for official appearances and he wasn't someone with a loud nature. In any case, he was still a prince of the empire. It was tremendous, since he was 3rd in line to the throne. Why did he come to this small kingdom directly?

King Aslan was surprised by the unexpected visitor and asked. "Yes. I haven't seen you since I studied in the empire. Prince Benoit, why did you come to this place?"

He spoke in a polite tone. Prince Benoit smiled at King Aslan's caution. It was a warm smile like sunshine.

"Are we fellow alumni since we studied in the same place? I heard you were in a crisis and came to help."

"Cri-sis?"

Yes, he was in a crisis. But a crisis that made the prince of the empire come running over....

King Aslan was able to question it when Chucksley came in and shouted.

“Your Majesty! It’s an emergency! I received intelligence that the rebel army is marching here!”

“What?”

King Aslan stiffened like a stone statue. Grid still had an army to fight back? Even if the size of the army was small, there were few troops stationed here. Most of the troops were committed to the war. King Aslan turned his gaze to Prince Benoit who was still smiling brilliantly.

“Is this the crisis you were talking about?”

Benoit didn’t deny it. He nodded and handed King Aslan a comb. Yes, a comb. It was a tool for combing hair.

“What is this....?”

Prince Benoit whispered to the confused King Aslan.

“It is a tool to summon a great demon. You should try it.”

In that gap, Benoit would find Piaro and the Amethyst Shield.

# Chapter 565

King Aslan's monologue and Benoit's appearance! This secret episode was watched in real time by the black magician player Rose. She had the authority of a quest performer.

[Prince Benoit has succeeded in delivering the summoning tool!]

[Your have gained one level from the quest reward.]

[You have acquired 10 stat points from the quest clear reward.]

[Gulbas' Staff has been acquired from the quest clear reward.]

[The 'Summoning of a Great Demon (4)' quest has linked to the Summoning of a Great Demon (Final Part) quest.]

[Summoning of a Great Demon (Final Part)]

Difficulty Level: SS

Faithful servant of Yatan, thanks to your hard work, a great demon will soon descend to this earth.

The only thing left is to wait....

Quest Clear Condition: King Aslan summoning a great demon.

Quest Reward: Varies depending on the great demon summoned.

Rose's face brightened as she saw that the quest was renewed.

'The story ended up this way. It became faster due to the war caused by Overgeared.

Thank you, Overgeared Guild.'

Rose rose to 1st in the black magician rankings after Yura changed to a hidden class. Following Yura, Rose became Yatan's Servant and engaged in all types of activities. She spread fear and confusion throughout the world and in the process, she obtained a SS difficulty linked quest. It had been three months since she met Prince Benoit, whose interests matched hers.

"Are the offerings good enough?"

Prince Benoit asked her.

Rose nodded. "Yes, Reinhard is a rich and peaceful city. There are many good quality virgins."

"That's good."

Prince Benoit made a happy expression while Rose expressed concern.

"What if King Aslan doesn't summon a great demon?"

In order to summon a great demon, sacrificing a large number of virgins was needed. Would the king of a nation hostile to the Yatan Church actually sacrifice his people to summon a great demon?

Prince Benoit replied in a certain manner.

"King Aslan is brimming with ambition. He wants to avoid a deadly end and won't be able to escape from the temptations of the great demon."

"Then I'm glad."

Now they just had to wait. Rose asked a question that she had been wondering since she met Prince Benoit.

"I always wondered. What's your reason for summoning a great demon?"

Prince Benoit wasn't a believer of Yatan. Rose observed him and knew that he wasn't a evil human who wanted to destroy the world. She had no idea why he was obsessed with summoning a great demon. Benoit stared at her curious eyes before looking out

the window. His eyes were lonely as he gazed at the sky.

"There's someone I want to meet."

"Who is it? What type of person are they that you need a great demon to meet them?"

Rose clearly differentiated between NPCs and humans. NPCs were simple superior artificial intelligences. She didn't look at the circumstances of feelings of NPCs. She was like ordinary players. This was a mistake. She was unable to grasp the mood and missed the opportunity to raise her affinity with Prince Benoit. She didn't realize this herself.

"Don't rush just because you are curious. I might have to summon a few more great demons, making you my greatest helper. I don't want to kill you."

[Prince Benoit is emitting a killing intent.]

[The bloodline of the Saharan Empire that has ruled the West Continent for many years is beyond superior. You are feeling an 'irresistible' fear. Your actions will be restricted for five seconds. Defense and magic resistance has decreased by 23%. Some skills and spells can't be used.]

"I-I'm sorry."

The 1st ranked black magician within the top 50 of the unified rankings was neutralized so easily?

'What is this power? This is the royal family of the Saharan Empire?'

Rose got goosebumps. Her ambition to make the Yatan Church the most dominant power on the West Continent blurred in front of the empire.



The result of the two consecutive Linked Kill Waves fired with the influence of Blackening. It could only be expressed in one way.

*-Crazy.*

It was insane firepower! The knights protecting Duke Lucilliv who were targeted by Grid? Their expensive heavy armor and large shields were useless as they turned to grey. The defense magic from senior magicians? It couldn't even be used.

"Kuaaaaack!"

Duke Lucilliv let out a terrible scream as he allowed some of the bombardment from Linked Kill Wave. Grid approached as he was struggling with pain. It was at a speed that the cameras found difficult to capture.

*-Wow.... Isn't Grid faster than before?*

*-It seems like the agility of a third advancement assassin.*

*-What is that agility? I wonder if he's wearing items that increase his speed.*

Blackening's strength had been increased after his demonic power exceeded 10,000 and now it increased attack power, magic power, and agility by 30%. This 10% increase played a large role for Grid who had high stats. His movement speed was significantly different from before.

"You!"

Duke Lucilliv was furious. His anger wasn't solely focused on Grid. His anger headed towards the helpless knights, magicians, and soldiers who couldn't stop Grid. He only had incompetent subordinates! Duke Lucilliv lamented and eventually pulled out his sword directly.

It was his final means of protecting himself after the formation failed to stop Grid. But he was just a high ranking noble. Did pulling out his sword have any meaning? The viewers thought that Duke Lucilliv would die from Grid's sword. However, Grid was alert.

'He survived a hit from Linked Kill Wave.'

The duke of a kingdom. He was a named NPC. He had high defense and stamina as the default and could have unexpected combat abilities.

'I will test him.'

Grid judged that if he used a big technique, the duke would become angry. He broke through the soldiers' defenses and finally approached Duke Lucilliv.

*Swaeek!*

The Sword Ghost that had a much faster attack speed than Failure! It moved in a straight line towards Duke Lucilliv.

"A lowly person like you won't be able to kill me!"

Duke Lucilliv shouted and blocked Sword Ghost with his sword.

*Teong!*

At the same time, there was a heavy air flow.

*Kiririk!*

Duke Lucilliv rotated his sword and made Sword Ghost point towards the ground. His sword then aimed at Grid's exposed chest.

"Preach the greatness of Eternal's royalty in hell!"

At this moment. Duke Lucilliv was delighted. He believed that he could take Grid's life with his own hands. But it was impossible. It was true that Duke Lucilliv's swordsmanship was excellent.

*Puok!*

[You have suffered 2,500 damage.]

Duke Lucilliv's stats were relatively normal. The damage failed to penetrate Grid's Triple Layers.



"If I was going to be beaten by you, then I wouldn't have come here in the first place."

Grid whispered in Duke Lucilliv's ears and wielded Sword Ghost.

"Hiik!"

Duke Lucilliv paled and stepped backwards.

"We will protect the duke!"

A group of 10 senior magicians acted simultaneously to protect Duke Lucilliv.

*Chaaeng!*

The magic shields overlapped. Their defense transcended common sense and Sword Ghost couldn't pierce through.

"Now! Hit him!"

The knight and soldiers rushed towards Grid who was blocked.

*-It looks like this is the end.*

*-Grid fought well.*

*-It's amazing that he managed to kill so many of the 100,000 troops in the first place.*

There was no more hope. The viewers predicted Grid's defeat. But the result was the exact opposite.

"Pinnacle Kill."

It was the strongest single attack skill that ignored 100% of the target's defense. It got through the defense of the shield and struck Duke Lucilliv.

"Ku.... Kuaaaaaaaack!"

"....!"

This couldn't be. The senior magicians were at a loss for words as Duke Lucilliv started

turning grey. But the knights and soldiers already reached Grid. Swords, arrows, and spears all aimed for Grid.

*Puk!*

*Puuooooook!*

“Cough!”

Grid allowed a large number of attacks and started coughing up blood. The dying Duke Lucilliv smiled as he was covered with Grid’s red blood.

“Kukukuk! The perfect companion to hell....!”

Of course, he was aware of the fact that Grid could resurrect. However, there was a curse that would affect the resurrection. Grid’s death penalty would be huge. Duke Lucilliv wanted Grid to feel despair. But the result?

“I....I’m fine.”

Grid didn’t die. He smiled wickedly and cut off Duke Lucilliv’s head. Then he used Pagma’s Swordsmanship, Wave, on the knights and soldiers around him and shouted.

"The duke, I have killed him!"

[The enemies have confirmed the death of Duke Lucilliv!]

[You have succeeded in reclaiming Bairan!]

[The title skill ‘Confront 100,000 Enemies’ has been acquired!]

Confront 100,000 Enemies

Type: Passive

The more enemies you have around you, the higher your defense.

There is a limit to the increase.

“T-This is impossible....”

Grid swept through the enemies by himself and eventually cut off Duke Lucilliv’s head. He stood in a devastated area and the 60,000 non-regular soldiers looked up at him. An absolute monarch who had the power to defend the people and would sacrifice his lives to protect the people. The cries of the Bairan residents entered the ears of the non-regular soldiers who wanted to serve him.

“I’m alive thanks to Grid!”

"Thank you. I love and respect you!"

“Grid is our everlasting idol forever!”

"My grandchildren will praise you!"

"Waaaaahhhhh! Hooray Grid!"

“Hooray Reidan’s sun!”

The shouts praised Grid. This was the spark. The fascinated soldiers saw the happy and ecstatic residents and revealed their intentions to Grid.

“W-We would like to be your people.”

"Please accept us!"

They didn’t want to live in a kingdom that treated people as livestock. The non-regular soldiers eagerly begged him. In fact, they doubted if Grid would accept them. From Grid’s perspective, they were enemies. They didn’t want to die so they asked humbly.

But Grid’s choice was different. Asmophel whispered the story to him and Grid turned off Blackening and straightened the Holy Light Crown. Then he reached out to the soldiers.

“I won’t disappoint you.”

“...!”

Grid's smile was bright and warm like the sun. A noble was smiling kindly towards the common people? The non-regular soldiers vowed to follow Grid for life.

[You have obtained 63,387 people.]

[Congratulations! The number of people serving you as exceeded 100,000!]

[You have achieved the minimum qualifications to establish a kingdom!]

# Chapter 566

It took effort to make a beautiful smile. One famous actor said, 'It's necessary to practice to make a smile that appeals to everyone.'

It made a lot of sense. Did everyone look pretty when smiling? Wrong. Unfortunately, some people couldn't make pretty smiles, and Grid was one of them. In the past, people felt uncomfortable whenever he laughed. Was it simply because he was ugly?

No. Smiling was a strange concept for Grid, who had no reason to laugh. When he smiled, his expression became awkward. This was a crucial factor. But now it was different. Grid gradually became used to smiling in the process of increasing his valuable bonds. Now he could deliver a smile that gave a good impression to everyone. His life had changed. This was one of the gifts that Grid acquired.

"I won't disappoint you."

Grid made a warm smile and declared. The hearts of the Eternal non-regular soldiers thumped. Their eyes became red and their blood boiled. The lowly people and commoners of the Eternal Kingdom. They had always been disappointed by their monarchs. No, they didn't have any expectations in the first place. For them, a monarch was nothing but a person who abused and exploited the people. Of course, not all rulers were like that. But the rulers that they'd experienced were the worst.

However, Grid seemed to be different. They felt a strong sense of trust from his behavior, words, and expressions.

"The later generations of my family will follow you!"

"I will go home and bring my family!"

"Hooray Grid! Hooray Grid!"

"...."

Grid felt a strong sense of empathy and responsibility from the cheers. He recalled the first time he encountered the people of Reidan. The residents had felt despair because

they couldn't rely on anyone. It was like he was looking at the past.

'I will let them know what happiness is.'

Of course, this wasn't volunteer work. He wouldn't do anything without gaining benefits. Grid would play a reasonable role with them and take advantage of them.

'60,000 people....!'

He secured a labor force and a source of taxes!

"Okay. Asmophel, dispose of the remnants of the enemies and repair Bairan. The five people here will help you."

Asmophel couldn't hide his joy as he bowed deeply to Grid.

"As you wish."

Grid wasn't aware of it, but entrusting Asmophel with the Bairan repair operations was the best choice. Asmophel now had experience as a soldier and had a better understanding of the lowest class people than anyone else. He knew how to effectively lead them.

"Log out."

Grid took a break and left the game.



'It was surprisingly easy.'

Grid felt giddy at the end of the battle. Duke Lucilliv showed an unexpected ability and Grid's movements were stopped. He allowed the enemies' attacks and the immortal passive was activated. If Duke Lucilliv had struggled a bit longer, Grid was the one who would've died, rather than Duke Lucilliv. The 50% drop in health due to Blackening was truly deadly.

However, if Grid used all his power, then the war would've ended more easily. The battle of 1 vs 100,000 was much easier than expected. Of course, Youngwoo also knew that he didn't do it alone.

'Asmophel's help was great.'

Shin Youngwoo dissolved cocoa powder in warm milk and leaned against the window. He didn't become aware of it until later. Asmophel had been dressed as an Eternal soldier. Nobody strong in the Eternal army threatened him. This was due to Asmophel's actions.

'60,000 people pledged allegiance to me today.'

The TV was relaying battlefield videos of Patrian, Cork Island, and Borneo. Youngwoo watched his colleagues and subordinates fighting for their lives in various places.

'Everyone is doing their best.'

The time will come soon.

'I will rise to the throne after this war is over.'

Yes, it was time to be king. It was a timely fashion. He had a big desire to make it worthwhile for everyone who followed him, not just to fulfill his self-desire. The kingdom name that he had been thinking about for a long time.

'Overgeared Kingdom.'

The Overgeared Guild built the kingdom, so the name should definitely be Overgeared. Then what would be the symbol of the king?

'....Overgeared King!'

*Kkuok!*

Youngwoo gripped his cup of cocoa tightly. He was thrilled as he thought about himself being king.



『I heard there are many people who criticized and mocked Grid for fighting 100,000 troops alone.』

『That's right. Grid was so overconfident in his own strength that most people foresaw Grid's imminent death.』

『But didn't Grid retake Bairan?』

『He didn't simply recapture it. He absorbed at least 60,000 of the 100,000 troops. Immediately after Grid killed Duke Lucilliv, 60,000 soldiers knelt in front of Grid and swore allegiance to him.』

『I watched the video. It was a scene that caused goosebumps. The number of views exceeded 200 million in half a day....』

『What made the remnants of Eternal's army obey Grid?』

『I think they were impressed to see Grid take on 100,000 troops to save the people of Bairan. It's also likely that Grid advanced knowing this.』

『Do you mean that Grid hit 100,000 troops with the intention of absorbing Eternal's soldiers?』

『Isn't that right? It's scary to see Grid's brilliance....』

『I have a question. Would Kraugel be able to break through 100,000 troops and cut off the head of the leader?』

Everyone knew that Kraugel was stronger than Grid. It had been formally proven at the National Competition. It was a hot topic. If Grid could do it, then Kraugel probably could as well.

『It isn't impossible when considering Kraugel. He has more abilities than Grid. However, I don't think he has the defense and stamina to withstand a lot of attacks.』

『In addition, looking at simple damage and breakthroughs, Grid is definitely better than Kraugel. In a war against a large number of people, Grid is probably superior to Kraugel.』

The international media from each kingdom praised Grid. Grid's performance in the war was undoubtedly perfect and great. God of War Ares also acknowledged it.



“Wonderful.”

A middle-aged man placed crisp and salty potato chips in his mouth and drank coke. He wiped the potato chips powder off his hands and spoke to one of his closest aides, Scott.

"Bring me another coke from the fridge."

"You're truly carefree. Is this the time to be drinking coke?"

Scott couldn't resist raising his voice.

"Don't you realize the seriousness of the current situation? The title of the first king will be taken away by Grid! Our Ares army must support Eternal right now! We have to trample on the Overgeared Guild!"

The activities of the Overgeared Guild was enough to frustrate Scott and the other Ares troops. From Satisfy to the present, they had been moving without hesitation to build the Ares Empire. While the other rankers announced their names to the world and enjoyed wealth and honor, they wandered around unknown, repeatedly fighting in wars.

The first player to build a kingdom would naturally be Ares. They would be rewarded for their efforts. The Ares army thought this. Ares shrugged at Scott as he watched the members of Overgeared on the TV.

"The empire is between us and Eternal, and we're at war with the empire. What path can we use to move the army to Eternal?"

"Is there a need to move the army? Just send a few small elites like me and Luck. Then we can interfere with those guys!"

"Ah." Ares scratched his groin before patting Scott's shoulder. "Being ambitious is good, but don't forget our goal is the Saharan Empire. Don't be so obsessed with the immediate loss."

Ares pulled a coke out of the fridge, drank it, and lay down in the capsule.

"Didn't you see the war video? The commander, Duke Lucilliv, was incompetent. He didn't have the leadership ability to manage 100,000 troops in a narrow city area. In

front, Grid wasn't fighting 100,000 against 1. It was a battle against thousands. The world doesn't know this and they are praising Grid for going against 100,000 people."

"..."

"The Saharan Empire will be deceived by that reputation. They will start watching Grid. We have to look for that gap."

First king? He didn't want to miss that title, but he wouldn't cling to it. He would devour the Saharan Empire.

'Grid, please make more of an effort.'

It would be good if Grid attracted the attention of Agnus. Ares laughed as he connected to Satisfy. Among his numerous titles, he had 'First to Slaughter 10,000 People' and 'First to Slaughter 20,000 People.' It was the reason why Grid and Jishuka didn't get the titles, despite slaughtering masses of people.



There was a fatal weakness in the Overgeared Guild. It wasn't possible to produce siege weapons due to a lack of technology and resources. In order to produce siege weapons, a wide range of materials and technologies were needed as well as a blacksmith.

Lauel was worried about this until he found something in the fields. A unique class who used various animals to improve their livestock farming efficiency. Lauel asked the pet master. Could the super large monsters be trained and used as a siege weapon? Originally, super large monsters weren't easily tamed, but he had a ray of hope because of the unique class Pet Master.

Nyangmong was naive. He replied that it was possible. A Pet Master could completely tame and educate super large monsters that were twice as big as wyverns. The price was great. He had to release the precious cat type and puppy type monsters that he'd trained in the past into the wild. It was to train the super large monsters that occupied three pet inventory spaces.

'My cute babies.... Are they starving because they can't adapt to the wild?'

In particular, he was worried about the short-tailed cat. He was a rough and arrogant cat who wouldn't find a mate and would die alone of old age.

'I hope he doesn't cry because he misses his job.... Cough!'

The march to Reinhardt. The Overgeared members encouraged Nyangmong, who had fallen into a serious depression.

"I'm sure your kids are doing well. They're monsters, so living in the wild is probably much more enjoyable for them."

"That's right. Monsters should live in the wild. They're probably playing around and enjoying life right now."

Nyangmong's expression became darker.

"...It makes sense. It's more fun for them to play with their friends. That's right. Those children have found happiness after leaving me. I have been taking away the children's happiness in the meantime."

"...."

The Overgeared members stiffened. The Korean actor Kim Doohyun who was famous in Hollywood. They thought he was a normal person, but he wasn't. He had a strange personality like other members of Overgeared. Grid, Lauel, Huroi, Regas, Peak Sword, Vantner, Toon, Katz, etc. Why were all the top players of their guild so strange?

'Is it a curse or something?'

'I shouldn't go to South Korea....'

As the Overgeared members were feeling seriously concerned, the army got closer to Reinhardt.

Chief Commander Lauel shouted, "Subordinates of the great war god Grid, it's the eve of war and I know that the blood in your veins is boiling. But rest is the most important thing. Visualize the Frost Queen's Breath and cool your blood. We will stop here."

"....Ah."

No, why couldn't he just give a simple command to stop? Was it necessary to add the nonsense? Lael might be an ineffective person as commander of the front lines. He was the type of commander who reduced the morale of the soldiers. Lael let out a strange *kukukuk* laugh. Half of his face was covered with one hand as he laughed.

'Reinhardt....'

He would conquer it in two days and give it to Grid. He didn't doubt that the timing of his Reinhardt invasion was perfect. But there was a variable. It was caused by Prince Benoit.

"Bring the virgins!"

On Reinhardt's walls. King Aslan confirmed Overgeared's army in the distance and made a decision.

'I will summon the great demon!'

# Chapter 567

The 33 great demons who ruled hell. There were countless books and documents on their mighty power. It was said that every time a great demon appeared on the earth, several kingdoms were destroyed and humanity experienced a large crisis.

King Aslan was well aware of how dangerous great demons were. But he didn't have any other choice. He wanted the throne to revive the kingdom, but he would end up destroying it. It couldn't happen.

'I will be too ashamed to face my brother in the underworld.'

He couldn't let the kingdom be taken away. He would rather rely on a great demon. King Aslan was leaning towards this idea when he heard a bizarre voice in his ears.

"Your selfishness, anxiety, regret, despair, fear, and anger. I like all these feelings. Give me pure blood. Invite me to the earth. In return, I will listen to one wish."

'Great demon....!'

An old comb that could often be seen. The voice was coming from the great demon summoning tool that Prince Benoit gave him. He couldn't tell if it was male or female, young or old. Just listening to it caused his legs to shake and dizziness to occur.

King Aslan was afraid. When he felt the great demon whispering in his ears, his human life felt like a rotten rope. It could be broken at any time. However, a great temptation that was proportional to the intense fear dominated King Aslan's mind.

In return, the great demon would listen to one wish.

'My wish will be fulfilled?'

The last words of the great demon constantly hovered in his ears. King Aslan gulped and asked for confirmation.

"Definitely.... You will definitely fulfill my wish?"

"I'm one of the 33 supreme rulers of hell. I have my honor as a supreme ruler. My promises will be absolutely realized in the future. Now, tell me. What do you want? Eternal youth? Infinite riches? Great beauties?"

Everything was wrong. King Aslan didn't want youth, riches, or beauties. He had only one wish.

"Make my kingdom the ruler of the continent! I don't want my descendants to feel the same disgrace that I did! I want my bloodline to be praised as the greatest on the continent!"

"....Deep inferiority always produces sweet results. Kukuk, good. I accept your wish."

Now he had to pay the price. The sacrifice of 9,999 virgins to bring the great demon to the earth! King Aslan made a firm decision.

"Bring the virgins!"

[The Summoning the Great Demon (Final Part) quest will soon be completed.]

"Heheh."

Black Magician Rose was watching the quest in real time and became very excited.



"It wasn't a short amount of time. In terms of reincarnation, it's an eternity."

Lauel had followed Grid for two years. In Satisfy time, it was a long six years. In the meantime, Lauel had done many things. He led Grid to absorb the Tzedakah Guild and built a strong foundation for the Overgeared Guild. Then he took on the overall operation of the Overgeared Guild to expand their forces to the current state.

If it wasn't for Lauel, the current Grid and Overgeared Guild wouldn't exist. Lauel was deeply moved.

'I'm fortunate to be able to serve the lord of my destiny.'

Lauel decided to serve Grid because of his blacksmithing abilities. Grid would be able to gain many talents, build a huge guild, and earn a lot of profit from his blacksmithing abilities. But Grid went beyond Lauel's expectations. Grid's talent was unique. He not only improved in blacksmithing, but showed excellent growth in all aspects.

Thanks to that, the Overgeared Guild became stronger more quickly than Lauel expected. It was enough to set a goal to build a kingdom!

'Now there's only one step left.'

Conquer Reinhardt in front of him. The scale was 1.5 times bigger than Reidan and the population was 800,000! It was surrounded by endless walls and moats. The quality of the territory was different. The structure was enough to block even one million troops. But Lauel didn't shrink back. He knew that the interior of Reinhardt was empty. Most of Reinhardt's troops had been sent to invade the Overgeared territories.

'There are less than 10,000 troops stationed in Reinhardt right now.'

He estimated that there was likely to be 8,000 troops if he added the security guards and royal knights. On the other hand, he was only leading 3,000 elite troops wearing Grid's mass production set. There was Lauel, Faker, Ibellin, other top talents of Overgeared, and Jude armed with Dainsleif. In addition, there was the 'greatest power in a war,' Great Magician Ashur and his son Bland.

Was that all?

"The reinforcements from Siren have arrived!"

"W-Water Clan King Maxong has come in person!"

"I have come to repay your grace."

Maxong was extremely strong when fighting Grid, despite not being in a perfect state. Now he fully recovered mentally and directly led 500 warriors to join Lauel's army.

"Piaro has returned!"

"I developed a bean that grows in the sea, but there's no taste.... The water clan doesn't

eat it.”

A legendary farmer. The ultimate person beyond Grid had also returned. It wasn’t over.

“Reinforcements from the Rebecca Church have arrived!”

“R-Reinforcements!”

“His Holiness himself!!”

“Hi everyone.”

“Where’s Grid?”

Damian, who joined the ranks of the best players. He had a number of useful wide area buffs and joined with Isabel, one of Rebecca’s Daughters. They would give wings to the elite troops of Overgeared.

“An army has arrived from Pedro!”

“It’s Earl Chris and his subordinates!”

“If we help build Grid’s kingdom, we can request item commissions? Then there’s no reason not to help.”

There was Damian and Chris, the leader of one of the Seven Guilds. The top players had joined. Lael looked at them and was convinced.

“Now I can easily conquer Reinhardt, even if I don’t release my sealed power.”

It was because the members of Overgeared each played an active role in different areas. Peak Sword on Cork Island, Yura and Pon in Bairan, Katz in Borneo, and Jishuka in Patrian. Each one of them played a much bigger role than Lael expected. Thanks to this, Eternal lost troops and Reinhardt was empty.

‘Everybody is great.’

Lael felt proud and thankful. There was only one regrettable thing. It was that Grid’s return to the West Continent was accelerated. He wanted to show that he could do this without Grid, but he ended up relying on Grid in the end.



‘Grid seems to be in a dangerous situation right now.’

Grid had asked about the situation in Bairan. A day had passed since then with no news. It was likely that he felt a sense of responsibility and invaded Bairan alone.

‘There’s a high possibility that he’s surrounded by 100,000 troops right now.’

There were too many enemies, even if it was Grid. It was dangerous. He needed to hurry. He had to conquer Reinhardt and then head to Bairan. Lauel felt a strong sense of responsibility and shouted, “Full assault!”

“Jude. Go. City wall. Crush.”

"This is a good land for farming."

"Let's eat this hot potato before it becomes cold."

"Why don't I see Grid?"

"Isabel-chan is beautiful, even when she can't forget her first love."

"....How are all these people gathered?"

Chris thought there weren't many normal people. But they were some of the strongest people on the continent. Their momentum pierced the sky.

*Kung! Kung! Kung!*

The overwhelming strength of Nyangmong's super large pets struck Reinhardt's gates.

"We have to kill those who resist."

Earl Ashur used a wide area magic that made the archers unable to shoot their arrows.

"Free Farming 2nd Style, Rapid Growth."

*Kwarururung!*

Piario cleansed the fields and planted seeds. A large number of vines grew and shot up the walls.

*Sususuk.*

As the vines rose, Ibellin and the Overgeared soldiers swiftly climbed them and overpowered the enemies on the walls.

"Jude. Kill. A lot."

"Take this greatsword!"

Jude and Chris rotated their big greatswords like windmills. Pope Damian strengthened everyone with his buffs. King Maxong and his warriors infiltrated the city by diving into the moats and assassinated the enemy leaders.

*-What am I seeing right now? The Overgeared Guild is a players guild, right? What's this?*

*-Even the soldiers — —;;*

*-I'm sorry to break the admiring atmosphere, but what is that NPC doing? ⇨ ⇨ ⇨ Why is he farming on a battlefield? ⇨ ⇨ ⇨*

*-The king of the water clan is crazy. No spilling a single drop of blood, no matter how many soldiers he faces....*

*-The rumor that Overgeared Guild acquired Siren is true....*

*-Earl Ashur is too much. One hand gesture will cause death.*

*-He isn't one of the continent's 10 great magicians for nothing. But how did Grid acquire so many NPCs?*

*-Forget about the NPCs. Chris is helping Overgeared for some reason.*

*-Doesn't Chris have the same weapon as Grid? I'm sure there's some type of deal between them.*

*-Damian is shouting God Grid today.*

*-The pope is a bit....*

*-Rebecca's Daughter is so pretty. She's prettier than everyone apart from Yura and*

*Jishuka.*

*-Isabel-chan* ⇢⇢⇢

“Perfect! It’s perfect!”

Lauel climbed onto the occupied walls and contemplated the battlefield. He was excited as he watched the strong Overgeared Guild. However, he soon noticed something sinister.

“This?”

10,000 young women were lined up in front of the palace. The Overgeared members, who were trying to get into the palace to kill King Aslan, stopped in their place. The 10,000 women were weeping and their bodies shook from anxiety and fear.

Everyone except for Jude.

“Jude. King. Catch.”

*Step.*

Jude held his blood-soaked greatsword and took one step closer to the palace. King Aslan, who had been sweating and hesitating, eventually closed his eyes tightly and cried out.

“Fire!”

At the same time. The knights, loyal to the king under any circumstances, threw torches at the 10,000 terrified women.

*Hwaruruk!*

Flames rose instantly. The 10,000 women covered in oil started to burn. Terrible screams filled Reinhardt.

“Crazy...!”

The Overgeared members couldn’t comprehend the cruel sight. Their faces turned white.

[The 32nd great demon Belial has appeared.]

[You are deceived by Belial's beautiful appearance.

[Resistance to status conditions has dropped by 50%!]

[Skill and magic casting time have doubled and attack speed is reduced by 20%.]

[Belial is the queen of fire. The flames surrounding her are very hot. You will receive 2,000 burn damage per second once you get close to her.]

[Resistance to fire is 0%.]

[The intense heat will cause 500 burn damage per second. It can't be resisted.]

[Belial is the queen of darkness. The demonic energy she emits seduces your mind and stimulates your desire for murder. When attacking Belial, there is a high chance of falling into a confused state and attacking your allies.]

[Resistance to dark magic is 0%.]

[Use of black magic is blocked.]

“....!!”

The advent of an incredible existence! The Overgeared Guild and the entire world were astonished.



An old watchtower on the outskirts of Reinhardt.

Prince Benoit was standing in a spot that nobody noticed. He checked the appearance of the great demon and frowned.

‘It’s a failure.’

This wasn’t the great demon he wanted. He didn’t expect the great demon that he

wanted out of 33 great demons to show up the first time. However, he still couldn't help feeling disappointed. He shook off this lingering feeling and left Reinhardt.

His destination was Kesan Canyon. It was the assumed hiding place of the former Red Knights captain, Piaro.

'I need the Amethyst Shield.'

At the same time, in Seoul, South Korea.

"Kan jajang....so much...."

Shin Youngwoo enjoyed a delicious taste after a long time. His fatigue was completely washed away.

There were two hours left before his Satisfy access restriction was lifted.

# Chapter 568

A group of players causing a nation to fall into a crisis? The Overgeared Guild's invasion of Reinhardt was very exciting. It was like they were the protagonists of Satisfy. The viewers wondered if they could be like Overgeared one day, and smiled as they used their imaginations.

The Overgeared members' move made their competitors nervous while offering great hope and surprise to the public.

『The conditions to establish a kingdom are shown below. It's one of the pieces of content about Satisfy that the S.A. Group released.』

First, have at least three major cities. Second, have at least 100,000 people. Third, 60 million gold was needed for the founding.

『The Overgeared Guild have two major cities. Reidan and Winston. If the Overgeared Guild succeeds in conquering Reinhardt today, they will meet most of the qualifications to establish a kingdom.』

『Isn't Winston the territory of Marquis Steim?』

『Strictly speaking, it is the territory of Irene, Marquis Steim's daughter. Irene is Grid's wife. If Grid can raise his affinity with Irene to the maximum, then Winston can easily be transferred.』

『Finally, a kingdom will be established by a player!』

『Haha.... It isn't as easy as it says. Is it that easy to maximum the affinity of a NPC? It's uncommon for players to raise the affinity with a certain NPC to 90 or more. In particular, the relationship between Grid and Irene is a couple. Once a couple lives together, they will find faults with each other and minor things will pile up. This will cause affinity to lower. In particular, they are married, not just a couple.』

『Well, it isn't a problem even if Grid fails to build a good relationship with Irene. The Eternal Kingdom will be filled with chaos the moment Reinhardt is occupied. Once the

kingdom is split up into dozens of parts and filled with confusion, isn't it easy for Overgeared to occupy one more major city?』

A kingdom built by a player? The world evaluated that it would be better than the existing kingdoms. A player had modern and progressive ideas, unlike the royalty and nobles on the continent, who had feudal ideologies! A kingdom set up by a player was highly likely to develop in the direction that the other players agreed with.

『The founding of the Overgeared Guild's kingdom is just the beginning. NPC forces currently dominating the continent will gradually lose their place to player forces. Someday, the continent will entirely belong to players.』

『I can already imagine the players dominating the continent. There will be many incidents and countless heroes will emerge.』

『A new hero might emerge from all the people watching the broadcast right now.』

The commentators of each country were almost certain of Overgeared's victory. The power of Overgeared contained a great magician and the pope. They would occupy the empty Reinhardt and set up a kingdom. But there was an unexpected development.

King Aslan sacrificed 9,999 virgins to summon a great demon. The great demon was a goddess on a chariot pulled by six cerberus. From head to toe, Belial was covered in flames. The 32nd great demon. She looked at them with bewitching eyes and smiled.

"Seeing all these humans.... It's really exciting."

"....!"

Those who met Belial's eyes shrank back and the commentators were astonished.

『G....Great demon!』

『How can such a big chapter unfold? The founding of Overgeared's kingdom is over!』

Satisfy's bosses were classified into three major categories. Field boss, dungeon boss, and named boss. A named boss was by far the strongest. The peak of the named bosses were the great demons. Satisfy set up great demons as a source of evil, and players

needed to repel them.

*-I thought that the great demons raid content would be opened in a few years....*

*-Why did a great demon appear now? Who can raid a great demon?*

*-The difficulty of fighting a great demon is too high;;*

*-XX. Are you kidding me? I left my character in Reinhardt, but I can't log on.*

*-You will die as soon as you log in. ⇢ ⇢ ⇢*

The flow of Satisfy was made by players. The actions of billions of players crossed each other, creating many new stories. The same was true for the emergence of a great demon. The actions and choices of the players accumulated, resulting in the moment when Belial was summoned.

Who played such a crucial role? The moment that the world was wondering this.

"I am honored to see the great ruler of hell."

It was Rose, who had risen to 1st on the black magician rankings. As the members of Overgeared stood like stone statues in front of Belial, Rose fell to her knees and greeted the great demon.

"I am Rose, a servant of Yatan. I would like to add my feeble strength so that your life on this earth will be more enriched. Please give me permission."

*-That woman is the culprit.*

*-Damn Yatan Church.*

*-Anyway, kill all the Yatan bastards. I was kidnapped in the fields and offered as a sacrifice for black magic;;*

*-Hah.... It's terrible to think of the great demon and Yatan Church spreading all over the place. We won't be able to move around hunting grounds.*

*-Why so negative? Isn't this situation interesting? The game is more fun with steady stimulation.*



*-I also enjoy it. There will be a lot of profits from quests to fight against the great demons.*

*-What's the meaning of a quest when it's impossible?*

As the viewers were joking around, Belial looked at Rose with pleased eyes.

"You're a bold kid. I like it. I will spare you."

"Thank you! I'm so happy."

Rose's face flushed as she confirmed the positive answer. She made a rapt expression and Ibellin shouted.

"Can you please explain the situation right now?"

Ibelin was very annoyed. The opportunity made by scattering the Overgeared members all over the place was ruined because of the appearance of a great demon. There was no way he could be calm.

Rose scoffed at his anger.

"I was just faithful to my role. I'm sorry that I damaged the Overgeared Guild in the process, but I had no choice? Someone else has to suffer in order for a person to gain benefits. In the beginning, not everyone can be the same. Kukuk, isn't this what the world is like?"

Her facial expression and words were completely hateful.

"The conclusion is that you will be hostile to our Overgeared Guild?"

It happened when Ibellin frowned and expressed killing intent towards Rose.

"Free Farming Peak Style, Pounding Mortar."

"....?"

Rose doubted her ears. A battlefield where blood and screams were always present. A lunatic was talking about farming in a place where the great demon of fear emerged?

'It's Pounding Mortar?'

Pounding Mortar. It meant to put grains in a mortar and grind them. Rose couldn't believe it.

'What's a crazy farmer doing in the middle of the battlefield? Heok?'

Rose's face suddenly turned white. She instinctively looked up at the sky because the ground and surroundings darkened. Then she saw something immense filling the sky. That's right. An extremely huge mortar!

"W-What is this?"

The mortar was used to grind grains. Common sense meant it should be a size that people could hold. The mortar that appeared in the sky was too big. It seemed to be well over 100 meters in diameter.

*Kuwaaaaaaaaang!*

There was a sound that tore at their ears. It was like the sound of dozens of fighter planes. The huge sound rang out through Reinhardt.

"H-Hik....!"

Rose felt danger. The super-sized mortar in the sky fell towards the ground!

"D-Diamond Shield!"

She could grasp the situation later. For the moment, she had to live. Rose moved with that thought. She tried to defend herself by deploying the highest defense magic that overcame the fatal weakness of a black magician. The staff she received in exchange for summoning Belial gave her greater strength. But.

*Kuuuuuuong!*

The mortar was too big and heavy. It wasn't at a level that she could deal with.

"....!"

Rose couldn't even scream. The huge mortar crushed her mind and body as she felt great fear and pain. It was the worst death. A terrible scene of a player being crushed to death.

[Defense is meaningless.]

[You have been hit by a lethal blow!]

[The durability of Guruk's Magic Robe (Legendary) has decreased by 230. There is a risk of breakage. The maximum durability of the item has dropped.]

[The durability of Dolphina's Magic Shoes (Unique) have decreased by 188. There is a risk of breakage. The maximum durability of the item has dropped.]

[The durability of the Harmony Gloves (Unique) have decreased by 193. There is a risk of breakage. The maximum durability of the item has dropped.]

[The durability of Belial's Staff (Myth Reproduction) has decreased by 91. This item can't be repaired. Please be careful when using it.]

[You have died.]

[32.8% experience has been lost.]

[Superior Mana Potion (1,000 Pack) has dropped.]

'XX.....! XX!! XXX!!!'

She wanted to curse angrily at the notification windows, but the dead were silent. Rose couldn't say anything, as she had to observe the black and white world from the view of an observer.

[You have rejected the resurrection.]

[20 seconds left until auto resurrection is activated.]

‘Eh?’

What the hell was that Pounding Mortar? The angry Rose looked around and became astonished. The Overgeared members and soldiers were safe from the mortar? Was that all? The great demon Belial. The being who had the power to destroy humanity was coughing up blood!

“A-A human hurt me?”

Belial was confused. One arm was completely lost because of the mortar. If she hadn’t tried to avoid it, she would’ve suffered terrible damage. She was blindsided by human techniques! The chariot she was riding on was smashed to pieces.

*Yiiip.... Yip!*

The six cerberus pulling the chariot were all dying.

“You dare....! You dare!?”

Belial’s furious gaze fixed on a middle-aged man standing between the Overgeared members. The man was holding a hand plow in one hand and a sickle on the other hand. He smiled and spoke to the other Overgeared members, including Lauel.

"I will buy time while you all retreat."

They all realized. Piaro, he was ready to die.

# Chapter 569

The fortified city of Patrian.

"The enemy isn't invading anymore?"

Yura and Pon, who retreated from Bairan, worked with Jishuka to defeat the Eternal army. They could finally take a breath. The invasion of the enemy stopped almost 10 days after the war began.

"My whole body is aching."

Jishuka's stamina was close to infinite when she held the Red Phoenix Bow. But the mental fatigue of humans couldn't be ignored. She leaned against the wall and longed for a break when an uproar occurred in the guild chat window.

"Reinhardt...."

"A great demon has appeared?"

Jishuka's eyes became bigger and she jumped up. The Overgeared members, including Yura, were already prepared to head to Reinhardt.

"Let's go."



"I will buy time while you all retreat."

"....!"

Absolute supremacy. A powerhouse on the level of a 'sun.' It was Piaro. It wasn't necessary to add a lot of modifiers to express his strength. He was unbeatable. Everyone was equal in front of Piaro's hand plow. Those hit by Piaro's hand plow would die.

Now this unbeatable man said that he would 'buy time.'

Before big fights against strong people:

Work in the fields with him.

He would take care of it, etc.

These were the words he normally said.

The Overgeared Guild became shocked.

'Piaro, who normally wishes for a struggle with the strong....'

'He isn't enjoying this?'

'T-Then Piaro isn't a match for the great demon?'

'How strong is a great demon?'

Satisfy's setting meant that great demons were naturally strong. They were the biggest enemy that threatened the survival of humanity. In fact, they could see Belial's force. The flames and demonic power around her were very threatening. Their hearts sank just looking at her.

But Piaro was a legend. He was a named NPC who pioneered a new legend with his own power. The previous legends opposed great demons, so why couldn't Piaro?

As everyone questioned this, Ibellin laughed. "Ah, Master. We should we retreat? Isn't it too much? Do you intend to solo a great demon alone?"

Almost all the senior members of Overgeared studied with Piaro. They sparred with Piaro and maximized their control abilities. In particular, the swordsmen listened to Piaro's advice and their skill level rose. One of them was Ibellin. To Ibellin, Piaro was his eternal idol and teacher. He admired and loved Piaro. Ibellin didn't want to acknowledge Piaro's weak heart.

'A great demon isn't a big deal for Master! I'll bet on it!'

He thoroughly denied reality. Despite Piaro smashing one arm, Belial's health gauge remained the same. Ibellin stared at her and moved.

*Pahat!*

He was also strong. He would use his strength to fight the great demon and plant courage in Piaro. But reality was cruel. Ibellin narrowed the distance to Belial and wielded his sword.

[Belial's flames are too hot. You will receive 2,500 burn damage per second.]

[Belial's darkness has invaded your heart.]

[It has caused a delirium. You can't attack Belial.]

[The desire for murder is triggered. Find the nearest human and attack.]

These notification windows popped up.

*Duguen!*

Ibellin's vision flashed red. His spirit was stunned as he took back the sword attacking Belial and turned to strike at his closest ally. The person was Faker.

*Chengkang!*

"T-This....!"

He couldn't even attack? Ibellin's face distorted. Faker had blocked his attack with a dagger and muttered.

"The confusion is only applied for one blow."

It was fortunate. It would've been more desperate if Belial's confusion caused them to attack their allies for a 'certain period of time.' Faker glanced towards Lauel in the rear. It was a gesture that asked what they should do. The silent Lauel finally opened his mouth.

"Piaro, lead the soldiers along with Maxong and retreat."

What was Lael doing when the great demon appeared? He didn't question it. The situation was too urgent to think about why a great demon had appeared. Laeul only thought about how to break through the worst development. Then he was convinced after the great demon managed to cope with Piaro's Pounding Mortar.

It was impossible to kill the great demon. Reinhardt's occupation had failed.

'Piaro is still growing.'

In other words, his level was low. Piaro had only been a legend for 4~5 years. Lael thought that Piaro needed more time to be able to deal with a great demon like the former legends.

'I can't lose Piaro and the soldiers.'

He had to think about the future. He didn't need to be obsessed with the occupation of Reinhardt when it was impossible. It was imperative to retreat while minimizing the damage. Piaro, Maxong, and the soldiers who they raised with difficulty needed to return unharmed.

Of course, it was up to the players to buy time!

"Earl Lael! I will buy time!"

"..."

Piaro couldn't accept the order to retreat, but Lael ignored him. He spoke to Damian.

"Damian, can I ask you to buff all the Overgeared members?"

Confirmation was necessary before entering the battle. Could Pope Damian's holy buff threaten the great demon? In addition, what were the odds of resisting Belial's delirium when attacking her?

"All members of Overgeared except for Piaro attack Belial."

The order was immediately executed. The 200 members of Overgeared, including Faker and Ibellin, attacked Belial. The former Silver Knights members were included. Most of the mid-200s users were forced to attack their allies instead of Belial. It was the same for Faker and Ibellin. They were affected by Belial's confusion and attacked



each other.

Lauel frowned at the sight.

‘It can’t be resisted?’

Belial didn’t allow any melee attacks. Everyone became ‘confused’ and attacked their allies.

‘Then what about ranged magic or attacks?’

Lauel completed the spell late due to the penalty of a 20% decrease in casting speed and bombarded Belial with the other magicians. Of course, there was also great magician, Earl Ashur. However....

[Belial has used Mirror Shield.]

[Only 30% of your magic damage is applied.]

[The remaining 70% will be returned as damage to you!]

*Pepepepeok!*

“Kuaaaack!”

It was the worst. There was no hope. The melee attacks caused confusion while magic attacks were neutralized and reflected. That was Belial. She seemed vulnerable to ranged physical attacks such as arrows, but she didn’t get hurt because of her high defense.

Lauel and the Overgeared members realized what the ‘minimum conditions’ were for raiding Belial.

It was a legend. Only people who could resist abnormal statuses could try and raid Belial. There was only one decision Lauel could make here.

"We will become a human barrier until Piaro and the soldiers retreat. Don't attack Belial first. Just defend. Damian and Chris. It would be appreciated if you could help Piaro and the soldiers retreat."

Damian and Chris weren't members of Overgeared. He had no intention of forcing them to sacrifice themselves.

Chris nodded.

"Believe in me. I will thoroughly protect the soldiers of Overgeared as long as I can commission an item."

Damian shook his head.

"I will stay and fight. Isabel will be sufficient to escort Piaro."

However, an unexpected development occurred.

"I will also stay and fight."

Isabel, Rebecca's Daughter. She pulled out Lifael's Spear, one of the Rebecca Church's three divine artifacts, and approached Belial.

"I-Isabel-chan! Stop!"

Damien shouted with a pale face. He was afraid that Isabel might get hurt. But Isabel didn't stop moving. In the first place, the reason for the existence of the Rebecca Church was to destroy the Yatan Church and the demonkin. Among them, Rebecca's Daughters were at the forefront of those who fought the demonkin.

Isabel couldn't overlook the emergence of a great demon.

"White Transformation."

*Kuhwaaaaaaang!*

Isabel's brilliant hair and eyes turned white as she opened up her sealed power. She smiled at the sad Damian while surrounded by a golden aura.

"I will repay the favor to Grid. Your Holiness, leave this place to me and go with the

Overgeared members.

“I-Isabel-chan! No! No!”

There was no time to stop her. Isabel gained a transcendent ability from White Transformation in exchange for her lifespan. Time had passed since the Drevigo and Pascal episodes. The current Isabel was much more powerful than she was in the past, and could easily overpower even Pope Damian. She broke free from Damian’s hand and threw herself at Belial.

"How ludicrous!"

Belial had been angry since she was wounded and now her gaze focused on Isabel.

*Kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa!*

Belial’s strong flames collided with the golden aura around Isabel’s body and caused a shockwave to shoot through the whole area. The ground shook and parts of the palace came tumbling down. Several Overgeared members and soldiers died.

“Isabel-chaaaaaan!”

Damian only became a pope to save Isabel. Now he had to sacrifice Isabel? Damian’s sad scream rang out while sadness filled the hearts of Lael and the Overgeared members.

“Eek!”

Piario was furious. Lael was Grid’s representative. Piario didn’t dare disobey his command, but he couldn’t stay still against Belial. He had to do something for the many young women who were sacrificed. He stopped as he was about to run out and help Isabel.

It was because he heard Lael’s voice. "Stop. If you take one more step, you are no longer Grid’s subordinate. Have you forgotten about everything he has done for you?"

“...”

“I will say it again. Retreat with the Overgeared soldiers.”

Lauel felt sorry, but he couldn't help Damian. In the end, Isabel's power as Rebecca's Daughter was precious.

'I will pay off this debt someday, Damian.'

Lauel gave orders with a dark atmosphere. He was turning a blind eye to Damian when he received a whisper.

*-I'm going now. Hold on a little longer.*

*-Y-You!*

Lauel's body stiffened like a stone statue. The person who sent him the whisper?

*-If my power is combined with Piaro and Damian, we might be able to seal the great demon.*

*-Kraugel!*

The sky above the sky. The strongest player who showed his abilities that were beyond Grid before obtaining a hidden class. He acquired the strongest legendary class, Sword Saint, and was now running towards Reinhardt. Lauel's brain moved quickly.

At the same time, in Seoul, South Korea.

"...."

Shin Youngwoo woke up from sleep and stared at the TV with an ugly expression. He barely shook off his irritation as he thoroughly observed the great demon Belial. Sehee ran in at that moment.

"Oppa! Right now....!"

"Just relax and sit down. You'll go with me."

Sehee's shaking hand was caught by his as she was pulled to the seat.

# Chapter 570

Shin Youngwoo was thinking fiercely.

‘Will Belial have a weakness, just like Hell Gao and the fire stones?’

A great demon’s home was hell. It was unreasonable for them to exert their full strength in the human world. There was a precedent with Hell Gao, so Belial was likely to also have a penalty.

‘I need to find her weakness.’

He could only watch as the Overgeared members death with Belial.

Youngwoo believed that this was his current role, rather than fretting about not being able to run to the battlefield right away. He kept calm and cool and thoroughly observed Belial. He watched her skills, her voice, her actions, and even her expressions and eyes.

It was a good decision. All of Grid’s growth became the nourishment for Shin Youngwoo.

Meanwhile, Sehee was blushing as she sat next to her brother. How long had it been since she sat side by side with her brother...? She recalled a childhood memory. But the pleasure only lasted for a short moment. Sehee’s eyes shook while she was recalling old memories. Her lips pouted.

It was because the great demon on the TV was almost naked. She was basically naked except for the important parts that were covered with flames! People needed to be at least 17+ in order to see it!

“Are you okay?”

“Huh?”

Youngwoo was bewildered by the glares his sister kept sending him. It really was difficult to be an older brother.



A king's first duty was to protect his people. This was the basic principle that established the relationship between the king and the people. But King Aslan broke that principle. He sacrificed his people to summon a great demon. He abandoned the king's authority on his own. It was an unfathomable event that would go down in the history of the West Continent.

"The king killed my daughter!"

"The king killed my sister!"

"The king killed my friend!"

"The king killed them!"

"Aslan isn't a king!"

Outside the walls of the palace. The people felt hatred as they cursed and blamed Aslan. Smoke filled the skies of Reinhardt. It was the remnants of the 9,999 innocent virgins burned at the stake.

King Aslan didn't care about the people who were angry, sad, or crying. The curses and accusations poured in one ear and went out the other. He thought it was better to endure the people's complaints than to ruin the kingdom.

'The people of a small kingdom are different from the people of the best kingdom on the continent. My determination today will lead to future splendor for all of you.... You will know someday.'

King Aslan rationalized his misguided behavior for summoning a great demon. He witnessed the sight of the huge mortar falling from the sky.

*Kukukukukung!*

"Heok....!"

Was this a punishment from the gods? The guilty conscious buried deep in his heart rose and King Aslan fainted.

“...Ha!”

“Your Majesty!”

“Your Majesty!”

“...”

A familiar voice was heard. King Aslan opened glazed eyes and looked relieved. He didn't seem to be in hell if he was seeing Chucksley.

“You're alive.... What is that mortar that fell from the sky?”

Chucksley explained to the confused King Aslan.

“It was a technique used by an Overgeared member. One of the great demon's arms was destroyed.”

“What?”

A fatal wound was dealt to the strongest monarch of hell. No, Belial wasn't the strongest. She was the 32nd great demon. The anxious King Aslan hastily looked out the window. He was worried that Belial would've died before King Aslan's wish was granted.

*Kwa kwa kwa kwang!*

*Kurururung!*

The view outside the palace was pandemonium. It was in ruins. The Overgeared members were on fire from Belial's flames. No, it looked like a one-sided battle. Belial was slaughtering the Overgeared members.

“Ha! Hahaha! That's right! A great demon wouldn't be beaten so easily!”

‘Yes, Belial. Don't forget the reason for your summoning. Defend the kingdom and defeat the outsiders! Make Eternal the most powerful kingdom on the continent!’

Madness filled King Aslan's eyes as he cheered on the great demon. Chucksley was surprised by the sight.

‘The king has changed.’

He wasn’t the right person to be king from the beginning. There had been some cause at the start. King Aslan’s sin couldn’t be forgiven, but at least he was qualified to be a king. But not anymore. King Aslan was going crazy.

‘...The end.’

Chucksley realized that the kingdom his ancestors spilled blood and sweat for was facing its end.



“Sky Dragon’s Tears!”

*Kururung!*

They had to hold on until Kraugel arrived. Lael withdrew the order to retreat and struggled along with Piaro, Isabel, Maxong, and the other Overgeared members. Only the soldiers were left behind. The ultimate weather change of a Flow Master. Thunder and rain filled the sky and dampened a bit of the flames emitted by Belial.

"Free Farming 4th Style, Plowing the Field."

*Kurururung!*

Piario’s pitchfork moved through the damn ground. It was amazing. He looked like the god of agriculture. The land that Belial was trampled on was cleared for farming in an instant.

“Are you kidding me?”

Clearing fields during a battle? Even Belial couldn’t be calm, despite being one of the 33 great demons of hell. She ridiculed Piario as her flames exploded around her. Isabel intercepted her attack in order to allow Piario to act.

"Rebecca’s servant! You’re ridiculous!"

Belial hated Rebecca, the goddess of light, due to their opposite temperaments. Her flames clashed with Lifael’s Spear as she reached out and grabbed Isabel’s neck.



“Kuock!”

Isabel was exhausted after competing with Belial for a while. She was grabbed by Belial and her face smashed into the ground. Fortunately, the land cleared by Piaro wasn't firm, but soft. Her pretty face was covered with dirt, but there wasn't any significant damage.

“Isabel!”

Damian hurriedly healed Isabel. Isabel soon got up, but Belial didn't care about her anymore. She crossed the land that had become a rice field and reached Piaro.

“Cough!”

Piaro's face hardened as he sowed the seeds. She was 100 meters away while he was still sowing. Belial's movement speed was ridiculously fast. Piaro was feeling panicked when a black shadow moved. The person was Faker.

*Chaaeng!*

He couldn't attack Belial, but he couldn't defend against her attack. He crossed his daggers and prevented Belial's stab. It was the moment when the dagger for murder turned into a dagger for protection.

[Your perfect defense has failed.]

[You have suffered 9,830 damage.]

[The distance with Belial is too close! You will receive 500 heat damage and 2,500 burn damage!]

“Kuk!”

Faker shook. There was a monster like this in the world? His eyes shook as he glared at Belial.

‘An ordinary human could respond to my attack?’

That’s right. Faker’s swiftness and control was admired by even a great demon. However, it didn’t have much significance right now. In the future, Faker could threaten a great demon if he reached the fourth advancement or fifth advancement. However, he only had his third class advancement currently.

*Hwaruruk!*

Flames exploded from Belial’s hands and penetrated Faker’s chest, turning him to grey.

“Faker!”

The person who wiped out the Ice Flower Guild was killed in an instant? Lauel, the Overgeared members, and the viewers were in shock.

"Free Farming 1st Style, Sowing."

*Papat! Pa pa pa pat!*

Thanks to Faker’s sacrifice, Piaro was able to plant a large number of seeds.

"This is the end....!"

This person kept doing something in the fields. Was he mocking a great demon? Belial was annoyed at the person who took one of her arms and didn’t focus. She passed through the dying Faker and attacked Piaro. She wielded her flaming hands and feet like lightning bolts.

But the Overgeared members weren’t doing nothing after Faker’s sacrifice. Several Overgeared members already stood in front of Belial. It was a human barrier to protect Piaro. This was the role of the Overgeared members in battle.

“Kuaaaack!”

10 Overgeared members died from Belial’s attack.

"Free Farming 2nd Style, Rapid Growth."

The angry Piaro blessed the seeds planted in the ground. Then!

*Kwadududuk!*

Hundreds of seeds instantly sprouted and grew into trees. They weren't ordinary trees but beautiful trees that seemed to live for hundreds of years. They became natural prisons and locked Belial in.

'Instantly raising trees?'

Even the elves couldn't do this. She honestly admired it, but the result was useless. Belial was the queen of fire! She thought Piaro was foolish for locking her into wood.

"It's enough if I burn it!"

*Hwaruruk!*

Belial exploded her flames around her in order to turn the trees to ashes. However, Maxong was one step faster.

"It is up to here!"

As the water clan king, Maxong was an expert with water and cast a spell.

*Kurururu!*

It was like a blue dragon ascended. Blue water rose from the ground where Belial stood, trapping her inside.

[The flames surrounded the 32nd Great Demon Belial have temporarily disappeared!]

[You are free from the terrible heat!]

Maxong. He was the king of a species. Now that he overcame the sadness of losing his daughter, he was a powerhouse equivalent to Piaro. Of course, that was only if he was fighting in the sea. Still, he now displayed his strength.

“Now Piaro!”

“Yes!”

Belial was engulfed in the pillar of water.

“Fated to Perish.”

Piaro took advantage of the gap and used the most powerful single target skill. His hand plow pierced Belial’s forehead.

*Puk!*

“....!”

Fated to Perish was an absolutely invincible skill that had a 100% chance of instantly killing the target. Of course, targets classified as bosses couldn’t be instantly killed. However, critical damage could be dealt.

“Kuk....! Kuaaaaaaaaack!”

Belial couldn’t bear the pain and let out a terrible scream. It was a different reaction from when she lost her arm.

『....』

-....

The commentators and viewers around the world were silent.

Great demon. The process of raiding the worst and strongest boss....

*-This is an agricultural promotional video.*

*-Farming is really great.*

*-Let’s all take up a hand plow.*

Piaro seemed to be saying that. Many people watching the raid video started to become interested in the farmer class. This was the strength of a legend. This was

Piario, who pioneered the path of a new legend with his power alone. Piario was special.

The chairman of the S.A. Group, Lim Cheolho, paid direct attention to him.

“To me....! Wounding me two times!”

Belial grabbed her forehead that was hit by Piario’s hand plow and fired demonic energy in all directions. She broke through the water pillar and trees restraining her and escaped. She finally noticed the reality of Piario.

“Now I understand. You’re a legend?”

Sword Saint Muller. A transcendent existence who humiliated several great demons hundreds of years ago.

“You’re the reincarnation of Muller!”

"No, I’m a farmer, not Muller."

“Shut up!” She knew there were many legends in the human world, but she’d never heard of a farmer among them. He couldn’t be a farmer. "Stop mocking me!"

“...”

Now there would be no carelessness. She would use all her power! Belial became serious and revealed her true power.

“Summoning the 32nd Hell!”

*Jjejeok!*

*Jjeejeeong!*

The landscape behind Belial split apart. Endless darkness emerged from the divided landscape.

"I will tear you to shreds!"

Belial smiled with satisfaction.

*Flash!*

The darkness swallowed up the world.

[The 32nd Hell has been summoned!]

[Skill and magic power is reduced by 20% and casting speed is reduced by 50%.]

[Health and mana won't recover.]

[Stamina will fall faster.]

[Potions can't be used.]

[Creatures of the 32nd Hell will emerge!]

“Ah....”

The Overgeared members lost hope. Piaro's expression stiffened. Hundreds of beautiful succubuses with purple skin flew through the air.

『Ah, this is impossible..』

『The great demon that makes even the Overgeared Guild useless.... How can anyone kill it? Now the continent will be in turmoil and there will be limitations on game play.』

『There's no hope unless the Saharan Empire comes out at a large scale.』

The atmosphere of the world sank. It wasn't just one or two people who were afraid of the future that the great demon would bring. Then a sword fell from the sky. The bodies of the succubuses attacking the Overgeared members were wounded.

“I'm sorry for the delay.”

The sky above the sky. It was the emergence of Sword Saint Kraugel.

# Chapter 571

*Clack clack, clack clack.*

It was in an instant. Bairan, which had been ruined by the aftermath of the war, was rapidly recovering. The wreckage of collapsed houses were removed in the blink of an eye and new buildings were built again in its place. It was possible due to the large number of manpower.

A total of 70,000 people were working faithfully under the leadership of Asmophel and the five high rankers. Their physical force, tempered by the long march, was truly wonderful. Heavy loads were easily transported and they could make mountains in a few hours. They also had plenty of gold due to the large amount of golden armor that Duke Lucilliv's soldiers were armed with.

In the future, Bairan would become incomparably bigger and more abundant. However, there was one crucial problem.

'There isn't enough food.'

Duke Lucilliv didn't have enough food for 100,000 troops. It was his arrogance that thought he could end the war quickly. The food kept in Bairan was also low. They would run out of food in the next fortnight. Asmophel's eyes were bitter as he looked at the fields that were deserted due to the war.

'It would be nice if there was one farmer directly taught by Piaro.'

He could've trained farmers in Bairan and grew rainbow potatoes to solve the food shortage. The rainbow potato was a specialty of Reidan. It grew very fast, tasted good, and had high nutritional value. But there were no Reidan farmers present in Bairan. It was regrettable.

'We're in a war and Reidan can't afford the food but.... We will need to import food.'

His greedy lord would be sad, but they had to sell the gold.

"Hmm?"

Asmophel was looking at the fields when he saw someone coming from far away. The person gradually got closer. He was wearing dirty clothes and a straw hat. He was carrying various types of farming equipment at his waist. This was a farmer.

‘Who?’

The direction that the farmer came from had a forest where various monsters popped up. A farmer broke through that forest alone and reached this place? Asmophel saw that the approaching farmer was an unusual person.

“Eh? Are you Asmophel, Piaro’s friend?”

"You....!"

Color returned to Asmophel’s face as he confirmed the identity of the approaching farmer. It was the farmer taught by Piaro before Piaro left for Siren, Hurent. He came to Bairan!

"Indeed, you are a person Piaro cared for. It was a great choice to train you."

“Huh?”

"You predicted that Bairan needed you and ran over? Really great. Long words aren’t necessary. Please help clear the fields."

“Huh?”

"Teach the farmers in Bairan and grow the rainbow potatoes."

“Huh?”

"Then we will have enough food to feed 70,000 people!"

“Huh?!”

“Then I am asking you.”

[The hidden quest ‘Solve Bairan’s Food Crisis’ has been created.]



“ ... ”

Aura Master Hurent. He came a long way with the belief that he was protecting Reidan's fields, only to become a farmer in Bairan. The Overgeared members were unaware of this.



"There's no answer."

"These status conditions are completely...."

The Overgeared members grumbled. The great demon Belial summoned the 32nd Hell and succubuses emerged. Debuffs were stacked on debuffs. Due to these status conditions, the Overgeared members were extremely weakened, as if they were naked. Even Maxong was upset, while one of Overgeared's best members, Faker had already died. It was also Belial's second stage.

"This monster...."

Raiding a great demon? At this point, it was completely impossible. It would be a few years before they could challenge it. As a simple example, the level 452 was forced on the defensive against Belial.

*Pepeng!*

*Pepepepeng!*

Belial used the fires of hell to create stronger flames that burned around Piaro's body. Piaro defended quickly.

"There's no hope."

Yes, the situation was so desperate there was no hope that the Belial raid would succeed. Now only despair was left.

"Of course, I won't give up so easily."

The Overgeared members didn't intend to give up. Their guild master Grid never gave up, so how could the people gathered under him give up?

"Wear some clothes and go home!"

"Sadistic things!"

The succubuses had sensual bodies. The Overgeared members started aiming their weapons at the various beautiful women who were lacking clothing. However, none of them could do anything big except for Ibellin. The level of the 32 Hell succubuses were level 320, while the average level of the Overgeared members was in the mid 200s.

"Huhuhut, you look sexy when angry. Now relax. I'll make you feel good."

"I want to lick your skin."

The succubuses started to bewitch the Overgeared members. There were at least 50 succubuses and it was difficult to reject the charms of beautiful women. They became more desperate at the sight of hundreds of succubuses flying in the distance.

[You have been caught by the succubus' bewitchment!]

[It's hard to control your body.]

[Magic resistance is reduced by 40%!]

"You will be delicious to eat."

The succubuses' faces were red with ecstasy as they revealed their true nature. They started to absorb the stamina of the bewitched members.

"Ugh....."

"Dammit...."

The Overgeared members were caught by pain or pleasure and quickly became

helpless. Then solid lines that resembled spiderwebs flashed across the field of view of the confused Overgeared members. They couldn't hear anything. There were just flashes. But the result was amazing.

[The succubus who has bewitched you has died.]

[You are free from the bewitchment.]

“What?”

The Overgeared members were astonished. The succubuses that threatened them were turning to grey?

‘Who?’

Who could kill dozens of level 320 monsters instantly? How many people in the world could use a wide area skill with such power? The Overgeared members were feeling stunned when a familiar voice was heard.

“I'm sorry for the delay.”

The sky above the sky. It was the emergence of Sword Saint Kraugel. The darkness of hell was split in half as he leapt lightly over the hellfire river. He approached Belial, who was driving Piaro on the defensive, and aimed his sword at her weak spot.

[The distance with Belial is too close! You will receive 500 heat damage and 2,500 burn damage! You have resisted.]

[Belial's darkness has invaded your heart. You have resisted.]

[Your mental.... You have resisted.]

[Super Sensitivity has scanned the subject's body.]

[It's hard to expect a big effect from slashing attacks. A stabbing attack is recommended.]

[Critical!]

[You have dealt 9,530 damage to the target.]

"Ack?!"

Belial's eyes widened. A new human appeared, jumped towards her stomach, and stabbed her? The stinging pain made Belial feel uncomfortable.

"Who are you?"

The great demon asked about a player. But Kraugel didn't care. To Kraugel, a great demon was just a monster that gave better items. He ignored Belial's question and supported Piaro.

"Brother, you have suffered."

"You...."

Piario's eyes shook. Kraugel was clearly different from before. It was amazing compared to when Piario was a great swordsman.

"You have finally become a Sword Saint!"

Piario had appreciated Kraugel from the start. He could see that Kraugel was a person with more talent than himself. He believed that Kraugel could achieve the status of Sword Saint. It was faster than expected. Kraugel's talent was much better than Piario expected. It was Grid-like talent.

"I was able to achieve it due to Brother's teachings. In addition, Grid.... Brother's lord also helped."

"Hah.... Haha."

His own hard work and talent was attributed to others? Piario really couldn't hate a

person like that. Piaro couldn't help congratulating him, rather than feeling envious.

"Congratulations. We should spar at a later date."

"Shouldn't we spar after defeating the great demon first? I'm not Brother's opponent yet."

At this moment, Kraugel wasn't better than Piaro. Lael also knew this. Kraugel had become a Sword Saint in the National Competition's PvP finals. He was only level 160. This was the conclusion Lael came to based on Kraugel's understanding, intelligence, hunting ability, title effects, and Yura's level up speed after she became a Demon Slayer. It was possible to reach level 160 in such a short amount of time because he was Kraugel. Lael rated him extremely high.

'But now I see....'

Just like Grid, Kraugel was another person that Lael couldn't analyze. Kraugel killed 50 succubuses that were level 320. He might have passed level 200 instead of being level 160.

'Is there hope?'

Belial was a monster that even Piaro couldn't cope with. Kraugel's level was much higher than expected, but it was doubtful that he could threaten Belial when Piaro couldn't. However, Lael already decided to believe in him. Kraugel wasn't the type of person to spit out frivolous words. It was obvious he had some method.

The moment that Lael felt faith.

"This human dares ignore me."

Kraugel was attacked by Belial. She attacked Kraugel with fists and feet covered with flames. Kraugel avoided it with Super Sensitivity and his innate insights. Then he made a party with Piaro and Damian. The party system was one of the few systems that NPCs and players shared. Piaro accepted the party invitation without hesitation and was surprised.

[You are in the field of party leader Kraugel]

[Sword Saint's Aura is perfectly applied. The damage done to enemies will increase by 30%. The damage of sword related skills will double. This will last for the duration of the party.]

It was the same with Damian.

[You can vaguely feel the party leader Kraugel's field.

[Sword Saint's Aura is slightly applied. The damage done to enemies will increase by 10%. This will last for the duration of the party.]

'A party buff?'

Was this the dignity of a legendary combat class? Kraugel shouted to the amazed Damian. It was surprising that he could talk in the middle of avoiding Belial's continuous attacks.

"Give Brother the buff!"

"Ah, yes! Light's Blessing!"

[Attack power, defense, and accuracy has increased by 80%.]

"Ohhh!"

Strength flooded into Piaro. It felt like he became another person.

*Chaaeng!*

Kraugel could no longer escape from Belial's attack and started bleeding. He stepped

back while defending and handed White Fang to Piaro. Piaro became confused as he received the sword. Why was a swordsman handing Piaro his sword? The question was quickly resolved.

"Can you show me your peak technique during your time as a great swordsman? Please enlighten my ignorant self."

"My peak swordsmanship....!"

Supreme Swordsmanship. The most powerful swordsmanship born on the East Continent that was proud of its power. His Free Farming style was based on the Supreme Swordsmanship, but it was inevitable that the power was inferior compared to the killing swordsmanship. Piaro grasped Kraugel's intentions and didn't hesitate.

"Running away!"

As Belial chased after the retreating Kraugel, Piaro wielded the sword.

"Supreme Swordsmanship 4th Style."

It felt like the flow of time stopped for Piaro. He stood alone with the sword. He didn't shake as he faced Belial who was approaching here.

"You're so overwhelmed that you have become a stone statue!"

Belial shouted as her momentum increased.

"Splitting the Sky."

The sky fell.

*Kurururung!*

Piaro timed it precisely for the moment when Belial narrowed the distance.

*Kwajak!*

*Kwajajajak!*

Hundreds of energy blades poured from the fallen sky. It turned the landscape of hell

and Belial into rags.

“K....Kuooooock!”

The third scream. Following Pounding Mortar and Fated to Perish, Belial’s health gauge once again decreased. It was a weak level, but there was new hope.

*Kkuok.*

Kraugel received White Fang back from Piaro and moved. He took the same stance as Piaro.

“Swordsmanship Creation.”

The strongest swordsman.

"Splitting the Sky."

He inherited the power of the strongest swordsman.

*Kurururung!*

Once again, the sky collapsed and Belial couldn’t even scream.



# Chapter 572

[Swordsmanship Creation]

You can create new sword techniques.

The number of times it can be created will increase every time the level of 'Complete Sword Mastery' increases.

\* The term sword techniques refers to skills that can be used when wearing sword type weapons.

\* There are six factors that determine the power of the created sword technique.

\* Passive skills can't be created.

Number of sword techniques that can be created: 3/4

Swordsmanship Creation was literally creation. It was completely different from copying and had the same concept as 'Item Creation' possessed by Grid. In other words, Kraugel's Splitting the Sky wasn't a copy of Piaro's. It was redesigned and created to be more powerful. This was intended from the beginning.

The reason Kraugel asked Piaro to use his peak swordsmanship technique was for this skill. Was it because he wanted to obtain a great sword technique for free? No, it wasn't such lowly greed. This was pure respect.

Kraugel desired to leave a trace of Piaro on the path of the Sword Saint that he would develop in the future. In order to prevent the blood and sweat that Piaro accumulated as a great swordsman, Kraugel sacrificed his precious Swordsmanship Creation. In fact, the redesigned Splitting the Sky didn't compare very well with the skills of a Sword Saint.

"Splitting the Sky."

Kraugel's lofty will was conveyed to Piaro. Piaro didn't doubt Kraugel. He was also a swordsman. He grasped Kraugel's intentions and felt gratitude.

"...!"

Belial couldn't even scream. Kraugel didn't miss this gap.

*Puk!*

*Puuooooook!*

They were persistent. Kraugel continued to stab White Fang at Belial. This was the stab that he practiced infinitely in the game as he attempted to become a Sword Saint. It was plain and basic, but the flat damage was powerful because it hit a weak spot.

[Critical!]

[Critical!]

[Critical!]

Complete Sword Mastery enhanced attack power, attack speed, critical damage chance, and critical damage when using sword type weapons. Now it exerted its power. The Overgeared members saw Belial shaking in pain and felt hope towards the great demon raid.

'Overwhelming a great demon....!'

'This is the sky above the sky! Maybe we can succeed in this raid!'

The Overgeared members' courage started boiling at the thought of such a great figure helping them. They threw away their weak hearts and fought their best against the remaining succubuses. On the other hand, Kraugel was feeling doubts.

'Why didn't she avoid it?'

Belial's physical abilities were transcendent. As a great demon, she was one of the top 100 named bosses in Satisfy. The players' stats couldn't be compared to hers. But it was strange. She allowed the attacks of a level 214 player?

'It can't be.... Is it that she can't avoid it, rather than she won't?

The title effects, hidden quest rewards, and elixirs meant Kraugel's agility was higher than some level 300 players. Kraugel's movements were fast and above all, they were irregular due to Super Sensitivity. But the great demon should be able to respond. Kraugel was feeling puzzled when he thought about something.

'Perhaps?'

He thought about the way that Belial fought. The kicks and punches were fast and powerful, but were they threatening? No. Belial solely relied on her physical abilities while her techniques were lacking. Her attacks were threatening because of the flames.

'She isn't a martial artist?'

The moment that Kraugel noticed this.

"I won't take it anymore."

A cold smile appeared on the face of Belial who had been stabbed several times. At the same time, it happened.

*Kuaaaaaaang!*

Black magic exploded around Belial. The dark magic power extended all over the place and dried up the nearby succubuses, making them look like mummies. However, the target Kraugel was safe. The moment that Belial had exploded the dark magic, he predicted the range of the explosion and retreated outside it. It was an evasion that utilized the legendary footwork only available for a Sword Saint, Flow.

"The more I look, the more amazing it is. Your physical abilities are much more efficient than any other I have seen."

Belial frankly admired it. She could afford to feel this way. Kraugel sweated as he confirmed that all the succubuses within range of the magic explosion were dead.

‘Magician....!’

Yes, Belial’s specialty was magic, not physical fighting. Belial’s real power was that she could use magic in an instant. This meant she had overpowered Piaro and Overgeared without using any of her skills. Kraugel’s posture became tense. It was the special defense stance of a Sword Saint that raised defense, blocking probability, and evasion rate.

‘Buy a bit more time.’

The great demon had a penalty in exchange for being summoned. He had Hao, who came with him to Reinhardt, observe from the outskirts of the hell. Kraugel’s goal was to hold on as long as possible until the whisper arrived.

Belial waved her hand.

“I will inscribe my flames in your bones.”

*Hwaruruk!*

The flames around Belial’s body started to gather at once point. At the same time, her exposed skin was covered with dark energy, spreading like it was a dress. The directors of the broadcasting companies in each country were relieved. They almost had a heart attack when the broadcast changed to 19+.

“Taste my flames!”

The flames gathered at Belial’s fingertips and took the shape of a staff. At first glance, the staff was filled with enormous magic power. It clearly emphasized the firepower of the queen of fire.

*Kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa!*

“....!”

A storm of flames! Belial wielded her staff and a storm of flames aimed at Kraugel. Unlike typical spells, this one required no preparatory action and caught Kraugel, who was leaving his position with Flow. The moment Kraugel evaded the first spell, Belial immediately used a second spell.

However, the form of the second spell was very different. The first spell shot out in a straight line, while the second spell was 13 firestorms emerging from the ground. Of course, this irregularity couldn't threaten Kraugel. Kraugel had godly control. It was evaluated that his control ability had reached the domain of a god. He twisted his body in evasive maneuvers and escaped from the magic.

The real problem was the third magic bombardment.

*Kurururung!*

Wide area magic fell from the sky. It was a meteor bombardment that had never been seen after Satisfy opened.

"Meteor!"

Supreme magic used by Belial!

"....!"

The range of the meteors was too wide and the speed of the fall was tremendous. They couldn't be avoided, even at Kraugel's level.

[You have suffered catastrophic damage!]

[Resisted the burn damage.]

[Your right arm has been fractured by a meteorite. This is an unstoppable physical force.]

[You have suffered 23,900 damage.]

[The confusion has been resisted.]

"Ku..... ock!"

*Kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa!*

Kraugel groaned as he was hit by the meteor bombardment. Piaro and Damian also got hit and coughed up blood. Isabel and the Overgeared members were no exception. In particular, almost all the Overgeared members below level 300 died. The viewers were shocked. The power of the rumored Meteor was stronger than the red phoenix that Grid and Jishuka summoned!

*Kurururu!*

The 32nd Hell was ruined by the meteor bombing. Clouds of ash spread through the hell and the waters of hellfire boiled over everywhere. It was truly frightening. Belial's eyes were cold as she looked over the groaning Overgeared members.

"That brat?"

The human called Kraugel. She wanted to kill him for inflicting terrible pain on her. But he couldn't be seen at all?

"Hiding like a rat."

He must've used this opportunity to run away. Belial scoffed and used a spell again.

"Can you survive this time?"

*Kurururung!*

Dark fireballs appeared in the sky above the hell. It was a precursor of a second Meteor. Belial had infinite magic power and could use supreme magic twice in a row.

"Cough! Cough cough! Piaro....?"

They would be wiped out. Piaro couldn't resurrect. Lael evaluated the situation and barely found Piaro. Due to his proximity to Belial, Piaro was seriously wounded by Meteor. He had fallen and couldn't get up.

"P-Piaro!"

New meteorites were about to fall from the sky. Lael was desperate. Piaro was the teacher for Grid and the Overgeared members. He was one of the strongest in Overgeared. What would happen if they lost him? If so, the Overgeared Guild would decline. Piaro's presence was that great.

"I....! I will die 100 times if it means you....!"

*Stagger.*

Lauel took weak steps forward. Despite the fact that he could be killed by Belial at any time, he kept moving without any fear. He was only thinking about protecting Piaro. Belial confirmed that Lauel's gaze was fixed on Piaro and found it amusing.

"Yes, you want to save Muller's descendant?"

Belial's misunderstanding of Piaro was still intact. Under the meteors in the sky, she aimed at Piaro with her staff, creating a fire spear.

At that moment.

"Muller's descendant is right here."

Kraugel suddenly appeared behind Belial and stabbed her. It was a stab filled with tremendous energy.

"My name will surpass Muller!"

*Kuoooooh!*

Kraugel roared like a dragon as he stabbed Belial's neck.

"What nonsense."

The moment that Belial moved the fire spear from Piaro to Kraugel.

"Hell Regulation."

[The Demon Slayer has exerted influence on the 32nd Hell.]

[The debuffs of the 32nd Hell are temporarily turned off!]

[The power of the 32nd Great Demon Belial has sharply fallen!]

“W-What is this?”

Belial was shocked. Her eyes bulged as a fire arrow flew towards her eyes.



# Chapter 573

Belial was overflowing with confidence.

Kraugel's sword that was about to pierce her neck? It had a sharp orbit, but was too slow. Kraugel had excellent technical abilities, but low physical abilities. She was confident that the fire spear could destroy him before the sword hit her neck.

The farmer who was supposed to be Sword Saint Muller's successor? He was in a critical state after being struck by several meteorites. Both legs were broken and he couldn't move properly. She could kill him at any time. The others? She could burn all of them to death.

Thus, Belial was certain of her victory in battle. But life was always unpredictable. This providence wasn't applied only to humans, but great demons as well.

"Hell Regulation."

"What?"

Belial's calm expression suddenly stiffened. Half of the almost infinite magic power in her body was lost, while the magic of the 32nd Hell faded. It also triggered the stop of Meteor.

"T-This power....!"

Belial could feel it instinctively. It was the emergence of a being who was the 'nemesis' of the great demons. The name....

Demon Slayer. An existence that could destroy hells. Unlike Muller, who defeated the great demons who descended to the earth, the Demon Slayer of the past came to hell and 'hunted' the great demons. The Demon Slayer had devastated five hells.

A chill went down Belial's spine.

'Muller's descendant and a Demon Slayer are present at the same time?'

*Puok!*

“....!”

Belial was weakened and confused when a fire arrow shot at her. Shooting a fire arrow at the queen of flames? Belial laughed as she absorbed the flames, since this would be food for her recovery.

“Ack?!”

Belial felt a stinging pain. Surprisingly, the flames around the arrow were the antithesis of Belial’s flames.

‘Divine fire of a red phoenix?’

How did a person on the West Continent get access to a red phoenix’s fire? Belial tried to remain calm despite the constant chaos. She turned her gaze in the direction that the red phoenix fire came from. She saw two beautiful human women. There was a woman with beautiful white skin and impressive ebony hair. The other woman had tanned skin that was full of elasticity. They were aiming at Belial with a gun and bow.

‘Alex’s gun!’

It was dangerous. Evil creatures that were hit by a Demon Slayer’s cleansing shot would gradually weaken. Belial tried to avoid it but Kraugel’s sword was already penetrating her neck.

“K....Kuaaaack!”

Belial’s confusion deepened. From her point of view, Kraugel’s stats were lower. Yet why did she get hurt every time?

*Puok!*

*Kwa kwa kwang!*

*Puuok!*

Kraugel’s sword pierced her, Yura’s bullets hit her chest and Jishuka’s arrows hit her, causing Belial to cough up blood. Her gaze headed towards Kraugel, who was grabbing

her ankle.

“I see....! Muller’s successor is you, not that farmer!”

“No, I didn’t inherit Muller’s skills. I am the new Sword Saint that will surpass him.”

“That is nonsense....!”

There was a Sword Saint, Demon Slayer, and a farmer with potential equal to them. From the viewpoint of a great demon:

‘This is the worst scenario!’

The legends that could threaten the great demons. The frequency of humans who reached this high level was historically very low. It was normally one person per era. Yet on this day, four people with that strength emerged. Belial thought it was unfair.

‘Why is it when I appeared?’

Did that damn Rebecca curse her?

*Pepeng!*

*Pepepepeng!*

Belial bit her lips as she received a steady stream of bullets and fire arrows. She could destroy the magic and arrows if she could exert her full ability, but Belial was currently in a greatly weakened state. Her pride was damaged. The problem was that all her paths to avoid the attacks were read by Kraugel and blocked. If she tried to move to the left, he would appear and stab his sword. If she tried to dodge to the right, he was already standing there and blocking her.

It felt like she was moving in the palm of his hand. It was unpleasant.

*Puooook!*

“....!”

A spear penetrated Belial’s heart as she shook. It was Rail Spear thrown by Pon. In addition to Pon, the Overgeared members who came from Patrian bombarded Belial

with their ultimate attacks. The succubuses were weakened due to the effect of Hell Regulation and couldn't threaten the Overgeared members.

This was also thanks to the great magician, Earl Ashur. A great demon was an opponent that his magic didn't work on. Earl Ashur concentrated his magic on fighting the succubuses, not Belial. The Overgeared members were safe from succubuses thanks to Earl Ashur and Bland.

"Ugh! These little things!"

Belial's anger soared into the sky as her health went down to two-thirds.

"I would rather show this form than suffer this humiliation!"

Belial was the queen of fire and darkness, but before that, she was the queen of lies. She used a beautiful false appearance in order to deceive humans. Now her real appearance was revealed.

*Jjejeok!*

*Jjeejeeong!*

Belial's skin started to crack. The appearance of boiling lava and demonic energy from the cracks was awful.

"Kieeeeeeeek!"

Belial broke away from her human form. Her body was made of lava and her four legs touched the ground. Her bloody eyes looked in every direction.

"Kik! Kikikik! Once you see this form, you can never survive!"

She was certain that the legends of this time still hadn't achieved full growth. There might be a lot of them, but they were still young buds. She could step on them without any fear.

*Kurururung!*

The storm of flames filled with demonic energy covered the whole area. Kraugel, Piaro, Damian, and Isabel who were relatively close to Belial were severely wounded.

“Kuk....!”

It was serious. The damage accumulated and they couldn't take any potions. They waited for death.

‘I can't use Heal on its own!’

Damian felt an awful sense of helplessness. As the Goddess' Agent and Rebecca Church's Pope, why couldn't he play a big role against a great demon? Damian was in shock.

‘I would've been a bigger help if I was a priest.’

Yes, heals would've been able to increase the fighting strength of his colleagues. But he specialized in buffs. The problem was that the buff durations didn't last long. Damian made a dark expression and was calling himself a useless human being when he heard Piaro's voice.

“You did your best. Without you, we wouldn't have been able to fight this far.”

“P-Piaro!”

Damian was upset. Piaro used a hoe as a cane and approached Belial.

“I will buy time. Both of you retreat.”

Piaro thought about it. Kraugel, Damian, Yura, Jishuka and the other Overgeared members. They were all young. A beautiful future was guaranteed for them. If they grew and developed their talents, they would be able to defeat great demons more powerful than Belial.

“Why aren't you leaving?”

Kraugel and Damian had no desire to escape while Piaro soon approached Belial. Belial thought it was ridiculous.

“You can't even stand properly.”

Yes, if he wished.

“I will kill you first!”

In the first place, Piaro was the strongest and most threatening. It was safe to get rid of him first. Belial changed her target to Piaro.

*Pepeng!*

*Pepepepeok!*

Jishuka was crazy. The arrows no longer aimed at Belial as they flew randomly. The fire arrows exploded on the ground and attacked her allies.

“Hah! Hahahahahat!”

Belial’s eyes widened because she couldn’t understand and she burst out laughing.

“Attacking your teammates? You must’ve gone crazy because you can’t beat me!”

Humans were too weak and inferior. It was interesting to watch them in many ways. Huroi rode a wyvern and shouted at the delighted Belial.

“You evil creature! Your parents are angels! You fell from heaven!”

“....?!”

Insulting this great body? Saying that the parents of a great demon were angels? Accusing a great demon of falling from heaven!

“H-How dare you?”

It was the first time she heard such insults in her thousands of years of living. She was several times angrier than when her power was sealed by Yura or when her movements were sealed by Kraugel. The moment that Belial’s eyes became incensed.

“My body is light.”

“This is amazing.”

Piaro, Kraugel, Isabel, and Damian emerged from Jishuka’s flames. Belial was surprised when she saw their status.

“Recovery?”

That’s right. The humans who she thought would be burned by the flames had actually been healed. In particular, Piaro’s broken legs had returned to normal.

“How is it? I’m the main healer of Overgeared.”

Jishuka puffed up her chest proudly and bragged. The male viewers around the world watched her with hearts in their eyes.

*-She’s sexy and cute.*

*-I want to be hit by Jishuka’s arrows.*

*-The previous person is right.*

*-Ah.... I want to join Overgeared.*

*-If I become stronger like Kraugel, I can join Overgeared.*

*-Do you think you can be like Kraugel or Overgeared?*

*-I want to fight.*

The ratings of the Belial raid peaked. It was slightly lower than the highest ratings established by Grid in the National Competition. Was it possible for Overgeared to defeat the great demon? The whole world was paying attention.

“Light of Destruction.”

Demon Slayer Yura used her ultimate skill. A pillar of light covered Belial.

At the same time, Seoul, South Korea.

"My share....?"

Youngwoo, who had been nervous for his colleagues, now felt irritated.

# Chapter 574

[Light of Destruction Lv. 1]

Can only be used against demonkin.

Attacks the target with 2,070% of your physical attack power and 3,430% of your magic attack power. In addition, there will be overlapping penetration damage according to the number of demonic essences consumed. Penetrates a maximum of five demonkin in a straight line. The damage will be applied equally to all.

A target hit by the Light of Destruction will temporarily lose their magic.

Demonic power is the origin of demonkin.

Once a demonkin loses their unique power, all their stats are reduced by 50% for three minutes and it is impossible to recover health.

Cooldown: 4 hours (half when used in a hell)

Mana Consumption: 1,799

Demonic Essence Consumption: From 5 to 500.

A Demon Slayer used magic bullets and swordsmanship as their main forms of attack. This meant they had to distribute stat points equally to strength and intelligence. She couldn't afford to allocate stat points to agility and stamina, so her attack speed, defense, and evasion rate were low. But her skill damage was great.

If Yura had possessed more than 100 demonic essence, she would've dealt a fatal blow to Belial.

*Peeeeeeong!*

A large hole was formed in Belial's body after she was pierced by the jade pillar of



light. As one of the ultimate skills of a Demon Slayer, it really was a threat to a great demon.

“Kuk....! Kuaaaack!”

The demonic energy raging around Belial’s body disappeared like it was a mirage. Belial screamed loudly. The physical pain was great, but the mental suffering associated with losing her demonic energy was greater. Piaro and Isabel rushed towards her. The most powerful buffs of a Goddess’ Agent and Pope were amplifying their strength.

*Chaeeeeeng!*

*Pepepepeng!*

Lifael’s Spear struck seven times per second. Isabel’s stabbing attacks annoyed Belial.

“Damn Rebecca’s servant!”

The wounds caused by Rebecca’s divine artifact caused pain even when defending. It was meaningless if she avoided it. However, Isabel received a buff in her White Transformation state, while Belial’s stats fell by 50%. It was difficult to avoid.

*Puk!*

*Puooooock!*

Piaro’s hand plow stabbed Belial. This was real pain.

“Uhh!”

In the midst of this terrible pain,

“Kieeeeeeeek!”

Belial lost her temper and started to counterattack.

*Dududududung!*

Hellfire! Hundreds of flames stretched out like fists towards Piaro and Isabel’s body.

“Kuoong!”

“Uh....!”

Piara and Isabel tried to defend as much as possible.

“Space Sword.”

The powerful blow from Sword Saint Kraugel cut through all the space of heaven and earth, and struck Belial’s body. This was one of the reasons why Kraugel told Lael that they could seal Belial. This was a powerful blow. Originally, Kraugel would’ve used this skill after Hao found Belial’s weakness from outside the hell. But Yura’s Light of Destruction had weakened Belial.

Kraugel used Space Sword earlier than planned and dealt catastrophic damage to Belial. The presence of a Sword Saint was revealed at this time.

[Critical!]

[You have dealt 11,300,599 damage to the target.]

[The target has suffered irreparable damage! All attributes are reduced by 20% and all speeds are reduced by 50%!]

[The target tried to resist. Only half the debuffs are applied.]

[The target has exposed their weakness! For 30 seconds, any attacks to the target will unconditionally be a critical hit! Critical damage will be 1.5 times higher!]

[The target’s resistance has failed.]

[....!]

[!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!]

[Your powerful sword has cut the world!]

*Paaaat!*

At that moment. The strike penetrated Belial and headed outside the 32nd Hell they were trapped in. The earth, mountain, sea, and sky. All things that existed in the path of the sword energy were split in half.

[The power of a Sword Saint has been revealed.]

[The peak swordsmanship is fighting against the world.]

[The earth's gods have used their power. Everything split in half is restored.]

“.....!!!”

『.....!!!』

This phrase appeared in front of all players connected to Satisfy.

*Kurururu!*

The group shook for a while and all players on the continent doubted the reality.

“The world....”

“It split apart?”

“Sword Saint!”

“Kraugel!”

The person who had been in the top rankings since Satisfy opened. At this moment, the world knew what hidden class he chose that made him step down from the throne. Youngwoo's eyes widened as he watched the TV.

“Kraugel!”

This wasn't the time to be happy about the growth of his allies like Piaro and Yura. His competitor had split the world with a sword while he was sitting in front of the TV? He didn't like this situation.

*Puooook!*

"Oppa...."

Sehee saw her brother's clenched fists and looked worried. But she was soon relieved. It was because she saw the smile spreading on Youngwoo's face.

'You're a good competitor.'

Sehee thought. The stronger Kraugel was, the stronger and more enlightened her brother would become. Somehow, she felt that way.



"....Ha?"

Behen Archipelago, the 61st island.

A man fought Lantier, the undead left behind by Pagma, who was Baal's Contractor. It lasted day and night and he barely knocked Lantier down. It was Agnus, Baal's Contractor. He swept back the pale green hair that was wet with sweat. Golden eyes flashed as notification windows appeared before him.

[The power of a Sword Saint has been revealed.]

[The peak swordsmanship is fighting against the world.]

"Kik.... Kikik, the earthquake just now was caused by him?"

The strongest legendary class, Sword Saint. Who could it be? It was a no-brainer.

"Kraugel."

The rat had disappeared and now appeared more brilliantly than ever. They would meet again soon. It was fun just thinking about it. It was thrilling.

“Kik.... Kilik! Kuahahahat!”

Insane laughter echoed in the Behen Archipelago.

The face of Bini the fairy was pale. ‘Sticks, I’m scared. This guy is too dangerous.’



“Now!”

Belial was weakened by the Light of Destruction and Space Sword in succession. The Overgeared members started their full offensive. Vantner and Toban marked the succubuses with Earl Ashur. Regas opened the power of an Asura while all the damage dealers attacked Belial, including Pon on a white horse.

Ibellin was the one who played the most remarkable role. He used the Thorn of Deep Grievance that Grid made during the Tzedakah Guild days. He often used the skill attached to it, Laceration, when raiding boss monsters and succeeded in dealing 60% fixed damage to Belial’s health!

[The 32nd Great Demon Belial has suffered a fatal injury!]

“Wow!”

“Ibellin is amazing!”

“You’re better than the Sword Saint!”

“...”

This was a real overgeared person. Ibellin could deal big damage beyond Kraugel! Kraugel was shocked in many ways when he heard Jishuka’s voice.

"You should join Overgeared as well."

*Peng!*

*Pepepepeok!*

From the time of her appearance to now, Jishuka had been firing arrows without stopping. Kraugel also admired her.

'How does she keep shooting her bow without a break? Is her stamina so high that she doesn't need to control it?'

The godly archer? Jishuka answered in a manner designed to lure Kraugel.

"Of course, it's my item."

Jishuka winked as she explained with a cheerful expression.

"..."

It was truly items. Kraugel realized that this was the true power of items.

'If I joined Overgeared....'

He would be much stronger than now, and he could be free of Ares' suppression or the madman Agnus.

'But I can't be too greedy.'

There was something called a natural destiny. Grid was a good rival before they were friends. They could depend on each other, but the basic competitive landscape needed to be maintained. In order to reach the 'perfect peak,' Kraugel intended to compete with Grid and use him as nutrients to grow. He didn't want to join Overgeared and Grid didn't want him either.

'In any case, Overgeared will get Agnus' aggro if I join.'

*Puuok!*

*Puuooooook!*

Kraugel attacked Belial without stopping while he was thinking. Under the onslaught of Kraugel, Piaro, Isabel, and the Overgeared members, Belial's health fell to 10%. Ibellin's deadly blow was very huge.

'It will end soon!'

'We're going to be the first players to succeed in a great demon raid!'

What was the most exhilarating moment in Satisfy? It was when Grid made them new items or when they worked together to succeed in boss raids. The Overgeared members were already looking forward to the titles and items that Belial would drop.

But a great demon wasn't easy. Belial might be the 32nd great demon but the current players weren't at Belial's level. In the first place, they wouldn't have been able to drive Belial to this point without Piaro and Isabel.

[The effect of the Light of Destruction has disappeared.]

[The 32nd Great Demon Belial's unique attributes and abilities have been restored.]

[You are scared by the terrible sight of Belial.]

[Resistance to status conditions has dropped by 70%!]

[Skill and magic casting time has doubled and attack speed is reduced by 20%....]

[Belial is the queen of fire. The flames surrounding her are very hot....]

[Resistance to fire is 0%.]

[Due to the heat....]

[Belial is the queen of darkness. The demonic energy....]

[Resistance to dark magic is 0%.]

[Use of black magic is blocked.]

It was okay up to here. Belial just returned to her original state. Now Belial only had 10% health left, and Kraugel and Yura judged that they could finish her off. It was an arrogant judgment.

[The effect of Hell Regulation is over.]

[The environment of the 32nd Hell is restored.]

[The 32nd Great Demon Belial has absorbed the magic of hell and revealed the hell monarch's status.]

*Kurururung!*

Belial's shape was in the form of a lava lump and her demonic energy started wriggling. Thunder struck after her and after a while, Belial's new appearance was revealed.

“...”

The final form of Belial was the image of a devil often seen in books. She had two large horns on her forehead while her humanoid shape emitted a hot breath.

“That....”

“Is it her real appearance?”

She didn't give off any big pressure. A female demon who was only 160cm in height. She wasn't a threat when just looking at her appearance. But the Overgeared members became unusually desperate.

“W-What? Her health is full?”

That's right. Belial's health, which had dropped to 10%, recovered to 100% during the transformation process. They fought for several hours with all their might, only to



have to start again? The Overgeared members felt like collapsing.

Belial made a wide smile and waved her hands.

*Peeeong!*

Her demonic energy was shot out and struck Jishuka's chest.

"Jishuka!"

The moment everyone was feeling confused.

'I've finally found it!'

Lauel's extraordinary brain was activated.

# Chapter 575

Pounding Mortar of Free Farming and the ultimate technique of Piaro, Fated to Perish.

Belial's health gauge was fine despite these powerful skills being used. After that, she lost some health when hit with two Splitting the Sky. What was the reason? Lauel had pondered on it throughout the raid.

'Is she a type of boss who only loses health after a certain amount of damage is received?'

No, the probability was extremely low.

Pounding Mortar might not go over the damage limit, but Fated to Perish was the best single attack skill in Satisfy. It was hard to see the damage of Fated to Perish as lower than Splitting the Sky. In particular, Kraugel was low-level and it was highly likely that the damage of Splitting the Sky was lower than Fated to Perish.

'At the time of Pounding Mortar and Fated to Perish, she might've consumed other resources instead of health....'

For example, a mana shield.

'But I didn't see the specific effect?'

What was the cause? Lauel's thoughts deepened in the midst of the intense battle. In order to proceed with the raid, it was important to understand the characteristics of the boss. No matter how he thought about it, he couldn't understand the formula behind Belial's health. Now he didn't need to understand it.

It was thanks to Yura's unique abilities. This was a situation where Belial's health fell to 10%. It was no longer necessary to know why Belial didn't lose his health at the beginning of the battle. This terrible raid would end soon.

The moment that Lauel was feeling relieved.

*Kuuong!*

There was an explosion of thunder and demonic energy, then Belial's appearance changed. It wasn't a beautiful or a terrible appearance. She became a cold and emotionless female demon, like a doll. Wings emerged from the skin that looked like an insect's. She was black from head to toe except for her red eyes.

"The health...."

"It recovered?"

The Overgeared members, including Lael, doubted their eyes. After Belial's transformation, her 10% health gauge was fully recovered to 100%.

'Recovering from the transformation?'

The majority of the Overgeared members thought this, but Lael was different.

'Her health wasn't restored during her previous transformation process.'

It was unreasonable to think that her health had only recovered in this transformation. The morale of the Overgeared members fell, while Lael realized Belial's true self.

'The queen of lies....!'

Let's look back. Belial. She screamed, groaned, and frowned every time she was attacked. She behaved as if she was in pain despite her health gauge being fine.

'Would she act like she felt pain if she didn't?'

It was hard to interpret it as that. There was no reason for Belial to do such a meaningless performance.

'Then....'

Let's change the point of view.

'What if the actor isn't Belial, but her health gauge?'

Yes, Belial was the queen of lies. She used all types of funny gimmicks. He couldn't rule out the possibility that she was using her health gauge as a tool of deception.

‘In retrospect, Belial was relatively calm when hit by Fated to Perish and Pounding Mortar.’

But after that, she acted confused. It was due to the appearance of Piaro, Sword Saint Muller, and Demon Slayer Yura. Belial faced unexpected situations in succession, lost her cool, and her health gauge started decreasing from that time.

‘She must’ve forgotten about the trick with her health gauge.’

Now he understood why her body was covered with dark insect skin.

‘It was to hide her wounds.’

Lauel laughed while covering half his face with his hand.

“The embodiment of Overgeared, don’t be agitated by the veiled appearance of the evil demon Belial. Her black skin is the epidermis to cover her wounded body and the emotionless expression was nothing more than a mask to hide her face of pain. Now Belial is just a weak beast wounded to the soul.”

Lauel needed to increase the morale of the Overgeared members. The Overgeared members looked at Lauel with absurd expressions.

"Acting like a chuuni in this serious situation...."

"What is he saying alone?"

"...."

Heh, ordinary humans couldn’t understand him. Lauel smiled bitterly before explaining simply. "Belial’s health gauge is an illusion. As you saw earlier, her current health is only 10%. Don’t worry. Unleash a full offensive and finish the raid."

"Yes!"

Lauel was saying this. The Overgeared members completely trusted Lauel, despite his chuuni ways.

"We will finish this infernal fighting!"

"It's pointless to attack her directly! Beware of the confusion and assist Piaro, Yura, and Kraugel."

Everyone except for Jishuka, who was severely wounded, rushed towards Belial. They were no longer fooled by the fake health gauge and burned with a desire to succeed the raid. But reality was cruel. Belial's final form. Was she severely injured as Lael interpreted? Now her combat power had risen dramatically and Kraugel and the Overgeared members couldn't go against her when they were so tired.

"Meteor."

*Kwa kwang!*

*Kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa!*

Hundreds of meteorites surrounded by flames fell from the sky. It was a magic phenomenon that was hard to see. It was a catastrophe itself.

"Kuaaaack!"

"Ugh! I'm sorry!"

"I heard frustration raises a human!"

*Pak!*

*Pa pa pa pa pat!*

The Overgeared members were hit by the meteorites and turned to grey. The top powers of Kraugel, Yura, Jishuka, Damian, Pon, and Regas were severely injured.

"S-Shit...."

"There's no hope...."

The members of Overgeared felt desperate as they saw their dying colleagues. Then they noticed Piaro.

"Master....!"

“Piaro!”

He repeatedly repelled the falling meteors with a sickle and hand plow. In return, his body had become bloody. His left wrist was broken and Belial was slowly approaching him.

“N-No....”

The Overgeared members wanted to save Piaro. They wanted to run over and grab him. But they couldn’t get up. The Overgeared members had broken arms or legs from the meteorites.

“Ah!”

Jishuka tried shooting an arrow. The target was Piaro’s feet. She intended to use the splash healing effect of the Red Phoenix Bow. But she failed. Her fallen posture and broken fingers made it impossible to fire the arrow in the direction she wanted.

“Great Demon! I am my lord’s subordinate! Don’t touch the ones who will be my lord’s future power!”

*Kuwoooooh!*

As Belial reached him, Piaro raised his remaining mana as if he was burning his life force.

“Cough!”

He spat out blood and wielded his precious hand plow. He was aiming for Belial. But Piaro was already seriously injured.

“....”

Belial avoided Piaro’s attack, blasted the hand plow with flames and grabbed Piaro’s head.

“I’m curious about the lord you are talking about. A human monarch is weak. It’s funny that you’re thinking about him when on the verge of death. Now.... You will all die. It’s refreshing to see the human head explode like a volcanic eruption.”

*Kkuok!*

It was the moment when Belial was about to insert demonic power into the hand holding Piaro's head.

"Jude. Kill."

Jude had no thoughts, but the pure youth started to gain a little interest in sex. He couldn't stand seeing the exposed Belial and the succubuses and was stuck in a corner during the battle. But Belial was now covered in a dark skin and the succubuses were destroyed by the meteors, restoring his freedom. He finally took part in the battle.

*Puok!*

Dainsleif (Reproduction) struck Belial's face.

"Hoh?"

Belial was startled. A human suddenly attacked her? Why wasn't he affected by her demonic energy and attacking his friends? 'In the first place, how was he safe from the meteor bombardment?'

*Kwack!*

Belial grabbed the blade of Dainsleif that couldn't penetrate her skin.

"You're also a legend?"

*Grip.*

In order to not lose Dainsleif to Belial, Jude held onto the sword with bloody arms and replied.

"I. Jude."

"Jude? Then you are also a legend?"

"I. Jude."

"....?"

Wasn't this state somewhat strange? Belial deemed Jude worthless and exploded Dainsleif with demonic energy.

*Peeeeeeong!*

[Dainsleif (Reproduction) has been broken by the power of the great demon!]

“....!”

Breaking the sword that Lord Grid gave him? Jude was furious. But his anger was futile. Piaro was held in Belial's hands and Jude was destined to die soon as well. The power of Belial was absolute.

“Jude!”

The two giants that supported Overgeared were going to disappear in front of their eyes. It was a hard reality for Overgeared to accept. Everyone hoped for the survival of the two people, but Belial didn't allow it.

“Die.”

*Peeng!*

Belial declared and fired magic at Piaro and Jude's head.

*Pahat!*

Piaro and Jude, who were held captive by Belial, disappeared from her grasp.

“What?”

They disappeared without any signs of Teleport? The confused Belial looked around and suddenly turned her gaze towards the sky. The wounded Piaro and Jude were held by a strange man. The man had black hair and sharp eyes that were reminiscent of a bird of prey.

"A human is looking down on me?"

It was ridiculous.



“Who is it now?”

The black-haired man, Grid replied to Belial.

“The lord of these people.”

*Kuoooooooooh!*

Grid triggered Blackening. Belial was disgusted when she saw his change.

“The man without a soul? H-How are you here?”

“...?”

Saying he didn’t have a soul the first time they met?

"I’ve heard many harsh words in my life, but this is a different type of attack.”

Grid handed Piaro and Jude to Saintess Ruby. He descended to the ground with a sword dance.

# Chapter 576

『Kraugel, Damian, and Overgeared.... The strongest raid party, which might never happen again, is facing its biggest challenge.』

『I can't see anymore hope. The opponent was too strong. It's time to get our minds together.』

The Great Demon Belial raid was a failure. There was no one who could stop her. In the future, Belial would go crazy and the continent would be filled with fear and confusion.

『After the Overgeared Guild is defeated, Belial will be based in the Eternal Kingdom and it will gradually turn into a hell.』

The players were destined to engage in fierce fighting with the creatures raised by Belial. The difficulty of the game would rise exponentially. Everyone was feeling regret over the failure of Overgeared's raid.

*Supak!*

A blue-white light broke the darkness of hell. The remnants of sunlight poured into the cracks to reveal the black and red 32nd Hell. One man showed up. The person who descended from light, it was the advent of Grid. He appeared with his sister Ruby and used Summon Knights to save Piaro and Jude from the crisis. He descended to the ground with a sword dance.

『G-Grid!』

『Ahh! Just before the Overgeared Guild collapsed, a true hero finally appeared!』

『He appears with dramatic timing as usual! It's amazing!』

『It's almost deliberate.』

『Purposely sacrificing his colleagues to make a nice appearance.... Haha, isn't that

too big of an assumption?』

*-Kuk, it is God Grid.*

*-He's so cool when he uses Blackening.*

*-Doesn't the decadent feeling fit well with Grid?*

*-By the way, how long was he fighting the 100,000 troops in Bairan? He already recovered and came to support Reinhardt? Really great stamina.*

*-He must have an item that allows him to recover quickly.*

*-Overgeared ⇨ ⇨ ⇨ It's truly Overgeared.*

*-Grid is an overall overgeared person.*

The first legendary class. The holder of the most medals in the National Competition. The person with the shortest combat record. The leader of Overgeared.

The appearance of Grid, who was comparable to the sky above the sky, stirred up the whole world. The viewers all over the world felt empathy for the Overgeared members in a crisis. Now they were jubilantly cheering. A great demon that was the enemy of all players! Many people prayed that Grid would defeat Belial and bring peace to the world.

But was it that easy?

『Isn't Grid lacking in ability compared to the more powerful Kraugel?』

『Indeed.... Even Kraugel's attack that split apart the world couldn't kill Belial.』

『Now that all the Overgeared members are out of combat, I wonder if Grid will be able to defeat Belial by himself....?』

『He appeared too late. It would've been nice if they fought together from the beginning....』

Were the viewers listening to the commentators of the broadcasting companies? As

they denied their worries, Grid descended to the ground with terrifying momentum and showed the ultimate slashing attack. It was Pinnacle Kill. The combination of Failure and Grid's Greatsword made with Item Combination struck Belial's thick skin.

*Peeeeeeong!*

"Kuock!"

It sounded like bells rang throughout the 32nd Hell, followed by Belial's groan. Belial stumbled and looked like she couldn't believe it. The soulless person in front of her, why did he come at this time to disturb her? Belial's confusion was revealed on the surface.

Her 100% health gauge once again fell to 10%. The world was shocked.

*-????????????????????*

*-Belial's health....? How did she lose so much health with one blow?*

*-Belial's final evolution, doesn't it have low defense and high attack?*

*-No matter how low the defense, this is still a great demon;;; Losing 9/10 of her blood in one blow....*

*-Originally, Grid's attack power was at the level of a bug. Imagine if Grid had Kraugel's splitting the sky skill ⇨⇨⇨*

Grid's status increased due to the misunderstanding. This wasn't something that Grid intended.

"You.... Showing up so suddenly and then attacking! You're still as shameless as ever! The great monarch of the 32nd Hell is talking. Listen to me!"

Grid asked like he didn't understand.

"What is this nonsense? Who do you think I am?"

"Nonsense? Stop talking nonsense!"

Making fun of a ruler of hell? The Great Demon Belial wasn't used to it. She was upset.

"I will show you a bitter taste! Yes, good! Let's see how you end up today!"

The soulless man suddenly appeared in hell and had an incredibly fast growth rate. He was so dangerous that he reminded her of the low-grade demonkin Iyarugt, who destroyed the ecosystem of hell in the past. Any great demons outside the 30th place were terrified, making it necessary to get rid of him.

But the soulless man was the master of hit-and-run, so it wasn't easy to catch him. Now there was an unexpected chance to hunt him.

"Your demonic power is just half-pure, while mine is pure power! I am the queen of darkness! I will definitely imprint it on your empty heart!"

*Kurururung!*

Belial exploded her demonic power. As the gravitational force spread around Grid and pulled him forward, a storm of dark lightning swallowed Grid.

*Kwajajajak!*

There was a terrible sound, like meat and bones being crushed. The viewers and Overgeared members were terrified.

"G-Grid!"

"Grid!"

Belial used new magic again? The moment that all the Overgeared members were surprised by the power of the great demon, Grid was swapping his items within the gravitational field.

[Dark Bus' Earrings have been released. Blackening if forcibly cancelled.]

[Triple Layers has been released and the Holy Light Armor has been equipped.]

Grid completely penetrated the structure of his items. Therefore, his speed at

releasing items and wearing new items was really fast!

[The effect of the Holy Light Armor has been activated, resisting the dark magic.]

The Holy Light Armor had a low probability of completely resisting dark magic, making Grid safe.

*Kwarururung!*

Once the dark storm ended....

[Player Kraugel has asked you to join the party. Would you like to accept?]

[You have accepted. You have joined the Belial Raid party.]

[You are in the field of party leader Kraugel]

[Sword Saint's Aura is perfectly applied. The damage done to enemies will increase by 30%. The damage of sword related skills will double.]

“Phew.”

A custom buff that existed just for Kraugel? Grid felt awe and delight while envying Kraugel's abilities. Next.

“Blacksmith's Rage. Linked Kill!”

“What?”

*Puk!*

A huge greatsword appeared and dispersed the remnants of the dark storm.

*Puok!*

The second blow.

*Puuok!*

The third, fourth, and fifth blows. The final sixth attack didn't hit because it was evaded by Belial, but she had already suffered terrible damage. A total of 22 million health was lost and the health gauge dropped to 9%. Grid's Linked Kill was overwhelming compared to the Space Sword of the still low level Kraugel. But Grid wasn't satisfied.

'If I was Kraugel, the 6th attack would've hit.'

It was likely that the sixth attack would even be a critical. Kraugel's ability to grasp weaknesses was based on Super Sensitivity, and it was above the Slaughterer's Eye Patch.

'It's time to obtain an item better than the Slaughterer's Eye Patch.'

Once again, he saw the gap between the purely power Sword Saint and Pagma's Descendant, which ultimately depended on items. But Grid didn't feel any sense of deprivation. His abilities weren't too far away and he could make an army of 'overgeared' people. He was fully aware of his potential for development.

"Armor with Rebecca's blessing? How can a demonic person wear something like that?"

It was confusing when thinking about the soulless man. Belial started to focus on the battle.

*Pepeng!*

*Pepepepeok!*

A storm of flames! Dark magic attacks weren't effective, so Belial fired all types of fire spells. The magical bombardment poured from every direction and struck Grid.

[You have suffered 3,800 damage.]

[You have suffered 4,190 damage.]

[You have suffered 6,930 damage.]

[You have suffered 12,083 damage.]

‘How rotten.’

It was difficult to cope with the different types of magic rushing at once. It wasn't at a fatal level due to the God Hands. Belial headed towards Grid, who was enduring the pain. Grid was wounded, so she wanted to catch him and kill him. This was a mistake. Grid smiled grimly as he faced Belial.

"Do you know what your weakness is?"

“...?”

“You are weak.”

He realized it in the process of observing Belial through the TV. Belial was a few levels below Hell Gao. What if Hell Gao didn't have his body destroyed by Muller? Unlike Belial, Hell Gao showed strength in close combat and magic. In the first place, Hell Gao was the master of hellfire and used hellfire directly to attack. Belial had a weaker firepower.

"There's no problem if I directly hit you!"

Grid was confident. If he had been part of the Belial raid from the beginning, they could've succeeded in raiding Belial fairly quickly!

*Chwaruruk!*

Grid smiled with satisfaction as a silver thread caught Belial's body.

“Can you Become the King of the Dead?”

*Tak.*



*Tak tak tak!*

Grid shouted with a red face and the Overgeared Skeletons responded. One of them wore Arube's Ring and wrapped the silver thread around Belial's body. The level 1 skeletons grabbed a great demon's ankle!

"Iyarugt."

*Kuoooooh!*

Belial was temporarily restrained. An old man holding a red sword appeared.

"I-Iyarugt?"

The one who the 13th monarch, Zepar, avoided....

"Sublime Sword."

Thousands of bloody thorns grew from Belial's thick skin. She was frightened and reflexively took a defensive posture. At this time, a cute cat with small horns and wings appeared in front of her eyes. Noe.

'M-Memphis?'

An endangered species and the best demonic beast of hell, a memphis! The soulless man obtained the best demonic beast that only the rulers above the 20th rank could tame?

"W-Who are you?"

Above Belial's head.

*Peeeeeeong!*

There was a blue flash from the sky. It was Saintess Ruby's Sacrifice, which could revive someone in exchange for consuming her health and mana. The dead were revived while evil was destroyed.

"K....Kuaaaack!"

Belial experienced the same pain as the Demon Slayer's attacks. The bigger problem caused her to feel fear.

'My soul...! My soul is burning!'

It was possible for great demons to reincarnate for eternity. Their bodies might be destroyed, but their souls could start a new life. This was Yatan's blessing. A great demon's power was absolute. At this moment, her soul was being threatened. An incredible strength! It was the first time Belial felt fear!

"Pagma's Swordsmanship."

Grid took advantage of this golden opportunity. Grid completed Linked Kill Wave. After using Linked Kill Wave, Grid tried to link it with the movements of Pinnacle and Kill, only for a notification window to rise up.

[The effect of the title 'Watched by the Gods' has been activated.]

[Rebecca, the goddess of light who you did a favor for in the past, has given you a blessing.]

'Man who doesn't know how to give up, condemn the great demon who is threatening the world.'

[A powerful force has united Linked Kill Wave and Pinnacle.]

[The new fusion skill Linked Kill Wave Pinnacle has been learnt!]

[The reward is too large! There is opposition from the other gods! The title of Watched by the Gods is permanently sealed!]

*Puk!*

*Puuok!*

Failure + Grid's Greatsword stabbed Belial's body in a row. This was the essence of Linked Kill.

*Kwarururung!*

Then a wave surged around the greatsword, rising up Belial's body.

*Kurururung!*

The ascended wave fell and slashed Belial's body due to Pinnacle.

[Critical!]

[The hidden passive 'God's Command' has reset the cooldown of Linked Kill Wave Pinnacle. If reused within three seconds, no resources will be consumed.]

[Critical!]

[The power of the 32nd Great Demon Belial has sharply fallen!]

# Chapter 577

Reinhardt Palace's garden.

There was a black sphere present. It was an ominous sphere that emitted demonic energy. Looking at it gave the illusion that the body and soul was being sucked in. The identity of this ominous sphere? It was the 32nd Hell that Belial summoned. From the outside, it looked like it could only fit three people. However, there was another universe contained in it.

"Hrmm...."

Hao searched outside the sphere for Belial's weakness, only to suddenly turn his eyes towards the inner palace.

'Could it be related to the summoner?'

King Aslan sacrificed 9,999 virgins to summon a great demon. If he met the king, he might be able to get a glimpse of the great demon's weakness.

'Hurry.'

It had been four hours since Kraugel entered the 32nd Hell. Hao was on edge because he hadn't done anything to help so far. He hastened his pace as he thought about helping Kraugel with the great demon. At that moment.

*Jjejeok!*

*Jjejejejeok!*

Cracks appeared in the black sphere.

*Kurururung!*

There was an explosion from within the black sphere. Followed by....

*Jjeejeeong!*

The black sphere shattered.

“It can’t be....!”

The sky above the sky. He had succeeded in the great demon raid! Hao’s heart beat faster as he was filled with joy.

*Pak!*

*Pa pa pa pa pat!*

Hundreds of people started to pour out of the shattered sphere. Sword Saint Kraugel and the Overgeared members. All of them were seriously injured and bloody.

“Kraugel!”

Hao was startled. Kraugel was severely injured. He looked like he did after fighting Grid in the National Competition. It was too different from the look of a winner.

“Are you okay?”

Hao was in a hurry. He ran to Kraugel and gave him various potions, only to suddenly get goosebumps. Hao moved his gaze away from Kraugel and witnessed it. The collapsed remnants of the 32nd Hell. The giant demon was kneeling down in pain while Grid looked down at her.

Hao doubted his eyes. He got chills at the sight of Grid looking down at the absolute monarch of hell.

‘That’s Grid....’

Hao thought. What if he had known Grid first instead of Kraugel?

‘I would’ve admired him.’

Of course, Kraugel was the best for the present Hao.



[Watched by the Gods]

The Red Phoenix Bow you produced is outstanding enough to be compared to the battle gear of the god realm.

The gods see you as a legend who will go beyond history and eventually become a myth.

This was the description of the title 'Watched by the Gods' that Grid obtained in exchange for the Red Phoenix Bow. No special features were mentioned. Grid was naturally very disappointed. He was the first player to produce a myth rated item, but what was this title? The gods were just watching him?

Grid was taken aback and thought it was absurd. The Satisfy team didn't consider the possibility of a player making a myth rated item and made a bad title. But at this moment, Grid realized how great it was to have the attention of the gods.

[The new fusion skill Linked Kill Wave Pinnacle has been learned!]

[Linked Kill Wave Pinnacle]

Four types of sword techniques are connected.

1,500% of your attack power will be dealt to the target due to Linked Kill.

If the target is hit at least four times, the damage of Linked Kill will increased by 200% and Wave will be summoned.

Wave will affect any enemy within a range of 5 meters. It will deal 500% of your attack power and all targets hit will have all speeds decreased by 30%. In addition, there will be definite damage from the Pinnacle that follows.

Pinnacle ignores 80% of the target's defense and deals 1,800% of your attack power as physical damage.

\* This skill doesn't share a cooldown with Link, Kill, Wave, and Pinnacle.

Skill Mana Consumption: Half of the maximum mana.

Skill Cooldown Time: 3 hours.

“....!”

The new ultimate technique! The power of Linked Kill Wave Pinnacle, born because of Goddess Rebecca, was above and beyond the power of Linked Kill Wave. It required four combos for the full effect to be activated, but Linked Kill would be useless if the enemy could avoid it that many times.

‘Get it right!’

Grid trusted his control. He was proud of his growth after fighting countless strong people.

*Puk.*

*Puuok!*

*Kwa kwa kwa kwang!*

[Critical!]

[The effect of the title ‘Death in One Shot!’ has been activated, adding 30% critical damage!]

[The weak spot has been attacked! Further damage will be dealt!!]

[You have dealt 25,008,519 damage to the target.]

[The hidden passive ‘God's Command’ has reset the cooldown of Linked Kill Wave Pinnacle.]

[Critical!]

[The effect of the title 'Death in One Shot!' has been....]

[The weakness has been....]

[You have dealt 2,691,399 damage to the target.]

“K....Kieeeeeek!”

He was affected by Sword Saint Aura which doubled the power of his sword skills. Now he used Linked Kill Wave Pinnacle. It transcended the power of two consecutive Linked Kills. Belial couldn't help screaming despite Grid's attack power being reduced because of Belial's high level. It was as painful as Piaro's Fated to Perish.

Grid confirmed that Belial's health gauge had fallen below 4% and was excited.

“This is a scam!”

Belial had a high defense and level, so Grid's attack power wasn't applied properly. Nevertheless, he inflicted more than 25 million damage. The Sword Saint Aura was great, but at this level, he could easily kill the drake that he encountered in the National Competition.

Grid was trembling with joy when Belial wildly struck at him. This was a great demon's tenacity. It was a situation where her soul was burning. She was furious as she stood on the threshold of true death. She was determined to kill all the enemies in front of her, even if she had to die.

“Damn human!”

*Kurururung!*

Belial's hand stretched out towards Grid. The flames rotated like a drill. It seemed sharp enough to penetrate a dragon's heart and contained a powerful explosive force.

‘Fast and dirty....!’



Belial's physical abilities overwhelmed even Piaro. Her technique was lacking, but her speed was formidable. It wasn't a level that Grid could keep up with. Even the God Hands couldn't keep up with this speed. It was the moment when Grid faced Belial's attack and his life was threatened.

"Nayooong!"

Noe, who had been acting passively after being summoned, swung his claws at Belial. For thousands of years, a memphis had been a pet of the great demons. The desire to obey the great demons that was imprinted in Noe's genes was very strong, but Noe overcame his instincts. He wanted to protect Grid who had been together with him from the moment of his birth!

*Puok!*

"....!"

Noe passed by the God Hands and moved in front of Grid with his acceleration ability. Belial's magic pierced him.

"This memphis....!"

What was this? Belial was confused as she faced Noe's X-shaped eyes and red tongue sticking out. She was outraged at missing the golden opportunity to kill Grid. In fact, the great demon's distorted face was enough to put fear into the viewers.

But the world wasn't panicked at the sight of Belial. In the first place, it was natural to sacrifice pets if necessary. The scary thing was Grid's expression.

*-That person....?*

Grid's eyes were wild with rage and his killing intent reminded viewers of his past.

The Cruel Butcher.

Psychopath.

Crazy, etc.

There was a madness in Grid that the general public couldn't bear.

“XXXX my cute Noe....!”

Originally, Grid often sacrificed his pets. Pets were like players and resurrected no matter how many times they were killed. However, it was something that should be done with Randy and Noe’s agreement. He didn’t want his precious pets to be killed by the enemy when he didn’t plan it.

“I will kill you!”

*Kwajak!*

*Kwajajajak!*

The combination of Failure + Grid’s Greatsword, which had less than 20 seconds left, stretched out towards Belial. The God Hands holding Mjolnir also responded to Grid and aimed at Belial. However, it wasn’t easy to hit Belial. It was impossible to pierce through Belial’s defense of several layers of fire shields and demonic energy.

The great demon was greatly weakened from the destruction of the 32nd Hell. Still, there was an overwhelming level difference and she gradually gained the edge on Grid.

“Human! This is the difference between us! Legend? It’s ridiculous! No matter how hard a human tries, you can’t escape your natural limits!”

*Kwarururung!*

Belial stomped on the ground and flames rose and struck Grid.

“Kuk....!”

Grid tried to defend from the unexpected magic that rose from the ground but it was already too late. The flames hit Grid’s face.

*Kwa kwang!*

“Cough!”

“G-Grid!”

“Youngwoo-ssi!”

Yura and Jishuka turned white. It was because Grid's health gauge sharply decreased from this one blow. He would fall into the immortal state if he allowed one or two more blows.

"This is the end!"

Belial used this momentum to aim at Grid. However, she couldn't reach Grid.

*Chaaeng!*

It was because Iyarugt's sword blocked Belial's way.

"How long will you ignore me?"

Belial scoffed at Iyarugt.

"Your current strength is so low that you're a bug who doesn't interest me."

Belial had shrunk back when Iyarugt first appeared, but the current Iyarugt was greatly weakened. There was no reason to be afraid of him.

"This guy!"

This great demon would've never dared ignore him in the old days! Iyarugt attacked Belial. He used all his stamina and strength. But it was useless.

*Jjejeong!*

Belial easily blew away Iyarugt and aimed at Grid.

"Die!"

Belial yelled with an evil smile. She laughed as she saw the flames heading towards Grid's chest.

"Behind you."

At the same time.

"Fated to Perish."

*Puuuok!*

The hand plow fell from the sky and struck Belial's head. It was Piaro's resurgence. After the 32nd Hell was destroyed, Ruby and Damian were able to take mana potions and concentrated their heals on Piaro.

"Kuock!"

Belial received a strong shock from the hand plow and shifted her gaze. Her blurred vision saw the massive mortar falling from the sky. It was a disaster that even a great demon couldn't avert.

*Kuwaaaaaaaang!*

[The raid of the 32nd Great Demon Belial has succeeded!]

[The soul of the 32nd Great Demon Belial has been destroyed and won't be able to reincarnate!]

[The position of 32nd monarch has temporarily become vacant.]

[All players who participated in the Belial raid will receive the title 'Savior of the World.']

[All players who participated in the Belial raid will receive different compensation based on their performance!]

[Piaro has obtained the raid's 1st prize.]

[Yura has obtained the raid's 2nd prize.]

[Kraugel has obtained the raid's 3rd prize.]

[Ibellin has obtained the raid's 4th prize.]

[Grid has obtained the raid's 5th prize.]

[Isabel has obtained the raid's 6th prize.]

[Damian has obtained the raid's 7th prize.]

[Jishuka has obtained the raid's 8th prize.]

[★ Saintess Ruby has obtained extraordinary rewards in exchange for annihilating the soul of the great demon!★]

[Other personnel will be given equal compensation.]

“Wow, amazing.”

The Grid siblings participated in the raid at the end and still took the 5th prize and a special prize? The Overgeared members were astonished. They once again realized how great Grid was. But Grid wasn't satisfied.

'5th place.... Well, it isn't bad.'

The compensation he didn't receive was in the hands of his colleagues. There was no reason to be sorry. Piaro approached as Grid was thinking. He held Belial's staff, horns, bones, and mysterious jewels in his arms as he bowed to Grid.

"I will give the loot I got from exterminating the great demon to my lord."

A well-trained NPC worthy of envy! He smiled at Grid and Piaro's appearance on that day changed the world's perception of NPCs.

# Chapter 578

(Breaking News) Great Demon Belial has been destroyed!

(Breaking News) The Overgeared Guild has succeeded in the great demon raid! Their power will shoot up!

(Breaking News) Kraugel's hidden class has been identified. It's the Sword Saint!

(Column) In the future, the composition of forces should be centered around Overgeared.

(Column) Is the Rebecca Church a complete ally of Overgeared? What's the position of the Saharan Empire?

(Column) Let's analyze the potential of Kraugel based on the previous Sword Saint.

(Column) The 32nd Great Demon Belial.

(Column) Look at Piaro and Isabel. We need to invest more interest in NPCs.

"The top rankers are different from us."

"I agree. Who would've guessed that they would've succeeded in a great demon raid?"

"It's thanks to the great actions of the NPCs called Piaro and Isabel."

"That's right. It's a rare that they succeeded, because they had the agility to match Belial and enough tanking ability."

"In particular, Piaro...."

"What about Kraugel's godly control?"

"Kraugel is truly worthy of his fame. Every time Piaro and Isabel were in a crisis, he pulled back Belial's aggro."

"Kraugel's movements were amazing. There's no doubt that he's a Sword Saint."

"That's right. He really is appropriate to be called the best. I wouldn't have been convinced if any other ranker had become a Sword Saint, but it's appropriate for Kraugel."

"But didn't Lim Cheolho directly state that a Sword Saint is the strongest combat legendary class? Grid looks much stronger than him."

"Grid is a scam in all aspects. The potential of Pagma's Descendant as a legendary item maker seems to be the best."

"There's a rumor that your level is reset when you become a legend.... Perhaps Kraugel's level is still low?"

"A level reset is absurd bullshit. Think about it. It might be a legendary class, but who would play the game if their level is reset?"

"Indeed, it would be a ridiculous penalty for top rankers."

"By the way, how did Grid acquire the strongest farmer?"

"That loyalty is amazing. Didn't he give all the raid rewards to Grid?"

"It's the first time I've seen a NPC hand over an item to a player without it being a quest reward."

"Kuk.... I'm envious of Grid. What must he feel when he sees the strongest NPC being loyal to him?"

"Starting today, I'm going to be friendly to NPCs. Who knows? Perhaps one of them will be my Piaro."

"I'm more curious about something else. What is the reward for those who succeeded in the raid? A great demon must drop great titles and items."

The world was shaking. The influence of the great demon raid was beyond the National Competition. How much stronger would Overgeared, Kraugel, and Damian become after killing Belial and acquiring the loot? How would hell react to the destruction of a great demon? What should they do to get NPCs like Piaro and Isabel?

As people all over the world were full of questions, the location of the Belial raid had a festive atmosphere.



[Savior of the World]

A hero who saved humanity from Great Demon Belial.

The continent's minstrels will sing your saga.

\* All stats +200.

\* If you listen to your epic song sung by a minstrel, you will receive a buff that lasts for three hours.

"Hyah!"

"Kya! She's dead!"

10 stat points were given for every level. It meant that a player with 10 types of stats would have to gain 200 levels in order to raise all 10 stats by 200 points. The value of the Savior of the World title was truly astronomical. The Overgeared members who participated in the Belial raid had an average of eight stats. They all achieved exponential growth.

'The rise of Overgeared is beyond imagination.'

There was a smile on Kraugel's face as he looked at the jubilant Overgeared members. Kraugel recognized the Overgeared members as his peers. The Overgeared members were Grid's colleagues. Kraugel was pleased that they became stronger. Grid laughed as he saw the smile on Kraugel's face. Grid was pleased because Kraugel was pleased. He wanted to congratulate Kraugel on his growth.

"Congratulations Kraugel. You'll become stronger in the future."

"I also congratulate you. Maybe the biggest beneficiaries are both of us."



Currently, Kraugel had 15 types of stats. It was a tie with the number of stats that Grid possessed. The increase in battle potential of the two men wasn't comparable with the others, since 15 stats gained 200 points at once. Grid was satisfied.

"Do you know? In fact, I also have the title of Kingdom's Hero. It's a title that increases all my stats by 120. I get 320 points to all my stats thanks to my titles."

Kraugel snorted.

"I also have a lot of titles that raise all my stats. It's a state where all my stats are increased by 350 just from my titles. Thus, I won."

"I-I have more titles that raise my strength or intelligence separately, so I think it's similar."

"I also have a lot like that."

"What....?"

Grid felt a sense of defeat. He had been proceeding with quests and raids, but still fell behind with titles?

Kraugel shrugged at the frustrated Grid. "I know you're frustrated but.... It's honestly unexpected that there isn't a big difference between us, since I have been dominating the content since Satisfy opened."

"....Don't bother comforting me."

Grid grumbled, but he inwardly thought different. His heart was warm. In retrospect, he wasn't a match for Kraugel until after he became Pagma's Descendant. Before he knew it, he was standing shoulder to shoulder with Kraugel.

'The presence in the sky that I couldn't see is now my friend....'

People had a natural destiny, and the past Grid didn't doubt this. An earthworm on the ground could never fly. But what was the reality? Destiny could be pioneered. Grid worked hard and overcame the natural limitations of an earthworm. He wanted to say this to everyone.

'Try it.'

Light could be won with effort. A person currently unhappy might be smiling in the future.



[Belial's Black Jewel (C)]

A beautiful jewel that can be processed into a material for accessories. Noblemen will buy this giant great demon gem at a very high price.

When making accessories, there is a low of chance of acquiring an option that increases intelligence or shadow resistance.

Weight: 2

[Belial's Red Jewel (C)]

....

....

When making accessories, there is a low of chance of acquiring an option that increases intelligence or increased flame resistance.

Weight: 2

[Belial's Hard Skin]

It can be used to make weapons or armor.

When making weapons, there is a medium chance of acquiring an option that increases intelligence, damage, or attack speed.

When making armor, there is a medium chance of acquiring an option that increases magic resistance or movement speed.

These were the rewards obtained by everyone who participated in the Belial raid. There were five C-grade jewels and ten hard skins. Would these ten skins alone be enough to make an item? Grid answered the questions of the Overgeared members.

"I can produce one armor or one weapon. Look at the equipment you're lacking and give me a production request."

"Ohhh!"

"Thank you Grid!"

The faces of the Overgeared members shone brightly. They were glad that the legendary blacksmith was their master. They immediately asked Grid.

"What rewards did you get?"

"I'm also curious about the 1st prize that Piaro handed to you."

"I...."

Grid confirmed the loot. The 5th rank rewards weren't much different from the compensation received by other Overgeared members. There were five Belial B-grade black and red gems, and ten more scales.

'A B-grade jewel seems enormous.'

However, it was small in front of the first rank prize. Grid's chest jumped as he confirmed the loot given to him by Piaro.

[Belial's Black Jewel (S)]

A beautiful jewel that can be processed into a material for accessories. The value of this gem that can never be obtained is at the level of buying a city.

When making accessories, you can acquire options that increases intelligence or shadow resistance. In addition, there is a possibility that a passive skill will be attached depending on the skills of the accessory maker.

However, it will be difficult to find someone who can handle this jewel, like picking a star from the sky.

[Belial's Red Jewel (S)]

....

....

When making accessories, there is a chance of acquiring items that increases intelligence or increased flame resistance. In addition, there is a possibility that a passive skill will be attached depending on the skills of the accessory maker.

However, it will be difficult to find someone who can handle this jewel, like picking a star from the sky.

[Belial's Horn]

A weapon material that contains Belial's magic power.

Various options are added when making weapons.

However, finding a blacksmith who can handle this horn is as difficult as picking a star from the sky.

[Belial's Staff]

Rating: Myth

Durability: 509/703 Magic Attack Power: 2,640

\* Intelligence will rise by 30%.

\* Magic casting speed will increase by 30%.

- \* You can cast three types of magic at the same time. However, proficiency is required.
- \* When fire magic and dark magic are cast simultaneously, both spells will have their power increased by 200%.
- \* Every time a spell is cast, a shield that absorbs 5,000 damage is automatically created. Targets that strike the shield are subjected to fear and slowed stats.
- \* Magic critical chance is increased by 20%.
- \* Magic critical damage is increased by 150%.
- \* The passive skill 'Belial's Power' is generated.

A staff used by the 32nd Great Demon Belial.

A staff that contains the blessing of God Yatan, it's difficult for ordinary humans to bear its power.

Conditions of Use: First ranked black magician. Or a great magician.

Weight: 530

[Belial's Power]

Type: Passive

200% increase in mana regeneration.

In hell, all magic cooldown times are reduced by 30%.

“ ... ”

Grid was at a loss for words. He never imagined that a myth rated weapon would drop. Braham whispered to the thrilled Grid.

‘This is mine.’

It was a voice that contained the intention to not let anyone else have the staff, unlike the Red Phoenix Bow. Grid understood it.

“Hrmm.... Yes.”

This wasn’t something that should be transferred to someone else. This was different from the Red Phoenix Bow. Grid was able to acquire new legendary spells every time his intelligence increased.

‘A 30% increase in intelligence.... Okay, I will become a legendary magician.’

The legendary blacksmith renewed his commitment to be a legendary magician....

Anyone else would think it was absurd, but Grid had Braham’s soul. It was feasible. Grid clenched his fists when he suddenly discovered Piaro’s broken farming equipment.

‘I think it’s a good idea to use Belials’ Horn for Piaro.’

The best farming equipment for the strongest human.... It’s natural to make a weapon for him. It would be worth it. Piaro’s strength would benefit Overgeared. This was proven in the Belial raid.

“The most urgent thing is to recruit an accessory maker.”

He needed a skilled artisan to work with Belial’s jewels. Grid shook his head as Jishuka examined the B-grade jewels.

“No, there’s something more urgent right now.”

The reason.

"To build a country."

Talents would naturally assemble together. Grid’s eyes turned towards the palace’s entrance. King Aslan appeared.

# Chapter 579

“....!”

King Aslan doubted his eyes as he ran out of the palace. Great Demon Belial was really destroyed. The strongest monarch of hell, who had the power to destroy humanity, was beaten by a few hundred humans? King Aslan made an incredulous expression and soon found Grid. His eyes were filled with anger, resentment, and madness.

“The power of a legend that can even destroy great demons....! Why you? Why did you use this power as a tool of rebellion?”

King Aslan wanted to make his kingdom stronger. He didn't know why he had to be disturbed by this pure and upright cause.

“You don't know! I always wanted a friendship with you! I really did my best to treat you well! Then why? Why did you ignore me to the end!”

He was serious. King Aslan needed Grid's power and did his best to make peace with Grid. But in the end, he was ignored.

"Why weren't you loyal to your kingdom!?"

Aslan complained to Grid.

Grid gazed at him silently before slowly opening his mouth. “You.... How was that the case?”

“....!”

"No, did you think it would be fine by using me to cover up the fact that you killed Prince Ren? Think about it from my perspective. How ridiculous is it? I received all the gifts you gave me, but I never felt grateful."

“That.... It couldn't be helped from my position.”

“Right. You're a dog who killed your older brother because you wanted to be king, and

then framed me for it. You're just trash. Now you're acting as the ultimate victim."

"You!"

It was true to a certain degree. The king of a nation who was no better than a dog was just rubbish. Grid's words were too much. King Aslan couldn't bear it any longer. His lingering grudges towards Grid disappeared. Grid had nailed a wedge into the feelings already inside him.

"Everything is gone. You and I weren't destined to get on the same boat in the first place."

The reason Grid made Overgeared? There was only one reason. It was to build up enormous resources. His infinite greed couldn't bear the small kingdom of Eternal.

"If there wasn't the incident with you and Prince Ren, you would've been kneeling before me already."

It had been decided from the beginning that he would swallow up Eternal. It was right after the Reinhardt golem invasion, where he refused to pledge allegiance to the royal family.

*Suuk.*

Grid's sword pointed at Aslan. There was no hesitation in his action.

"Let's finish this now."

The moment that Grid finished speaking.

*Chaeng!*

*Chaeeeeeng!*

All members of Overgeared simultaneously pointed their weapon. They were movements without any error. All of them were aiming for King Aslan and there was silence for a moment. Sounds were heard from beyond the palace walls. It was the wails of the people.

"Revive my daughter!"



“Revive my sister!”

“Kill the king!”

“Aslan isn’t king!”

The family and friends of the virgins sacrificed for the summoning of the great demon. The people of Reinhardt had been condemning and cursing Aslan for half a day. Their sorrow and anger couldn’t be reduced. Their innocent women were burned to death. They became the victim of a sin that couldn’t be understood.

Reinhardt’s people were convinced. Aslan wasn’t qualified to be king. They cried out in order for the world to know the truth.

"Kill the king of Eternal!"

The people had turned away from Aslan. Grid carried out their will.

“Aslan, I am not like you.”

If his greed was first, his kindness towards the weak was second.

*Step.*

Grid took one step closer to Aslan. Chucksley blocked his way. The sword of Eternal. Grid smiled bitterly at him, who defended Aslan without hesitation.

"Aslan is the criminal who killed the legitimate successor to the throne, Prince Ren. He also sacrificed thousands of innocent people to summon a great demon. Is there a reason to protect him?"

“There’s no reason. This is my destiny.”

From the moment of his birth until now. Chucksley only lived for protecting Eternal’s royal family. He was raised this way. He couldn’t think of any other way.

'Even if it's the wrong king....'

He couldn’t turn away.

*Kkuok.*

Chucksley's expression was gripped his sword. But his eyes were sad. He blamed the fate that he couldn't rebel against. Grid's greed boiled as he looked at Chucksley.

'I want him.'

A named NPC who was absolutely loyal to his owner. Eternal's first great swordsman. Grid recognized the value of Chucksley. Grid knew that Chucksley was someone he wanted, just like Piaro, Asmophel, Sticks, and Rabbit.

Therefore.

"I will deal with you myself. I'll change your fate."

*Chwarururuk!*

Rather than the Holy Light Armor, Grid's body was covered with Triple Layers.

Next.

*Teong!*

Grid ordered the Overgeared members to wait and shot forward. Chucksley shouted as he watched Grid, "This time will be different!"

The growth rate of named NPCs was slightly above the growth rate of players. Chucksley was several times stronger than he was when Prince Ren invaded Eternal and he blocked Grid's attack.

*Jjejejeok!*

He endured the overwhelming attack power of the +9 Failure without much difficulty. His sword cut down Grid's chest.

"Oppa!"

Ruby was shocked when she saw Grid bleeding. She wanted to use Heal, but Piaro stopped her.

"This is my lord's battle."

In order to embrace the dragon, one had to be the sky.

"Humans can't help the sky. Just watch him."

"....?"

Ruby couldn't understand what Piaro meant. But Ruby was quick to notice. She controlled her heart as she watched Grid's health quickly go down. Piaro watched her as if she was worthy.



"Linked Kill Wave."

*Kwa kwa kwa kwang!*

Thanks to Triple Layers, Grid considerably neutralized the attack power of Chucksley. He used the movement of his sword to get further away from Chucksley and unleashed a storm of swords.

Chucksley responded.

"Sword of Incision!"

Chuckely's origin was as a knight. The characteristic of his swordsmanship was excellent defense.

*Paaaat!*

Chucksley moved his sword around him, creating several layers of aura that defended against the bombardment.

"Hoh."

Grid didn't panic, despite his attack being neutralized. Rather, he enjoyed it.

'I desire him even more!'

*Chwaruruk!*

As Chucksley defended against Linked Kill Wave, silver threads flew from Grid's fingertips as he started a new sword dance. Dozens of strands of silver thread stretched out. Like the Milky Way pouring from the night sky, the beautiful silver thread wrapped around Chucksley's body. No, they tried to wrap around him.

'Gone?'

It happened before the silver thread reached Chucksley.

*Pahat!*

Chucksley moved and appeared behind Grid. He moved as swiftly as an assassin despite being a swordsman in heavy armor. Piaro admired it.

'A moving mountain.'

A true rare breed. Unlike others, Chucksley was fast and hard. It was because he trained to run to the king's side at any time.

*Jeeong!*

"Kuk....!"

Grid was struck from behind by Chucksley's shield and his sword dance was cancelled. This was the limitation of his sword dances. The advantage was that the footwork required could be used to avoid attacks. However, it was difficult to see the advantage in swordsmanship that required a certain amount of footwork. If Grid could use swordsmanship without needing to take steps then he wouldn't have revealed such a gap.

Pagma's Swordsmanship was a powerful skill, but it also showed the inherent limitations of a non-combat class. However, Grid had already overcome this limit.

*Chaaeng!*

*Jjejeong! Jjejejeok!*

Grid used a series of quickly movements to move from side to side, avoiding

Chucksley's shield and giving him a chance to swap weapons. It was a staff instead of a sword. Belial's Staff.

"Magic Missile!"

*Peeeeeeong!*

Magic Missile could be used once per second and penetrated Chucksley quicker than ever. The strength was superior to the past. Thanks to the title of Savior of the World, the 200 extra points in intelligence increased his magic power and Belial's Staff also raised the power.

"Cough!"

Despite his chest being pierced, Chucksley raised his shield instead of collapsing.

*Peng!*

*Pepepepeng!*

The Magic Missile bombardment continued. Earl Ashur's eyes were wide as he watched.

'I would believe he's a magician instead of a blacksmith.'

Magic Missile alone was enough to reverse the momentum.

"Ugh....! King's Shield!"

The continuous magic damaged Chucksley, who quickly used a defense skill. Then the light of defense stopped Grid's Magic Missile bombardment. Grid swapped from the staff to Sword Ghost.

'Now!'

A gap was revealed during the item swap. Chucksley quickly tried to strike during this time. But the counterattack didn't succeed. Grid didn't allow it.

"Behind you."

Grid spoke a meaningful statement towards Chucksley.

*Pepepepeok!*

The white spheres behind Chucksley's back were released, penetrated Chucksley's body. It was Magic Missile that contained Alarm magic. Chucksley had no idea that Magic Missiles were waiting for him and couldn't react.

*Swaeeeeek!*

Chucksley staggered to one side and Sword Ghost pursued him.

"Huup!"

Chucksley tried to defend with his shield. The movement was incomplete, putting great strain on his knees and waist. But wasn't it better than allowing an attack? Chucksley focusing on blocking Grid's strike.

*Supak!*

The Sword Ghost aiming at Chucksley split into two, making two orbits.

*Chaeng!*

One Sword Ghost moved along the original orbit and slammed against the shield.

*Seokeok!*

The other Sword Ghost hit Chucksley's chest.

"Keok!"

The match was decided. Chucksley still had half his health left while Grid only had 1/3rd, but Chucksley could tell.

'This is an opponent I can't win against....'

Grid wasn't using the golden hands. He just overwhelmed Chucksley with pure skill. Chucksley couldn't deny his complete defeat.

‘But.’

He still had a commitment to protect King Aslan. This was his absolute destiny. In an unsafe posture, Chucksley tried to use his ultimate technique. It was aiming at Grid. At that moment.

*Kurururung!*

The golden hands knocked down a wall around the palace. At this moment, Chucksley saw the crying people enter.

Grid asserted. “The king is respected because he protects the people. Chucksley, why should you protect a king who doesn’t care about the people?”

“....!”

His destiny was lost. Chucksley looked at the crying people and understood. What reason did he have to protect the king? The sword was heavy. He let go of the sword. Chucksley fell to his knees and bowed his head.

Grid confirmed this and gave an order to the Overgeared members.

“Capture Aslan. From this time on, I will occupy the throne of Eternal.”

『....!!!』

A new hot topic not long after the Belial raid! The media companies around the world were busy. Grid’s attitude that blatantly aimed at the throne was breaking news. In this heated atmosphere, Grid declared.

“I will build a new nation with my people as well as the wounded Reinhardt.”

The first player to become a king! The hearts of the Overgeared members ran wild and the attention of the world concentrated on Grid. In the midst of this anticipation and anxiety, Grid spoke the name he had thought hard about.

“The Overgeared Kingdom!” I am Overgeared’s king, Grid!”

“....?”

『....』

*-Is this true?*

A new legend had begun.



# Chapter 580

Overgeared.

It was a combination of the English word ‘item’ and ‘system.’ (TL: In Korean) It was a slang term that appeared in the early 21st century in South Korea. It was a term used to express users who depended on the ability of the item, rather than their skills, and was generally used for mockery.

But now? Being overgeared was also recognized as a skill. People’s perception of it changed in Satisfy as a result of Grid. Now there was no one who made fun of overgeared people.

『Overgeared Kingdom! It’s a very cool name!』

『It’s especially good that the meaning is clear. It is good since it symbolizes Grid and the Overgeared members.』

『The name gives off a robust feel. All the people and soldiers of Overgeared will be armed with great items.』

『Huhu, a kingdom where all the people and soldiers are armed with great items.... The strongest kingdom has appeared in Satisfy.』

『The neighborhood kids play around by pretending to summon a red phoenix....』

『....I think I should move to the Overgeared Kingdom.』

These were the reactions of the foreign commentators. From their point of view, overgeared was a foreign word and didn’t look very strange to them. On the other hand, the Korean commentators and viewers were baffled.

『No, the name of the kingdom is Overgeared....?』

『I can appreciate that it has a clear meaning, but I don’t like it that much.』

『....』

*-What's the Overgeared Kingdom? Is this real?*

*-The name is delicious. I want to eat rice because of it.*

*-Isn't it fitting? I laughed when I first heard it. Now it isn't so strange and rolls of my tongue.*

*-Even overgeared king sounds cool ⇨⇨⇨⇨*

*-Right. ⇨⇨⇨ Overgeared King Grid really fits. ⇨⇨⇨*

*-The reactions of the international community are explosive. I think the name Overgeared Kingdom is very strong.*

*-It's strong because Grid comes to mind whenever I hear the name 'overgeared.'*

*-But why is Lael acting like that?*

*-The lord he serves has become king.*

*-Kuk.... Thrills of excitement. How wonderful.*

*-A beautiful picture of a lord and a loyalist. It gives off the feeling of a historical drama.*

The Korean viewers talking about the name 'Overgeared' started to pay attention to Lael.

On the screen, Lael was shedding tears. Was it tears of excitement as the viewers thought? That wasn't the case.



"Overgeared Kingdom? Did you say overgeared just now?"

After hearing Grid's declaration, Lael received a great shock.

Grid nodded at the doubting Lael.

"Yes, it's a name I have painstakingly built. Isn't it cool?"

"...."

Lauel had been anxious since Grid named the Overgeared Guild. He was worried that Grid would name the kingdom Overgeared when it was set up. His worries became a reality.

"How is it cool? No, Overgeared Kingdom! No way! It stinks!"

Lauel raised his voice and Grid responded like he didn't understand.

"Why isn't Overgeared cool?"

Grid once had the worst life and could stand upright due to items. Thanks to items, he became stronger, built up his self-esteem, and strengthened his finances.

"My life can be defined by being overgeared. We were able to meet because of items. Isn't it wonderful? Overgeared Kingdom."

*Suuk.*

Grid looked at the other members for their opinions. Then the Overgeared members started to agree one by one.

"That's right. It's true."

"Isn't it natural for the kingdom that the Overgeared Guild established be called Overgeared?"

"I can't think of a name other than Overgeared."

"...."

A feast of unexpected responses! Was this a dream or reality? Lauel was confused, but he quickly calmed down.

'Overgeared.... Well, it's special.'

Grid was right. For the Overgeared Guild, the meaning of overgeared was significant.

Everyone trusted each other, cheered each other on, grew while being rivals, and now they had set up a kingdom. It began with items and ended with items.

‘Overgeared Guild, Overgeared Kingdom.’

And then Overgeared Empire. Looking back, it wasn’t so bad. Overgeared Kingdom. It sounded okay. Lael turned pale as he had this thought.

‘...Unbelievable. Is my naming sense starting to become like Grid’s?’

The name ‘Darkness of Infinite Destiny Kingdom’ that he had been thinking about for a few months became the crude Overgeared Kingdom?

‘It’s the worst.’

He was influenced by Grid’s naming sense while serving him. It felt like he lost his dignity as a human.

“Ugh....!”

Lael was disappointed that he couldn’t deny the coolness of the Overgeared Kingdom. He knelt down and started shedding tears. He felt sad and ashamed. However, Grid misunderstood.

‘This guy.... He’s so excited that he’s crying. Well, the joy he’s feeling right now will transcend my joy.’

Lael was the one who helped Grid set up this kingdom. Lael did all this for Grid. If Grid hadn’t met Lael, he would’ve never dreamt about building a kingdom. He would’ve just remained a strong user. Lael was a special person to Grid.

“This is our kingdom. Together, let’s lead it well forever.”

“....!”

Together, forever. Grid’s words awakened Lael’s heart and soul. Lael was reminded of his deep loyalty and got up. Then he swore emotionally.

“My soul and heart will be yours until the day that this body is crushed. And it will be repeated in the next life and the one after that!”

“Eh? U-Uh, yes.”

Grid sometimes was at a loss when he talked to Lael. He got goosebumps as Piaro approached.

"I brought Aslan."

“Um.”

Grid and Lael’s eyes moved to one side in unison. King Aslan stared at Grid from where he was tied up. There was madness and resentment in his eyes.

“You’re like a rabid dog.”

A notification window popped up in front of Grid.

[King Aslan has sacrificed innumerable people for his personal ambition.]

[Aslan has been morally corrupted. He has committed a sin that is unforgivable. In addition, Aslan is hostile to you. You have succeeded in defeating Aslan. You have the right to punish Aslan.]

[Aslan has lost the ‘Absolute Protection’ passive applied to NPC kings.]

[Would you like to punish Aslan? Please be cautious. Aslan is king of the kingdom and a high punishment is likely to cause opposition.]

[Please note! If you dethrone or execute Aslan, the Eternal Kingdom will disappear. The Eternal Kingdom will be disbanded and this will have a profound influence on the continent. You will have a destiny that might be hard to handle.]

All types of warnings appeared in front of Grid. But Grid didn’t hesitate at all. He would punish and destroy Eternal. This had been determined from the moment he started the war. He couldn’t be afraid now that the storm was over. There was only one ending.

“Hand Aslan over to the people.”

The people experienced sorrow, anger, and despair due to Aslan. Grid meant to give Aslan to those who were still crying so they could kill Aslan. Aslan cried out.

“You...! The Saharan Empire is behind me! You will never be safe if you hurt me!”

“....!”

The soldiers belonging to Overgeared flinched. They were frightened at the thought of being hostile to the Saharan Empire. However, the members of Overgeared, including Grid, didn't raise a single eyebrow. Grid approached King Aslan and smiled.

"I don't know what you have noticed, but I will eventually swallow the Saharan Empire. It's natural to be hostile to them."

“What?”

Swallowing the strongest nation that dominated the continent? Some people would think it was absurd nonsense. But King Aslan couldn't laugh. The madness in his eyes were erased for a moment.

"....I should've been this dignified."

Aslan borrowed Saharan's power, despite his desire to beat them, and even waved Saharan's power at the last minute. He blamed his stupid self and closed his eyes with regret. He decided to humbly accept it, even if his body was torn apart by the people and his soul fell to hell.

‘Father, Brother. I am sorry.’

On this day, Aslan, the last king of Eternal died.

[You have succeeded in occupying Reinhardt!]

[356,931 people in Reinhardt have decided to serve you!]

[Aslan has died!]

[The Eternal Kingdom has lost its anchor and has scattered!]

[The surviving nobles of the Eternal Kingdom hate you!]

Grid's name was clearly stamped on the continent's history.



"....My son-in-law was right."

Marquis Steim. Grid's father-in-law and lord of the north, he watched the war between Overgeared and King Aslan from beginning to end. He planted eyes and ears on every battlefield and observed. It was in order to know the truth. Did King Aslan really kill Prince Ren?

He wondered if his son-in-law had lied. He had a duty to confirm it as a loyal subject of Eternal and Irene's father. Now he confirmed that his son-in-law was right. King Aslan really did kill Prince Ren. An unqualified person was on the throne.

"...."

Marquis Steim's heart was complicated. He was glad that his son-in-law hadn't lied, but he felt sad about the things uncovered. Well, this type of sentiment had no meaning at all. He only had to make a decision. The Eternal Kingdom was scattered.

Should he help Grid who would be threatened from various places?

He wasn't anxious. His choice was obvious.

"I will give the north to my son-in-law."

He was protecting his son-in-law with the force that he and his ancestors had built up, then set up Grid as king. Marquis Steim summoned Knight Laden without hesitation in order to prepare his tribute.



"What? 60 million gold?"

The minimum conditions for establishing a kingdom was to have three cities, 100,000 people, and 60 million gold. 60 million gold. It was a huge sum of money equivalent to 72 billion won. It was an amount that he couldn't afford, even if Grid had started becoming one of the rich people of South Korea.

"This is crazy.... Isn't this robbing me?"

The damn S.A. Group! He was furious about the developers who didn't care about economic principles and were forcing their users to spend gold.

Toban spoke to the furious Grid. "It isn't a burdensome amount. If the guild members combine their assets, then it's easy to raise 60 million gold...."

The top rankers of Satisfy were able to amass a huge amount of money, especially the Overgeared members who were in the top rankings. As Toban said, it was possible for them to provide enough money to fund the kingdom. But Lauel refused.

"Grid, I recommended that you provide the funding alone.

"...You want me to raise 60 million gold alone?"

Grid was shocked by the unexpected words. Spending 72 billion won by himself? Grid didn't have such a large sum of money, despite accumulating considerable assets through the National Competition, various broadcasts and advertisements.

"Hey, where will I gain such a huge amount of money? I'm not asking you to provide all of it, but isn't a little bit fine? Eh? Just give me a little bit. Then I will pay it back with interest every time I receive the taxes.

"I am urging you to provide the funding alone, so that this situation doesn't happen."

"....?"

"You will have all shares of the kingdom alone."

This was for the sake of Grid's interests. It was for the future of Overgeared.



# Chapter 581

Gobble up all the stakes of a kingdom alone? Grid's expression wasn't very good.

"What? Are you asking me to be a dictator? What right do I have when everyone has suffered so much?"

Grid's reaction made Lael smile.

"Dictator.... It would be nice if you could become a dictator and rule the kingdom well. For example, the Saharan Empire. This is a different world from reality. Due to the nature of these times, there wouldn't be opposition if you were a dictator.

"....Unfortunately, I don't think I can rule a country well."

Grid knew his abilities. He didn't have any political power. He was convinced that the country would soon perish if he ruled it according to his rule. This meant his 72 billion won would disappear. It was horrible just imagining it.

Lael laughed at the frowning Grid. "I'm not urging you to be a dictator. You should give your subordinates the proper authority. But I want you to be the firm center that can't be displaced."

If a large number of guild members shared the stakes in the kingdom, Grid's influence would become smaller. Lael wanted to prevent the worst from happening.

"Isn't there a saying in South Korea that too many cooks will spoil the broth?" I don't want such a thing to happen."

"A large number of cooks will spoil the broth...."

There was such a saying in his country? Grid admired the American Lael and nodded.

"I see. I understand."

Yes, it really made sense. He was convinced that it would be ideal to provide the funding for the kingdom alone. But there was one problem.

"How can I raise 60 million gold?"

Grid's current assets exceeded 20 billion won. It was a level that could provide for him for the rest of his life, but it was lacking compared to the 72 billion won he needed. Lael shrugged at the troubled Grid.

"Think about it yourself. It isn't that hard."

Lael highly valued Grid. He didn't doubt that Grid was the most valuable person in the world. But Grid didn't realize this himself. It was a hundred times better than those who didn't fear the world, but it was questionable if Grid could express his big vessel.

Lael wanted Grid to value himself more. Grid looked at the silent Lael and had a thought.

"Should I get a sponsor?" What if he got a large investment from a real-world company active in Satisfy? "I can ask them for an investment in return for placing advertisement signs on every main street in the cities. How about it?"

"Well.... That's the common way."

It wasn't bad. It was clear that the world would be paying a lot of attention to the first country set up by a player. In particular, there were many players and a high floating population would occur. From the viewpoint of the companies, they wouldn't lose money investing in the kingdom. But it wasn't the answer that Lael wanted.

Grid saw Lael's bad expression and asked. "Is there a better way?"

"Of course."

"What is it?" Lael grinned at Grid's confused expression. The wicked smile was similar to Grid's. His resemblance to Grid kept increasing. "Labor."

"....?"

"Do labor. Stay in the smithy and constantly make items. Then you will be able to raise funds much sooner than anticipated."

"...."

"If you set the customer base as mainly the Overgeared members, you can make a big contribution to the power of your allies and increase your skill level and stats."

"..."

No, dammit. He thought he finally overcame poverty and became rich. Now he had to do labor again? Grid's expression distorted, but Lael didn't shrink back at all.

"You shouldn't lose your beginnings. Do labor."

"..."



"Labor.... I have to do labor...."

He was on the verge of becoming a king, yet he had to do hard labor again? It was uncomfortable. Of course, Grid knew it. His root was a blacksmith. It was right to do the work of a blacksmith. But he couldn't imagine how long he would have to work to earn at least 50 billion won.

'It's easy for Lael to say.'

It took Grid two years to build his current assets. He earned some money by selling items, but most of it was revenue from broadcasts. How many years would it take to earn 50 billion won from just making items?

"Do you have a moment?"

The bustling Reinhardt. As the Overgeared members and soldiers helped the people, a man came over to the frustrated Grid. Sword Saint Kraugel.

Grid smiled when he saw Kraugel. "I'm sorry that I thanked you so late. You saved my colleagues.... In particular, Piaro was in great danger. Thank you for helping with the raid."

Kraugel shook his head. "No, if I hadn't come in the first place, then the Overgeared members could've retreated safely. They missed the opportunity to retreat while waiting for me and were in danger because of it. I'm the one who is sorry."

"....It's unusual."

Kraugel was always the best. He was called the sky above the sky and was an absolute person revered around the world. But he wasn't arrogant. He was always respectful to Grid.

'Someday, I want to be like you.'

Kraugel didn't know Grid's mind.

He asked Grid. "I was convinced when I saw you use the same skill twice in a row against Belial. Did you gain God's Command?"

"....!"

Grid was startled. In addition to domain and ruling power, it was classified as one of the three major offensive passives. Kraugel knew the existence of Grid's skill beforehand?

"How do you know about God's Command?"

"I have also progressed in the 7 malignant episodes. I have gained knowledge about the three offensive passives, the three defensive passives, and the corrupt passive."

"Eh? 7 malignant episodes? What is that?"

"...."

Kraugel's eyes cramped. He was speechless for a moment before asking.

"Don't tell me you obtained God's Command without going through the seven malignant episodes?"

"So? What is the 7 malignant episodes?"

"...."

Kraugel thought it was absurd. Grid had obtained God's Command as a result of coincidences and unpredictable events overlapping.

'...It's said that a hero is created by the times, not by themselves.'

It would be correct to say that this era chose Grid as a hero. This truly was his rival.

Kraugel felt admiration and trepidation. He barely managed to control his expression as he briefly explained.

"The 7 malignant episodes is an old story about seven wicked people chosen by the gods who became corrupted. As you progress through the episodes, you will gain clues about the strongest passive skills that those seven people possessed. I haven't gotten the skill I was aiming for because it's too tricky.... I'm certain that Agnus and Ares have acquired the skill they desired by now."

"Agnus.... Ares...."

Grid's eyes sharpened. He heard how great Agnus and Ares were every time someone spoke about them.

"Everyone appreciates Agnus and Ares. Are they strong enough to make you conscious of them?"

Kraugel was Grid's only rival. Grid unconsciously thought this, so he couldn't help having a strange rivalry with Agnus and Ares. Kraugel didn't know his mind and nodded.

"I think their potential won't be suppressed by you. I would advise you not to associate with them if you have any choice."

"Why?"

Was Kraugel worried Grid would be beaten by them? Kraugel explained to the frustrated Grid.

"Agnus is completely warped. If he learns more about you, he's likely to become highly obsessed with you."

Agnus was an unhappy person. Like Grid, he lived the worst life before encountering Satisfy. Grid overcame his adverse fate by pioneering a positive direction in life. On the other hand, Agnus was still obsessed with the past and exploited his power.

"You can see him as an evil spirit. He will never understand you. He will thoroughly deny you, who walks a completely different path."

"..."

"On the other hand, Ares is a person with no shadow. He is a sun like you are now. Due to this, he's strong. He has drawn many strong people to his side. If you become hostile to him...."

Kraugel was convinced that even the Overgeared Guild would find it difficult. But he didn't speak these thoughts. He thought it would pierce Grid's pride.

"...Well, this is just my advice. The choice is yours."

He had wasted too much time. It was time to eat with his mother.

Grid stopped Kruugel who was trying to leave. He stared at Kraugel with eyes as deep as a lake and asked.

"I will ask bluntly. Are Agnus and Ares stronger than you?"

"For now."

"This means that in the end, you will become the best again?"

"....I will make that happen."

"Then I understand. Kraugel, I will only look at you. Agnus? Ares? Nonsense. I don't care about them. So put aside your worries. If you have a hard time, then you can contact your older brother at any time."

"Older brother?"

"Me."

"You're crazy. I'm two years older than you."

Kraugel responded before leaving.

Like the wind, Kraugel left without any fuss. Like the sea, Grid stayed in place.

Both of them cheered each other on in their hearts. Later on, he would be the best.



Jishuka, the impressive beauty with provocative eyes. She was convinced by Lael's plan to make Grid pay the 60 million gold alone.

"It's a good idea. There might be a seed of discord someday if you share the stakes with the guild members.

The problem was that Grid didn't have 60 million gold. However, this was easily solved by Jishuka.

"Isn't it sufficient if I pay 60 million gold for the Red Phoenix Bow? Right?"

"Cough! Cough!"

Lael hadn't confirmed the details of the Red Phoenix Bow yet. What item would have its value set at 60 million gold?

Jishuka laughed at the suffering Lael.

## Chapter 582

"No, what item is worth 60 million gold? Isn't the pricing too high?"

It was unrealistic that the Red Phoenix Bow would be worth 60 million gold, even if it was a first-rate legendary item. It was a matter of common sense. Think about it. A kingdom could be built with 60 million gold. The fact that an item was 60 million gold meant the value was equivalent to a country. Wasn't this a huge exaggeration?

'The items made by Grid are great, but it's hard to compare them to the value of a country. They are more comparable to cities.'

Yes, Lael also praised Grid. He saw the value of Grid's items and thought the best ones were equivalent to a city. It was believed that people who were covered with Grid's items could display a value on a national level. However, Lael couldn't recognize that a single item as being worth a kingdom.

"Jishuka, I know you want to pay more than necessary to help Grid, but...."

Lael had been away from Jishuka in the war. He couldn't obtain all the information in real time and didn't know the true details of the Red Phoenix Bow.

"Don't exaggerate, no matter how much you like Grid."

"See it for yourself."

Jishuka shared the information of the Red Phoenix Bow with Lael, who never imagined that it would be a myth rated item. At the same time, Lael closed his mouth.

"....???"

Lael's eyes started to roll around. He looked like an unnatural doll as he confirmed the information of the Red Phoenix Bow.

"....Heok."

Lael only had question marks and he suddenly took a breath. He lost his soul thanks



to the unrealistic stats of the myth rated Red Phoenix Bow and Jishuka asked him.

"How is it? Isn't 60 million gold good?"

"Huh? What?" Lael regained his spirit. "If you buy such a monstrous item for only 60 million gold, you have no conscience!"

It was a huge transformation. Jishuka laughed at Lael, who called her a thief, and shrugged.

"I don't intend to be a thief. 60 million gold is just a down payment. The rest will be paid off for the rest of my life."

Jishuka. A high ranker popular throughout the world for her beauty, charisma, and excellent gaming skills. One of the wealthiest young people in South America, she fell into a debt in front of Grid. This was the power of items.

Lael's body trembled.

"The true value of Grid...."

The uniqueness of his class couldn't be fully measured, even with Lael's infinite insight. Lael couldn't even count how many times he had been surprised now. Lael was touched to tears. He watched the sunset and uttered improvised words.

"Ahh, Grid is a descended god and I'm a feeble angel in front of him...."

Lael started laughing. The Overgeared members around him watched him.

"Did he lose his mind after the kingdom is set up?"

"I guess so."

"He will wield the most power after the king, right? Is it okay for him to be so crazy?"

"It will work out somehow. He has done well so far. Is there any reason for us to worry now?"

"Stop talking and go stop Nyangmong."

The wild cats and dogs started gathering in the central square of Reinhardt due to the whistle Nyangmong was blowing. People were scared, so they had to stop him.

In addition, there was other work.

"On the way, can you tell Jude to get dressed? I heard a complaint about his nakedness from the walls repair site."

"There are complaints that Vantner is threatening to make anyone who doesn't surrender bald. Shouldn't we stop him first?"

"Eh, what? We're so busy. Where did Regas disappear to?"

"He has applied for a duel with Piaro."

"What? In this situation? Why did you just watch when you could stop it?"

"...?"

"Okay, okay."

"It's sensitive."

'There is no one normal except for me,' every member of Overgeared thought.



"Yes, let's not lose sight of my foundations."

Grid looked at the back of the distant Kraugel.

'I am still weak.'

He had been too excited after the Belial raid. He had relaxed like he was already the strongest. But what was the reality? Belial was the 32nd demon. It meant there were 31 monsters stronger than her. Not only that. There was vampire duke Marie Rose and enemies all over the continent. Grid didn't have just one or two mountains to cross.

In this situation, he forgot his duty as a blacksmith? Crazy. Grid had to bear it in mind at all times. The fact that he was a blacksmith. He would work in the smithy, raise his

stats, make good items, and become overgeared. There was always something to do.

‘Labor isn’t something to be avoided. It’s my foundation.’

This wouldn’t change even if he became a king.

So.

“Let’s start production.”

Grid suppressed the excitement from winning the war and succeeding in the great demon raid. Was he moving towards a gorgeous and ornate palace? No, it was a smithy.

‘As Lauel said, let’s stay in the smithy for a while. My role hasn’t changed, even if I become a king.’

Grid’s heart burned with motivation! A man and a woman approached him as he was pulling out a hammer for production.

“Hello.”

It was Pope Damian of the Rebecca Church.

“Hello.”

The beauty with platinum hair was a Rebecca’s Daughter, Isabel. Grid was full of gratitude for them who ran to help Overgeared.

“It has been a while. I’m glad....”

Grid smiled brightly before his face distorted. Isabel’s pale complexion was the cause.

‘The impact of White Transformation....’

Isabel. A woman who was raised in the church with a weapon. Grid felt saddened when he saw her take up Lifael’s Spear in order to protect the world. Unlike other people, she couldn’t enjoy her youth. She struggled while exhausting her vitality.

"Looking around Reinhardt, there’s only one Rebecca Temple. It’s big enough and the location is good. Out of personal greed, I want to build two more temples here. The

more temples there are, the more priests and paladins that can be placed here. How about it? Will you allow me?

Damian watched Grid and made a suggestion.

Grid couldn't refuse.

"I'm very thankful. But is it okay? No matter how big Reinhardt is, I don't think the Vatican will allow three temples in one city. Strictly speaking, isn't it a waste of personnel from the Rebecca Church's position?"

"Huhut, there is no need to worry. Due to succeeding in the great demon raid, my position in the church has become solid. The Vatican also has a good impression of Grid and Overgeared for raiding the great demon. There won't be a big backlash if I increase the number of temples in Reinhardt."

"It's happy news."

As healers in Satisfy, the value of Rebecca's priests were tremendous. It was an extraordinary privilege to be able to raise priests simultaneously at three temples. Grid imagined it. A healing vending machine.... No, a healers division of Overgeared!

'It is wise.'

If the vampire city expedition team consisted of Overgeared members + healers, they would become an immortal corps.

'I have to make the soldiers' armor as strong as possible!'

Grid asked Damian. "The Rebecca Church will pay for the construction of the temples right?"

"Huh?"

Damian was very embarrassed. He didn't expect to be asked this question!

"The kings or lords across the continent want to have a Rebecca temple. Not only do they provide the cost of building the temple themselves, they even send a gift of gratitude to the church."

In other words, the Rebecca Church's response wouldn't be good if Grid asked them to take on the cost of building the temple. Grid was asking them to take on the cost of building three temples in one city? It was likely to cause a backlash among the senior priests. But there was nothing wrong with Grid's logic.

"Doesn't the Rebecca Church own the temples built in the city? I am providing the land for the temple for free. Isn't it right that the Vatican pays for the construction cost?"

"....I will try to push it."

His position raised by the Belial raid might fall down again. Damian was mourning while Grid started to closely observe Isabel. Isabel's white face gradually heated up.

"Why are you staring at me?"

It was shortly after White Transformation was used. Isabel knew that she currently looked unhealthy. Therefore, Grid's gaze was burdensome.

Grid gazed at her steadily and grabbed her wrist.

"Ah...."

Isabel's eyes widened and she shook like a rabbit. An unknown pleasure spread throughout her body as Grid suggested.

"Can you leave Lifael's Spear to me?"

Grid's blacksmithing ability had greatly improved while making the myth rated item. In addition, Grid had a perfect understanding of Lifael's Spear. At the time of the pope election episode in the past, he raised his understanding of Lifael's Spear to 100%.

"Let me look at Lifael's Spear. I will make it powerful without putting a burden on the user."

Grid was confident. Now that he made a myth rated item and upgraded his blacksmithing skill, Grid was convinced that he could reconstruct Lifael's Spear more completely.

"I hope that you and Damian will no longer suffer."

They were already special friends. He wanted to help those who already helped him a few times. He wanted them to be happy together for a long time. Grid conveyed his heart to Damian and Isabel. Isabel was thankful to Grid, while the sensitive Damian was already crying.

“Grid-sama!!”



“What would you like to do?”

The Overgeared members and soldiers running around Reinhardt. They were full of energy as they tried to restore the damage caused by the war. Just watching it would make a person feel good. Chris watched the scene quietly and spoke to his Seven Captains.

"What do you want to do?"

“...”

“Tell me honestly.”

Once Chris asked again, the oldest of the Seven Captains, Zirkan, came forward. He was Chris’ swordsmanship teacher and was once first ranked on the swordsman ranking, despite being nearly 70 years old. He had strong loyalty to Chris and was the person Chris most trusted in the Giant Guild.

"Let’s enter Overgeared.”

“Why?”

“I believe that you would know it best. Grid has done great things and it’s better to join him than compete with him. If you’re with him, I believe you can accomplish a breakthrough.”

Chris didn’t deny it.

"His vessel is large enough to hold my vessel.”

Chris decided to forsake the noble title of Eternal, which was now meaningless. The

moment King Aslan died, his guild window showed a hidden quest called 'Anti-Grid Nobles Alliance.'

"We will go hunting."

Chris pledged to give Grid the heads of the Eternal nobles as a gift to join Overgeared.

# Chapter 583

Grid was able to build up knowledge with his experience of making the myth rated Red Phoenix Bow. In order to make myth rated items, special materials containing a god's power were required. For example, the Red Phoenix Breath.

'Lifael's Spear will contain a material associated with Goddess Rebecca.'

Grid hadn't seen it in the past, but he believed he could now that his blacksmithing ability rose sharply.

'Once I figure out and understand the material of Lifael's Spear, I will be able to remodel it.'

The confident Grid started to disassemble Lifael's Spear. He removed the decorative fleece hanging from the front part of the spear, then separated all the parts of the spears in order. It was quick and delicate without damaging any of the connecting parts.

The blacksmiths of Reinhardt were impressed by the sight.

'It's like a hand touching the skin of a woman. Extraordinarily delicate.'

'But it's quick with no mistakes.'

'Truly Pagma's Descendent.... It isn't an exaggeration that he's one of the best blacksmiths in existence.'

'I don't think any dwarf blacksmiths are a match for him unless they are a dwarf lord.'

The blacksmiths watching Grid were fascinated. As their new king who was the supreme authority in this field, they had high expectations. The new kingdom would surely be a world of blacksmiths. The blacksmiths were delighted as they imagined it.

'Maybe I will have an opportunity to learn from him directly?'

'Will he hold a blacksmithing competition?'



‘Reinhardt will be the shrine of blacksmiths.’

The blacksmith’s expectations were heightened as the atmosphere of the smithy increased. But Grid wasn’t affected. He continued his work without losing focus, as if he was in a world alone.

Damian and Isabel watched him silently. The divine artifact of the Rebecca Church. Grid broke it down into several pieces and even melted it in the fire, but they weren’t nervous at all. It was because they believed in Grid. Unfortunately, their belief wasn’t paid back as Grid’s expression gradually changed.

‘I don’t know.’

He had completely disassembled Lifael’s Spear. Grid was troubled as he looked at the materials he melted without any loss. He couldn’t find the aura of Goddess Rebecca from any of the materials.

‘It’s the same as what I saw before. The spear is made of pure adamantium. It’s the same for the secondary part of the spear.’

Did the goddess’ blessing dwell in the adamantium itself? He used the Legendary Blacksmith’s Appraisal on every part of the spear and then the adamantium itself but....

‘It’s just plain adamantium.’

The goddess’ blessing didn’t dwell anywhere in Lifael’s Spear.

‘What on earth is going on? Can there be a myth rated weapon that doesn’t use any divine material?’

Grid was confused. As he was feeling puzzled, he suddenly thought of a hypothesis.

‘This.... Is it a weapon made by a god?’

This could be the reason why Lifael’s Spear was a myth-rated weapon, despite not using the materials of a god. Was it because a god made the weapon?

‘If a blacksmith god exists, wouldn’t they make a myth rated weapon?’

It was the worst. If this hypothesis was true, Grid wouldn't be able to reconstruct Lifael's Spear. It was virtually impossible to reconstruct a myth rated weapon with pure ability if he couldn't rely on the materials. Just like how he couldn't create a myth rated Red Phoenix Bow without the Red Phoenix Breath.

'Shit.'

Was it impossible to give Isabel freedom? He wanted to deny it.

Grid asked Damian and Isabel, "Do you know who made this spear?"

"I don't know."

"I have no idea."

"Do you know anything about the birth of the spear?"

"Yes. There was a legend that a long time ago, the first pope was given the divine artifacts by Goddess Rebecca."

"Goddess Rebecca directly...."

Legends weren't always fanciful. Maybe it was the true history.

It was just like the legends of Pagma and Braham.

'The weapon that Goddess Rebecca handed down directly. This means it was born in the divine realm.... It also means that a god probably created it.'

It wasn't the 'aura' of a god but the 'technology' of a god. It wasn't something that he could remodel.

"...."

Grid bowed. He felt guilty for raising Isabel and Damian's hopes. He was angry at his own incompetence. He could still push ahead with the reconstruction. But it was dangerous. He could destroy the functionality of Lifael's Spear. In the end, Grid chose to give up. Lifael's Spear was disassembled. He first restored the appearance of the spear completely before attaching the decorative fleece hanging near the front part of the spear.

It was a fluffy white bundle that reminded him of a dandelion flower.

‘Eh?’

Grid stopped as he was hanging it onto the spear. Then he realized he overlooked one fact.

‘...Is this fluffy thing part of the spear?’

The white fluff had been present since the first time he saw Lifael’s Spear. So far, he treated it as a simple ornament that Isabel hung on it....

‘That isn’t the case.’

Would Isabel hang a personal ornament on the divine artifact that Goddess Rebecca gave her? The chances were very slim now that he thought about it. For Isabel, Goddess Rebecca was a noble and sacred being. She wouldn’t do something like that. She wouldn’t dirty the divine artifact that she had been given.

"Isabel, you didn’t hang up this fluffy ornament right? Was it originally on the spear?"

“Yes, that’s right.”

He determined the right answer. Grid laughed as the darkness on his face blew away. Then he used a skill.

“Legendary Blacksmith’s Appraisal.”

The target was the fluff.

*Ttiring~*

[The blacksmith who became a legend can appraise items with an excellent discerning eye. If a hidden feature exists in the target item, it will be found.]

[Fluffy Bundle]

An ornament hanging on Lifael’s Spear.

A pretty white fluff.

Weight: 0

[!!!!!!!!!!]

[You have discovered a hidden feature in the item!]

[The information about the target item has been updated.]

[Goddess' Fluffy Hair]

Fine hair belonging to Rebecca, goddess of light.

It has long fallen away from the goddess, but still contains a strong divine power.

It destroys evil and humans can't bear this divine power.

Depending on the use, it might become a drug or a poison.

Weight: 0

"Wow...."

This cotton-like bundle was the goddess' hair?

'Now it looks like fur.'

He took a closer look at the thin bundle of hair. Every strand was thin and transparent. Goddess Rebecca's appearance popped into Grid's mind.

'She is a great beauty when looking at the statues and portraits.... It's true that beauties have soft and downy hair.'

In any case, it wasn't important.

Grid finished thinking and said to Damian and Isabel.

"Believe in me."

A terrible spear that required the user's vitality to use. Grid was determined to change this spear into an item worthy of the goddess of light. In order to do that, he needed someone's help. It was Saintess Ruby.

*-Sehee, what are you doing?*

*-I'm comforting the families of those sacrificed to summon the great demon.*

A Saintess had an obligation to do good deed every day. If she didn't do this, she would be deprived of her qualifications as a Saintess. Sehee was always volunteering inside the game.

*-I will share my location so please come and help me. I need your strength.*

Ruby acquired a special reward for destroying the great demon's soul in the raid. Grid had very big hopes for her.



"This is Reidan."

"Agricultural has developed to this unbelievable extent in a desert city? Everywhere is green."

"Bah, it's thanks to that crazy farmer."

Blood Carnival. Known as the worst PK group, they had a grudge against Grid and Overgeared. In particular, the White and Black sisters had a great hatred for Grid. Not only did the invasion of Siren fail because of Grid, Black even lost the best accessory, the Ring of Absurdity, thanks to him.

They were looking for a chance to get revenge on Grid and watched the war between Overgeared and the Eternal Kingdom. They gathered all their intelligence and realized that Reidan was almost completely empty of Overgeared members.

Reidan. It was the home of Overgeared, and Grid's wife Irene was believed to be

staying here. White, who was on the same grade as Grid and Kraugel, smiled.

“I will take away everything Grid has.”

Unlike her sister White, who was a brilliant beauty, the skinny and gloomy Black nodded.

“Yes, we will make him feel a much bigger pain than what we felt.”

The intelligence network of the Blood Carnival was the best. Due to their nature, quick information gathering was essential. Blood Carnival had a lot of forces that they traded information with every day. Thanks to that, Black and White were currently aware of Reidan’s strength.

‘The top powers of Overgeared, including the mad farmer, are scattered all over the battlefields.’

‘Reidan only has 1,000 soldiers around level 100 guarding it.’

There was no existence that could stop the two of them. The White and Black sisters had faith in their skills. They wouldn’t have been so humiliated by Grid and the Overgeared members during the Siren invasion if they had been together.

“Grid....! I will make you shed blood and tears!”

*Kwa kwa kwa kwang!*

The desert shook as Black and White started to run. Reidan, or to be precise, Irene, would soon face a crisis.

# Chapter 584

“What? The king has been killed?”

[King Aslan’s death has become known and the navy is in turmoil!]

[The power of Eternal’s navy has gone down. Skills and spells are no longer available.]

[Eternal’s navy has retreated!]

“Pant.... Pant....”

Cork Island. Peak Sword struggled against the navy with the help of Soldier, who he met during his mining activities. They had been in a big crisis after half the island was taken by the navy, so Peak Sword sighed with relief.

“Lauel.... God Grid. You did it.”

The ending of the war was much faster than planned. Thanks to that, they could keep Cork Island. Against what everyone thought, they protected Cork Island with their Korean hands.

"Waaahhhhhhhh!"

“We did it! We did it!!”

The Silver Knights and the soldiers of Cork Island shed tears of joy. Their bodies and minds were exhausted from the war that lasted several days, but they enjoyed the pleasure of this moment. Peak Sword praised them.

"Everyone has suffered. You all fought well like God Grid.”

It was time to go back to Grid.

“Let’s go to God Grid. We will bless our master who will soon come to the throne.”

Grid would once again improve the reputation of South Korea. As the president of the Korean Patriotic Society, Peak Sword was more proud than anyone else.

‘I’m happy to be able to serve God Grid.’

A smile appeared on Peak Sword’s face. It was a comforting smile that made the person who saw it feel warm. Unfortunately, the smile didn’t last long. A shadow suddenly appeared behind Peak Sword. The ID above the shadow that emerged from the ground was Tarma.

An assassin of the dark gamers group, Blood Carnival! He whispered in a voice filled with spite after being horribly humiliated by Grid in the National Competition and the Siren invasion.

“The world has many giants. Do you think that Satisfy is a world just for Overgeared?”

“You....!”

Peak Sword turned his head while placing a hand on his sheath.

*Puok!*

“....!”

Tarma’s yellow dagger stabbed Peak Sword’s heart.

[You have been hit by a lethal blow!]

Tarma was strong. Grid acknowledged his skills despite easily winning over him. It would be dangerous if Tarma could hunt in an environment where he could attempt an assassination. It was virtually impossible for Peak Sword to defend against the surprise attack after suffering from the war. In particular, Peak Sword revealed a large gap while enjoying the victory.



“Ugh....!”

*Puok! Puk. Puk puk!*

[You have been hit by a lethal blow!]

[You have died.]

[33.1% experience has been lost.]

[Your level has dropped.]

[10 of your most recently invested points will be lost.]

[The item Peak Sword’s Sheath has dropped.]

The yellow dagger continuously pierced Peak Sword who turned to grey. It occurred in an instant.

“Peak Sword!”

The members of Overgeared belatedly became aware of the situation and fell into chaos. A smile appeared on Tarma’s face.

“Devastate Cork Island. Trample on everything and remove all traces of Overgeared!”

He would deny everything they had built! The moment that Tarma shouted loudly.

*Pak!*

*Pa pa pa pa pak!*

The assassins, who had infiltrated the island while Overgeared were concentrating on the war against the navy, started to run to the city in the middle of the island. The Overgeared tried to stop them, but Tarma couldn’t be stopped by them. The Silver Knights members of Overgeared didn’t yet have the skills to deal with high rankers

and were completely fooled by Tarma.

“Overgeared! I will plague you for the rest of my life!”

There were at least two billion users in Satisfy. The intertwining interest and rampant causes didn't make it easy. There was always something to lose. This logic pressed on Grid and Overgeared.



“Kuk! Kukukuk! Kuhahahahahat!”

The fortified city of Borneo.

Katz burst out laughing on the walls. The Gauss users lost sight of their goal due to being blinded by money. They felt joyous every time Seuron screamed.

"....Really amazing."

Yes, it was great to watch the power of money. It would never betray him. It always brought him new fun. This was the world.

“Money is the best.”

Only a rich person could say such words! The Gauss troops under the wall made demands.

“Seuron is dead!”

"Now give us the promised reward!"

"I hit Seuron 10 times!"

“I put a hole in Seuron!”

Money! Money! Money!

The users on the ground reached out to Katz. They were worried Katz would forget his words and wanted the reward quickly. Katz looked warmly at those who became puppets before money.

“Okay. I will give you the reward I promised.”

“Ohh!”

He would keep his honor as the son of Japan’s greatest conglomerate. The Gauss players’ eyes shone in anticipation of the promised reward. Katz gave them an email address.

“This is my secretary’s email address. Send the video of your attack on Seuron and your account number. The promised amount will arrive immediately after it is confirmed.”

“...?”

The hundreds and thousands of Gauss users froze in an instant. They were confused when Katz asked for the video. Katz gave them a baffled look.

“What’s with this reaction? Is there anything wrong with my demands?”

No, nothing was wrong. Katz had an obligation to clearly know who had hit Seuron and how many times they did it. A recorded video was definite proof. He had an obligation to check their videos to give them the promised reward. Most of the Gauss players had overlooked this.

Someone shouted loudly.

“There’s a limit to the capsule memory! Anyone who would record a video of the battlefield is crazy!”

“That’s right! How can we record a video on a battlefield where thousands of people are struggling and all types of skill effects are overflowing? The video will be too big to be stored in the capsule!”

“Hah?”

Katz frowned.

“What’s your point? Do you want me to individually check and remember each person who hit Seuron and how many times they did it?”

“T-That....!”

The Gauss users realized it simultaneously. It was impossible for them to receive compensation from the beginning.

“T....This wicked Japanese person!”

“Dammit! It would’ve turned out this way from the beginning!”

"You just used us!"

The Gauss users showed their hatred in unison. The Overgeared soldiers gulped as there were signs the war would start again. But Katz didn’t shrink back. He just made a surprised expression.

“I can’t understand why you are blaming me. If you used the diamond capsule of the Comet Group in the first place, then you wouldn’t be lacking video recording capacity.”

“....?”

“You can’t record a video because you used a cheap capsule. Then isn’t it your fault that you can’t submit the evidence for the reward? Why blame others, when you should be lamenting your own lacking power?”

“....”

That’s right. Katz had no intention of deceiving the Gauss users. He planned to give them the promised rewards. His pride was so high that he could pay this much money to ordinary people. Katz just didn’t understand the position of ordinary people.

“No matter how I think about it, I don’t understand. Why aren’t you using a diamond capsule? Didn’t Grid advertise it in the National Competition? It’s better to use this capsule.”

“....”

How could a commoner use a capsule that was worth 1.32 million won?

“Damn rich people....”

"A bad person."

The Gauss users no longer had the heart to argue with Katz. The commander of the Gauss army cried out.

"Retreat! Full retreat!"

The news of King Aslan's death was transmitted to the Gauss Kingdom. Since Reinhardt was occupied, it was unknown when Overgeared would send reinforcements here. Thus, the Gauss army was forced to retreat. Katz shrugged as he watched the Gauss army retreating.

"Anyway, the mission is complete."

Borneo. It was protected with only 2,000 troops. This was a result that Lael didn't expect due to the power of money.

Money was the best. Katz once again realized it. Therefore, he thought that Grid's items that couldn't be bought with money were greater.



The spacious fields of Reidan.

Today, the farmers were working. The farmers maintained the attitude taught by Piaro and kept farming. Their origin varied. There were the people from Reidan, the minority that Piaro brought from the Altes Mountains (in fact, they were Prince Ren's people), and the players who visited Reidan and were caught by Piaro. Unlike ordinary farmers, they had tempered bodies and unusual eyes.

"Huh? What's that?"

The farmers wielding their farming equipment concentrated their attention on one spot simultaneously. Beyond this green orchard, a sandstorm was approaching from the desert. An artificial sand storm. It was like hundreds of horses were moving. The eyes of the farmers changed sharply.

"Be alert."

Most of them were soldiers who had been on a battlefield. They had to keep their fields

and cities. The farmers raised their alertness at the approach of unidentified people, while the sandstorm came closer.

"I can't believe a city is in the middle of the desert."

"How can there be such vast fields?"

The sandstorm wasn't caused by hundreds of horses. Surprisingly, they were two women. There was a white-haired woman with a sensual body and a black-haired woman with a dismal atmosphere.

The Black and White sisters.

The farmers holding farming equipment were looking at them but they didn't care. They didn't pay any attention at all. They just thought of the farmers as ordinary villagers. They would've been wary if the crazy farmer who appeared in Siren was in Reidan, but they received information that the crazy farmer was in Reinhardt. The Black and White sisters were overflowing with confidence.

"Let's go."

White ignored the farmers and walked ahead, followed by Black.

*Step, step.*

The two women walked across the fields. They carefully observed the walls of Reidan.

'There are only a few guards.'

'It's deadly quiet.'

This was really amazing timing for a surprise attack. The base of Overgeared was empty. They would completely devastate the work of Overgeared and get rid of Grid's precious wife. White and Black established the perfect revenge plan.

"....?"

Hesitation.

Black and White were moving with a smile when they stopped. Then they looked

around with sharp eyes. They sensed a strange atmosphere.

*Suuk.*

*Sususuk.*

The farmers scattered throughout the fields. Every farmer holding a dirt covered farming tool in their hands was approaching quietly but quickly. As the distance got closer, they took off their clothes, revealing armor or robes. They put away their farming equipment and armed themselves with spears or blades.

White and Black shook.

"A trap....!"

Their surprise attack was predicted and planned for? Grid's foresight was mysterious!

"This isn't normal....!"

White acknowledged Grid while taking a battle posture.

At the same time, in Reidan.

"Young lord, it is time to visit the field."

They were the Rebecca's Daughters candidates. In addition to their natural talent, the 200 young girls became elites through training.

"Ohh."

Lord's cheeks swelled up like a balloon.

It was fun to play assassins from Kasim, interesting to recreate the sword techniques learned from Uncle Kraugel, fun to train the divine power awakened thanks to Damian, and it was interesting to study with Sticks. However, he had no interest in field work.

Whenever he farmed in the postures taught by Piaro, the muscles of his body were sore.

"I want to go to the smithy."

Most of his study topics were fun, but the best thing was to raise his proficiency in blacksmithing. Indeed, Lord was Grid's son. He had an aptitude with blacksmithing. Lord grumbled but the girls were determined.

"No. There's a fixed time for all your study topics."

"That's right. There will be a much bigger effect if you study according to the timetable that Sticks set."

"Che."

Lord's cheeks became more puffed up. He looked sulky. Whenever this happened, he would be hugged or given a knee as a pillow. Lord looked so cute that the girls wanted to hold Lord in their arms.

"Stop grumbling." A voice was heard from the darkness. "You will soon be a prince. From now on, you have to maintain your dignity. Go to the rice fields."

It was Kasim, king of shadows. In the end.

"Waaaaaaah~~!"

Lord screamed as he was caught by the girls and carried to the fields. A young child who was having a hard day with his early education. Before he knew it, the four year old who was the best genius of the West Continent was going to be revealed.

It was the precursor of a new historical wave.



# Chapter 585

‘Grid....!’

Their attack was anticipated ahead of time and a trap was laid? It was even in the rice fields!

‘Bullshit!’

Unless it was a particular season, the fields wouldn’t be a target. The crops that hadn’t grown significantly made the fields completely open, meaning it was hard to lay a trap or ambush. Therefore, the sisters were caught off guard. They never expected there would be a trap on the fields.

‘Soldiers and guild members are disguised as farmers!’

It was surprising that soldiers were disguised as farmers and waiting for them. They sacrificed their time to carry out the orders of Grid. They had to stay in the fields without doing any work. It showed Overgeared’s loyalty to Grid.

‘He did it properly.’

White was convinced. Grid was an absolute ruler and genius before he was a blacksmith, overgeared person, or high ranker. It was dubious but now she was certain. It wasn’t a coincidence that Blood Carnival collided with Overgeared in Siren!

‘Since then, we have been dancing on Grid’s hand!’

It was clear from the beginning that Grid had been plotting against Blood Carnival and then made plans to keep Blood Carnival in check. Indeed, an amazing man.

Males. A simple-minded existence that only cared about appearance. The day had come when she would acknowledge such a disgusting presence? Her pride was bruised as she looked at her little sister Black.

"Don't shrink back. No one is a match for us. We will shatter Reidan as planned."

It wasn't a bluff. White's confidence was still perfect. She had never been defeated in battle when she joined forces with her sister, Black.

"Yes, Sister. Let's fight."

They couldn't be hit by Grid again. They were still furious at the Ring of Absurdity being taken away. Black's grudge against Grid was unbearably large.

'Grid, I will take all your precious things.'

Black swallowed down the poison in his heart. The ability of an Illusionist had the ability to turn illusions into reality.

*Susuk.*

*Sususuk.*

The fields where the farmers of Reidan were working....

*Hwaruruk!*

It changed into a sea of fire. The illusion building ability of an Illusionist, which many people assumed with a legendary class, was no different from reality.

"Kuaaaaak!"

The farmers suffered burn damage from the fire that suddenly appeared.

"Ugh! W-What is this?"

The fields that gave peace and a feeling of rest to them was covered with flames? The angry farmers became confused and in the midst of their struggle, Black created a clone of herself. She made a beauty with a sensual body and brought it into reality. Then she equipped the clone with magic items and hid in the rear. It was the emergence of a fire magician that specialized in mass destruction.

"Fire Spear!"

*Kwa kwa kwa kwang!*

The strength of a user that even Euphemina found difficult to handle swept away the farmers of Reidan. The number of spells used was very low compared to when she had the Ring of Absurdity, but the opponents were too weak for her to feel any regret.

The storm of flames turned dozens of farmers into ashes.

“As expected from my sister!”

White smiled widely as she saw Black’s activities. The fat she burned while running to Reidan was slowly recovering. White chewed on a large piece of meat to speed up her fat recovery and became fat again. Then she swung her fists at the farmers.

*Kwaaaang!*

“Keok!”

The farmers White thought of as Overgeared members were actually users. In other words, the users caught by Piaro and acted as farmers were in great shock. The users were powerful enough to break through the desert and reach Reidan. They were at least level 200. But they were like specks of dust in front of the unidentified women.

‘What are their identities?’

‘How strong are they?’

A shield blocked White’s fist and the holder was thrown back 80 meters. White leapt towards the tanker whose shield was distorted. She used her bloated belly to attack.

*Peeeeeeong!*

"Hup....!"

The farmer crushed by White’s belly rolled around and was swallowed up by flames. Silence fell as the user turned to grey. The Black and White sisters. The absolute strength of the unofficial rankers overwhelmed Reidan’s farmers and filled them with despair.

“Shit.... Why do we have to suffer like this?”

The users started to lament. They didn’t have a relationship with Overgeared, so why

should they sacrifice themselves to protect Reidan? They grumbled about the situation. They were reprimanded by other users.

"Don't forget everything you have received from Piaro's hidden quests. You should at least reciprocate."

"Isn't your pride hurt when you see the fields being ruined?"

"Think of the Reidan residents who bring us snacks every day. We can't let those monsters kill them."

"...Indeed."

The grumbling users felt a sense of solidarity. Who were they? People caught by a mad farmer and forced to become serfs? That was just the outer appearance. They were reborn as farmers. The farming they learned from Piaro wasn't ordinary farming. Their physical abilities and skills with their weapons had greatly increased. Now was the time to prove their power.

"Let's fight together!"

"Think about Piaro's teachings! Remember the action when wielding the hand plow!"

"Waaahhhhhhhh!"

"...!"

White's eyes became larger. She was confused that the moral of the enemies didn't decrease at all.

'Ridiculous people!'

Their courage was doubled, instead of feeling despair and frustration?

*Kwaduduk!*

"This is funny!"

White would rather die than be ignored. In particular, she couldn't tolerate men making fun of her. White was filled with anger and burned the fat she accumulated.

*Chiik.*

*Chiiiik!*

A haze of heat rose from White's body and White became thinner and more beautiful. At the same time.

*Peeng!*

White's fist contained the burned fat as energy and attacked the farmers. It was a fist that was several times smaller than before, but the power and speed were much higher.

*Kwajajajak!*

"Kuock!"

"Ack!"

The farmers fell one by one as White swung her fist. It was a sharp and destructive blow that pierced their armor. The players stiffened at White's true skills and White made a satisfied expression.

"Yes, my strength deserves reverence. It isn't something for you to make fun of."

She might've been defeated by the farmer called Piaro but she was the strongest user. Kraugel? How funny. Her skills were several times higher. Basically, women were better than men! Then the voice of a child entered White's ears.

"Who is that sister?"

"Huh?"

A childlike voice was heard in the middle of a fight? White was confused and turned her eyes in the direction of the voice. Then she couldn't help smiling.

'Cute!'

'Too cute!'

There was a young boy with black hair, deep blue eyes, and white skin. The boy approaching the fields was very cute despite being male. His cheeks were soft and his eyes shone like jewels.

“What? Why is a kid in a place like this?”

White and Black had been neglected and discriminated against by men because of their appearance and body. They hated men very much, but they couldn't hate a child. They were afraid of the child being hurt and stopped attacking the farmer.

“Young Nobleman Lord~~~”

"Why are you running away alone?"

“...”

There were 200 beautiful girls. They rushed to the young child named Lord and clung to him like they were his lovers. The faces of White and Black distorted in a frightening manner.

“A person this young is already flirting!”

"A man shouldn't do this! All men are wolves! Wolves!"

They didn't want to see it. They could see what type of man he would become once he grew older. But so what? It was worrisome to hurt a child, even if he was a NPC....

‘Eh?’

'Wait?'

White and Black shivered before they belatedly realized something. The title attached to Lord.

‘Young nobleman?’

That boy.

“Don't tell me.... Are you Grid's child?”

Satisfy was a virtual reality game where marriage and childbirth between a player and user was possible. Lord nodded at the question, showing a ridiculous thinking ability.

"Yes, the most wonderful Duke Grid is my father."

"....!"

White and Black were filled with joy. They were happy about finding Grid's hidden treasure.

'Kill him!'

'I like this! I will make tears fall from Grid's eyes!'

Black and White looked at each other and smiled.

"So I will punish these sisters."

Lord had a cold expression that didn't fit his age and pulled something out. It was a dagger. It was as sharp as a real knife. It wasn't something that should be held by a child.

'Why is a child carrying such a scary thing?'

White and Black's question was soon resolved.

"Why do you want to hurt my father's people? You have done something bad and need to be punished."

*Papat!*

At that moment. Lord's daggers were thrown at the ankles of White and Black. It was the manifestation of Lantier's Methods that Lord had learned. Lord was only level 40 due to the age level limit. However, the power of a legendary skill couldn't be ignored.

"Avoid it!"

Black and White saw the power of the dagger and hurriedly moved. No, they tried to move. Suddenly, shadows rose from the ground like living creatures and grabbed their ankles. It was the shadow method passed directly from Kasim, king of shadows.

“This monster!”

White and Black no longer saw Lord as a cute little boy. He was a monster in the shape of a child.

*Pahat!*

They barely managed to shake off the shadow and was about to launch a counterattack when a light flashed. It was Holy Light. A divine magic spell that only applied to evil beings. It didn't do any damage to White and Black, but that wasn't Lord's intention. It temporarily obstructed their vision.

“Ugh!”

Due to the intense light, White and Black reflexively closed their eyes while Lord rushed towards them. It was the secret technique that Kraugel used during his time as a white swordsman.

“Storm Sword.”

*Kwa kwa kwa kwang!*

“....!”

The eyes of the farmers watching the battle, as well as Black and White, twitched.



# Chapter 586

‘What in the world is that kid?’

Lord was a child around five years old. However, his language skills were better than his age, so he must be a pretty smart kid. Yes, this was the first impression. The reality? He was a monster who couldn’t just be called smart. He was a threat pretending to be a kid, who knew shadow skills, divine magic, and swordsmanship. In addition, this wasn’t the usual swordsmanship. The spectacular skill effect showed that it was at least a unique rated swordsmanship.

‘This monster....!’

*Toddle.*

*Dadadadada!*

Lord narrowed the distance by moving his short legs. A storm of energy emerged from his blade and aimed at White and Black. It felt as though they were looking at Kraugel’s swordsmanship. White judged that it was difficult to avoid it completely and made a different choice. Magicians had low health and low defense, so they used shields. On the other hand, White increased her defense and attacked.

‘How strong can a little kid be?’

In the first place, Lord’s weapon was just a little baby sword. White judged that the attack would be weak, despite the splendid skill effects. She believed she would overwhelm him in a face-to-face confrontation. But the result....

*Kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa!*

[The sharp Storm Sword has decreased your defense!]

[The level of the target who attacked you is unreasonably low. Most of the damage has been neutralized.]

[You have suffered 2,880 damage.]

‘What?’

White could change her stats based on her amount of body fat. Her basic defense was very high. As a top ranker, she had a variety of titles and even a unique rune. She had a great deal of pride in her ranking ability. However, she lost close to 3,000 health when hit by the sword of a five year old boy.

Of course, it wasn’t a big blow for White to lose 3,000 health when her total health exceeded 60,000. But when looking at the notification window, the difference between Lord and White was at least 200 levels. Taking into account the level difference, it wouldn’t be strange if the boy only dealt damage in the hundreds.

White was able to deduce an amazing fact.

‘This monster kid, isn’t the level of his skills and the stats ridiculously high compared to his level?’

There was something even more shocking.

‘He even avoided my attack?’

At this moment, White doubted her eyes. Lord attacked without any delay while using excellent footwork. It resembled White Light Steps. This was the footwork that represented Kraugel in his White Swordsman days. White’s fist had only hit the air.

“Kid! What’s your identity!?”

The kid’s iron sword looked trivial. But the sword was clearly powerful. Grid must’ve made it. Yes, the kid called Lord was overgeared. She was convinced up to here. But how could he used shadow techniques that only a master of shadows could acquire, and what was with the divine magic? And what about the swordsmanship and footwork that showed traces of Kraugel?

“How can he use such a splendid technique when he doesn’t even have his first class yet?”

The silent Black shouted angrily. An assumption crossed her mind.

‘Isn’t this kid a secret weapon that Grid is intentionally raising?’

She received information that Damian and Kraugel were at the scene of the great demon raid. Based on this fact, Damian and Kraugel were obviously good friends of Grid. Did the three of them cooperate to raise a human weapon?

‘The unlimited potential of named NPCs.... It’s theoretically possible to learn the best skills quickly if they’re trained from when they are a baby.’

The most powerful human weapon would be created!

‘Grid, you fearsome bastard!’

This was a game, but he was cruel for raising his own flesh and blood as a weapon. He might not shed even a drop of blood. Indeed, compared to women who had beautiful material instincts, the existence of a male was nothing but a piece of garbage.

“Yes.... You’re a truly miserable child. You have a trash parent and were raised as a weapon before you could even grow up.”

White showed compassion towards Lord. It was unfamiliar to Lord, who had always been raised with envious or pretty eyes. Lord made a confused sound.

"Trash?"

“....”

The little boy who didn’t even understand that word. It was true that Grid and Kraugel were great for raising such a skilled child, but it was also disgusting. White hated Grid and Kraugel as she aimed her fist at Lord.

“You’re destined to live an unhappy life. I’d rather kill you.”

*Kuduk!*

*Kudududuk!*

A thick vein of blood started to swell on White’s fist. The muscles of her thin arms

started growing. She turned fat into muscles.

“Peerless Mountain Seizing Strength!”

*Peeng!*

A power that could seize mountains and cover the world. White opened her real power.

*Kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa!*

Peerless Mountain Seizing Strength was amazing, as White’s stats increased and she would deal additional damage with every punch. Black scattered the flames she created with her illusions and divided the fields in two.

*Kurururung!*

"Oh."

Lord fell backwards at the wave of energy. His stamina and mana were at their limits due to the skills he previously used. Lord’s resources were depleted because he hadn’t yet fully grown.

"From here on, we will be your opponent!"

“Lord should rest!”

The 200 girls watching the struggle between Lord and White finally moved. They equipped swords, spears, or shields to protect Lord. White thought it was ridiculous.

"It is a group of kids?"

They would fall in one blow! White was confident.

“Let’s join forces!”

“Yes!”

*Kaaang!*

Hadn't they been training every day? The 200 girls skillfully blocked White's attack. 50 girls armed with shields blocked White's punch and her movements, while those armed with swords and spears attacked White.

'My punch was blocked?'

How could girls in their teens be so organized? White was confused. But she couldn't help feeling calm compared to when she was facing the five year old child. White didn't show any gaps as she moved quickly to avoid the attacks and counterattacked.

*Kwajak!*

*Jjejeong! Jjeejeeong!*

"Kyaaak!"

The Rebecca's Daughters candidates. After hard training at the Rebecca Church's secret temple, they were educated by Piaro and became very strong. They demonstrated a high growth rate as semi-named NPCs and already exceeded the average level of 200.

But White was one of the best players. The Rebecca's Daughters candidates weren't her match yet. This was despite the numerical advantage.

"Sisters....!"

Lord cried out when he saw them fall down bleeding. He learned from his mother that he should cherish women. He learned from his father to protect all those precious to him.

"Don't harass my sisters!"

Lord shouted as he barely managed to get up. The boy had the desire to kill for the first time in his life.

At that moment.

"An assassin showing killing intent. Didn't I repeatedly tell you that you should keep your composure in a desperate situation?"

A loud voice was heard from Lord's shadow. It was Kasim's voice.

"Master!"

Lord, who had been trying to attack White, regained his composure in a flash. He shut his mouth and endured as Kasim asked him.

"What choice should you make now that you're about to lose your precious ones?"

Lord answered without hesitation. "I should ask for Master's help!"

"Correct."

Stupid stubbornness wasn't needed. This choice was reasonable. In particular, Lord was in a position of power. The power he could wield wasn't just an individual's power.

Kasim was satisfied with the answer. Sharp eyes could be seen under black robes.



"Kyaaack!"

*Pepeng!*

*Pepepepeng!*

The girls couldn't withstand White's attacks and fell, only to be hit by Black's magic bombardment. White planned to instantly neutralize the girls. She would use a large-scale killing technique that required consuming a certain amount of visceral fat.

"I can't keep you alive to help Grid's future."

White smiled as she leapt high in the sky and inflated her fat. She was already familiar with slaughtering. She planned to smash all the girls in the range of her fist. But her plan couldn't be realized.

"What?"

White paled as she fell towards the ground with a bloated belly. Hundreds of black darts were created from shadows all over the ground and rushed towards her?

“Ugh....!”

It couldn't be compared to the shadows used by Lord. The confused White hurriedly returned her belly to its original state and avoided the darts. It was impossible to avoid all the darts due to the sheer number, but she was relatively safe due to the shield magic used by Black.

“What bastard....?”

Black urgently shouted towards White, who was searching the ground to find the caster of the shadow technique.

“Sister! Above you!”

“.....!!!”

White heard Black's cry and raised her head. The shadow darts that were avoided. They changed to the form of a spear in the air and then fell again.

‘This is nonsense!’

It was already amazing to create hundreds of shadow darts at one time, and now the shape was changed? The attack trajectory was even reset.

‘This is impossible!’

The utilization of these shadows was different from what White knew. It was almost at the level of a scam.

‘Is it a bugged user?’

The confused White hurriedly dropped to the ground and tried to shield her body using the Rebecca's Daughters candidates. But it was wishful thinking. The shadow spear was like a guided missile. They repeatedly moved around the bodies and aimed at White.

“Sister!”

A counter had to be found quickly. Black reconstructed her clone in order to save White from the shadow spears. Due to the battle, the shattered fields were turned into

a complete plains area, making it impossible for the shadow user to hide. Then White and Black saw the appearance of an unknown man. It was a tall man in deep robes.

“You!”

White and Black didn’t hesitate after finding the target. They ignored the bombardment of shadow spears and attacked the robed man. But their attacks didn’t hurt the man. It was because the summoned shadow soldiers completely protected the man.

“How dirty....!”

The shadow control ability was fast and perfect. It was strange. White knew only one person in the world who could handle shadows like this.

“Eh?”

White suddenly stiffened like a stone statue. It was because of the robed man’s identity.

“D-Don’t tell me....”

An assassin that could control all shadows in the world. Due to this great power, he earned the nickname of ‘king.’ Immediately after that.

“King of Shadows!”

"Kasim!!"

Why? Why was the famous King of Shadows in Reidan? The confused White’s eyes were shaking like crazy.

*Suuk.*

Then Kasim appeared behind Black. He used the shadows to cross the distance in a flash.

*Puok!*

Kasim’s blade stabbed Black’s heart.



“Cough!”

Black made a pained expression as blood and tears poured down, but White didn’t shake at all. It was because Black’s true body had already infiltrated Reidan safely.

# Chapter 587

*Swaaaaah.*

Kasim and White's eyes met as Black turned to grey. It was difficult for White to understand.

King of Shadows, Kasim. Why did the continent's strongest assassin serve Grid? She felt at a loss.

'Does he have any weaknesses?'

White was curious, but had no chance to resolve the question. It was because Kasim flew towards her.

*Kakakang!*

"Ugh....!"

It was like she was surrounded by hundreds of enemies. Kasim's ability to use the shadows that existed everywhere was a scam.

"....!"

White blocked the shadow knife that flew at her and then her eyes widened. Kasim moved through the shadows behind her and stabbed his knife.

'Too much!'

*Chaaeng!*

At the same time, White swung her fist as hard as possible at the knife. It was an exciting counterattack that failed to reach Kasim. Kasim once again moved through the shadows to avoid the attack. However, White didn't feel regret. It was sufficient that she managed to open up the distance. White gained a little bit of safety and chewed on a piece of meat. It was in order to accumulate fat.

‘What is with Reidan?’

There were still monsters, despite the main force of Overgeared being away. The power of Overgeared might be more than she imagined.

‘Che, I need to hold Kasim’s feet until Black succeeds in assassinating Irene.’

Could she hold on? He was a named NPC who created a lot of stories throughout the continent. White’s attitude was very careful as she calculated the odds of victory.

‘I was level 230 when rumors of the shadow assassin started spreading.’

It meant Kasim had his third advancement class when she was still at her second advancement. White was currently level 370. Considering the experienced required to level up and the growth rate of named NPCs, Kasim’s level was likely to be in the mid-400s. It was fortunate that the level difference wasn’t over 100.

‘A level difference of 60 or so can be overcome by the titles and rune effect. It would be a different story if Kasim achieved his fourth advancement class, but it’s hard to say if he has.’

The obvious problem was Kasim’s shadows. A shadow assassin had a great deal of defense and utility, unlike a normal assassin. They didn’t have any obvious weaknesses. White was merely a martial artist and had a lot of difficulty dealing with Kasim. But there was one hopeful fact.

‘A shadow assassin has weak attack power.’

A normal assassin had a high attack power and a weak body, while a shadow assassin was very stable, but had a low attack power. Black was easily killed by Kasim because of her class characteristics and her clone was a magician.

‘It’s possible to hold on until Black assassinates Irene.’

White thought of this and reduced her muscle mass while increasing her fat. It was to raise her defense in exchange for lowering her attack power and agility.

*Pepeng!*

*Pepepepeng!*

White didn't collapse despite the constant onslaught from Kasim. She gritted her teeth and persisted. Kasim confirmed that the shadow dagger didn't kill White and clicked his tongue.

'Too weak. The attack power is halved.'

There was no panacea in the world. White didn't know it, but Kasim had a weakness. His skills consumed too much mana. In other words, Kasim wasn't weak just when it came to attack power. He was also weak in combat duration. It wasn't good to have a long fight with White.

But Kasim didn't rush. No, to be precise, he couldn't be in a hurry. It was because he detected the muscles hidden deep in White's flesh.

'A strong woman. She will attack the moment I show a moment of weakness.'

He needed to be careful. In the first place, there was no need to be hasty. This was his lord's territory. Everyone was an ally except for White in front of him. Kasim controlled his heart and arranged his mana. Then he started to slowly pressure White. He couldn't know that White was happy with his choice.

'Kasim, it's easier to buy time because of your wariness.'

White barely refrained from laughing. She had no doubt that good news would arrive from Black and the ideal results would be obtained.

On the other hand, Lord was watching Kasim's movements. He wanted to learn from his master's fighting and become stronger. Why? He realized he needed strength to defend his precious people. Lord's eyes shone like lanterns as he watched Kasim fight. The profile of the young child was watched by the farmers of Reidan.

'This is Grid's son....'

'Is this a super grade NPC? Isn't he enormously gifted?'

'Right.... If he's already a monster, I can't imagine how great he will be afterwards.'

'....Should we stick with him?'

'Eh? There are too many talents in Overgeared and we won't stand up.'

'Let's not join Overgeared. We should just serve Lord. Look at the future. If we serve Lord, who will become a big character later on, won't we be famous as well?'

'Oh, that's a good idea?'

The supreme continental talent that captivated even a user's mind. They would become Lord's support in the future. They would emerge in the world and build up an independent power. It was the birth of the special Overgeared unit.

\*\*\*

[The summoned illusion has been damaged and has vanished.]

[20% experience has been lost.]

"Che."

The performance of the Illusionist that made illusions real was so great it could be called OP. Of course, there were also penalties. A small amount of experience was consumed every time an illusion was made and a large amount of experience was lost when it was destroyed by the enemy. In addition, the ability of the Illusionist fell significantly. It was a class with an obvious limit to levelling.

'I can't dream about reaching level 400.'

Black checked her experience gauge that had fallen sharply. She had currently succeeded in entering Reidan. Most of the troops were deployed elsewhere, leaving Reidan empty and with poor security. It was very difficult for the guards to find Black, who had an illusion around her.

'Where is Irene's bedroom?'

Black was frustrated as she moved through the castle as secretly as possible. She was worried about how long her sister White could last against the monster called Kasim.

'Eh?'

Black was trying to find Irene quickly when her face turned red. It was because she found a silver-haired woman in the garden of the outdoor terrace.

“...Really pretty.”

The silver-haired woman was so beautiful that Black was shocked. The woman didn't raise her head from the beautiful garden full of flowers. Her name was Irene. She was the innocent beauty who was the first love of many players until she became Grid's wife.

‘What a bright smile.’

A beautiful woman like her would have a different life from Black. She was always loved and enjoyed happiness.

‘There are no shadows in her heart.’

*Swaaah.*

Wind blew through Black's hair as she stood on the terrace and looked down at Irene. Black's thin face filled with hatred.

‘Does it make sense that a NPC will be happier than me?’

*Kwaduduk!*

Black had been abandoned at an orphanage with her sister White. She had never been loved by anyone from the moment she was born. She had been the subject of mockery and pity. Thus, she hated Irene. She couldn't accept such a radiant existence. She felt a sense of deprivation when she saw those who were full of happiness. She wanted to take away the happiness they felt.

“I'll kill her.”

Kill. Kill. Kill. Black's eyes were filled with madness as she looked at Irene. She laughed like a madman as she imagined herself with shiny silver hair. It was the precursor to Illusion Manifestation.

At that moment.

"Don't infect her with your misery."

Black heard the voice of a stranger. It was a male voice. It was filled with a chill that seemed to penetrate into her bones.

"W-Who?"

Black was surprised and turned to look at the dark corridor.

*Step. Step.*

Footsteps came closer from the direction the voice was heard. After a moment. Black confirmed the identity of the man who appeared from the darkness.

"F-Faker? You should be in Reinhardt!"

The evaluation for Faker was very high. Despite being a normal class user, he had a clear reputation. Of course, the White and Black sisters also appreciated Faker. His control skills and ability to perfectly utilize his class characteristics were reminiscent of Kraugel.

Strictly speaking, it was an inferior version of Kraugel. If Kraugel's stats were evaluated as S grade, Faker's stats were A+. Faker was well aware of this difference. He was a top ranker, but he wasn't one of the best rankers. He believed it was a problem of talent that couldn't be overcome with effort.

But Faker now abandoned that belief. He realized it during the Belial raid. If he didn't have a bigger greed, he would keep being a non-existent person.

"Black. A sun grade player."

The same grade as Grid and Kraugel. Fighting spirit filled Faker's eyes as he gazed at Black.

"I will break my limits by beating you."

He would climb up the cliff and eventually crush the sky beside him. He had to take a leaf from Grid's book. He couldn't give up. Thus, he declared.

"I will also reach for the sky."

*Chwaruruk!*

Faker's robe moved, attracting Black's attention for a moment. Faker didn't miss this opening. He immediately threw a dagger while narrowing the distance with Black.

*Chaaeng!*

'Fast!'

Black hurriedly summoned a warrior-type clone and gulped as she blocked Faker's attack. Unlike the famous high rankers, Faker had a normal class, but his attack was surprisingly powerful.

'This is nonsense! What's with these stats?'

Faker had a lot of time while protecting his colleagues backs at the hunting ground. He did his best in his position. Standing in the shadows, he swung his sword a few thousand times in order to make sure this time wasn't in vain.

*Chaaeng!*

*Chaeeeeeng!*

Silver light shone in the darkness as Black's clone went on the defensive.

Rebirth. A legend about a normal class was being written.



# Chapter 588

‘Just like a flying squirrel!’

An assassin’s counter class was a defensive warrior. It was a balanced warrior who could tie up the assassin’s fast feet with a determined charge, reduce the assassin’s strength with a high defense, and tear the assassin’s weak body with appropriate attack power.

Black was convinced. Her warrior clone would be able to easily overpower Faker. However, reality wasn’t that easy. Faker’s impressive movements took full advantage of his class characteristics and control skills. It was too hard to hit him.

*Wuuong.*

*Wuuong!*

The sword wielded by Black’s clone only swiped through empty air.

*Peeng!*

The warrior’s dash that immediately narrowed the distance to the target and suppressed them was also useless. Faker was able to see the timing and point of arrival of the dash by looking at the warrior’s preparatory movements before he used it. The warrior couldn’t catch Faker because it was avoided beforehand.

‘Another Kraugel?’

It was reminiscent to the movements of Kraugel, who wasn’t overpowered despite fighting one versus two against Black and her sister. Black made a decision.

‘First of all, the location is the problem.’

Reidan Castle’s 3rd floor hallway. The dark and narrow space was like a prison for a warrior. The sword couldn’t be wielded properly, halving the power and speed. The accuracy rate also dropped, as she failed to keep track of the assassin’s fast movements in the darkness. It was due to the narrowness of the place that Faker could read the

orbit of the charge.

On the other hand, Faker was like a fish who met water. He kicked off the walls and ceiling of the hallway, maximizing his speed and doubling the dazzling nature of his movements. He dominated this space. It was virtually impossible for the warrior's dull attacks to hit him.

'This can't continue.'

Black made a decision and ran towards the terrace. While her clone tied up Faker's feet, she planned to run to the garden to capture Irene and neutralize Faker. She overlooked one thing. This place was the middle of enemy territory.

"You can't go to my lady's side."

"Death to all invaders."

*Pak!*

*Pa pa pa pat!*

"What?"

Black was standing on the terrace railings, only to become surprised and lost her balance. She fell off the railing. 13 assassins suddenly popped out around her. They were assassins wearing robes with a silver dragon embroidered on them. There was a separate Overgeared assassins group? There was no information about it.

Black gritted her teeth.

"Who are all of you?"

What was the most stupid thing in the world? It was asking assassins questions. Assassins were secretive and reticent. Never try to talk with an assassin. But the assassins with the silver dragon embroidered robes were far from reticent.

"If you're curious about our identity, we will introduce ourselves."

"We are the Silver Dragon assassins, raised by Prince Ren to help him succeed the throne. The Daluka's Methods that we learnt were incredibly strong. We are the best

assassins of Eternal.”

“This isn’t the end. Recently, we became even stronger. Since serving Duke Grid, we have been trained directly by Kasim, king of shadows.”

"Now we are-"

"The overwhelming Silver Dragons-"

"The Overgeared Shadows group."

"We are loyalists who will devote ten of our lives to Overgeared."

“...”

Who was this explanation for? It was as if characters who appeared after a long time were appealing themselves to the readers.

*Syuok!*

*Syu syu syu syu syuk!*

The swords of the Silver Dragons flocked towards Black who was making an absurd expression. Indeed, they were terrible assassins. Their weapons moved quickly towards her weak points.

“Ugh!”

Although her level was much lower than White, Black was still level 330. But it wasn’t easy to endure the attacks from the Overgeared Shadows, whose levels were in the mid-200s. It was the fatal weakness of an Illusionist.

‘Cooperative attacks are too demanding.’

After being attacked successively by the Overgeared Shadows, Black suffered damage that couldn’t be ignored and made a choice. She made another illusion in exchange for a loss of experience.

*Sururuk.*

Dark smoke spread out from Black and it soon became a human form. It was Black's new clone. This time, it was a paladin. It had excellent tanking, healing, and buffing ability.

"Hee~ Brothers, will you have fun with me?"

It was a beautiful and cheerful clone, unlike the real Black. She smiled as she equipped a square shield and one-handed sword.

*Jjeejeeong!*

"...!"

The Overgeared Shadows were baffled at the new Black. The weight of the shield carried by Black's new clone was hard to bear with their daggers. Then stumbled and Black pushed them towards the corridor. Then the paladin used support magic on the warrior dealing with Faker.

"Round Heal."

*Swaaaaah!*

A round green circle was created on the ground underneath the warrior who had been ravaged by Faker's knife. It was Round Heal which restored the health of the target standing in the specified place.

"Eh...!"

The warm healing light wrapped around the warrior clone, whose face became rosy. It happened at the same time.

*Puooook!*

A silver taichi pierced the heart of the clone. It was a scene similar to the fangs of a beast biting its prey's neck. The strength was amazing.

[The summoned illusion has been damaged and has vanished.]

[20% experience has been lost.]

[Your level has dropped.]

[10 of your most recently invested points will be lost.]

"What?"

The first clone died while she was dealing with the assassins here?

"What is this?"

How could Faker's attacks be so overwhelming, when he had a normal class? Black couldn't comprehend Faker's power, which was twice as strong as she estimated. She thought he must've used a petty trick.

*Step.*

Faker entered the range of Round Heal with a calm expression, recovered his health, and replied.

"The power of items."

Was there a need for a long description? One of the means Faker chose to overcome the limitations of a normal class was items, which was natural as a member of Overgeared. Faker had always made best use of the items available from Grid. In particular, he became several times stronger since obtaining Kruger's Pants.

He might not be an opponent for Belial, but that wasn't because Faker was incompetent. There was an insurmountable level difference and Faker was also too busy protecting his colleagues that he failed to demonstrate his skills. Then what about now? Faker was able to freely jump higher than Black.

*Pahat!*

It was the increased agility and jumping ability attached to Kruger's Pants. The items made by former legends and current legends helped Faker's stats. Faker moved quickly using his agility and jumping abilities and was above Black's head in an

instant.

Black felt her own death.



[Your party member Black has died.]

"W-What?"

White doubted the notification window that appeared in front of her. Reidan was currently empty of Overgeared members. Who in Reidan could hurt Black?

"How? What is this?"

Everything went wrong the moment they stepped in the fields. The process and results were different from what she expected. This was the curse of the fields. White was reminded of the crazy farmer who killed her in Siren. Her forehead seemed to throb and she grabbed it.

"I can't go back like this."

Grid and Overgeared had a debt that must be paid back. She couldn't go back empty-handed after going all the way to Reidan and the sacrifice of her sister Black.

"You....!"

White looked at Lord in the distance. Grid's son was Overgeared's secret weapon. What if she killed the child raised by Grid and Kraugel? This would be true revenge.

"Kik! Kilkik! Hahahahahat!"

Her guilt was stimulated because she sacrificed her sister Black, who always suffered from severe stress due to difficult levelling. She laughed like she was insane and her body shook. She quickly burned her fat to turn it into muscles and approached Lord. She shot off using the instantaneous increase in acceleration.

"Young Nobleman Lord!"

“Avoid it!”

The 200 beautiful girls hurriedly rushed to protect Lord. However, White’s speed was at the maximum due to reducing her body fat as much as possible. She approached Lord much faster than the girls and smiled at him.

“Blame your father if you want. You’re going to die due to him!”

White stared at Lord with killing intent. Her killing intent was too harsh for a child. A common child Lord’s age would’ve cried or fainted. But Lord was going to be a legend. He wasn’t easily affected by abnormal states. Tears filled Lord’s eyes but he endured it as he stared straight at White.

“No! I don’t blame Father! My father is the best person in the world!”

How many times had his father been with Lord since he was born? It was small enough that Lord could count it. Yes, sometimes he felt lonely and sad. He wanted to be with his father like other children. He wanted to follow his father around and learn many things like the gardener’s son. Lord wondered how good it would be if his father was always with him.

But he never expressed his lonely heart to his father. Why? He knew that his father was always away for his family and people. Lord didn’t want to burden his father. His father was great. The mother who cared for him was great, and the father who suffered alone outside the family was also great.

Despite Lord’s father not being present to protect him right now, Lord didn’t blame him. He loved and respected his father forever.

"T-This little kid!"

Where did the faith in his eyes come from? It was strange. White felt an unpleasant feeling and punched out. It was a fist that had the power to break Lord’s head with a single blow. But she couldn’t hurt Lord.

"Greed."

White thought that Kasim couldn’t hurt her, but this was a big mistake. Kasim could kill White whenever he wanted.

*Ku kwa kwa kwa kwa! Ku kwa kwa kwa kwa!*

“H-Heok!”

It was the manifestation of ‘Greed,’ a technique that drew all the shadows to one point and swallowed everything around it. It was Kasim’s unique skill that he created by combining Daluka's Methods and Lantier’s Methods.

After a moment.

*Clang.*

All that remained in the place where White had been standing was a sparkling necklace.



# Chapter 589

‘She’s much stronger than I expected.’

The moment White was killed. Kasim gasped for breath. He was frightened because White had shown a persistent vitality, even when restrained by Greed. Kasim was worried. As Grid grew, his enemies also grew. Kasim was worried that Grid would someday suffer greatly.

‘I’m particularly worried about the solo number knights.’

The Red Knights of the Saharan Empire were by far the strongest armed forces on the continent. In particular, the solo number knights were evaluated as having the power to shatter a castle in one night. But their evaluation was wrong. Before meeting Grid, Kasim had spied on the empire in order to get revenge and discovered the truth.

Solo number knights. In particular, the power of the 1~7th knights were strong enough to overthrow a kingdom. In the first place, they were people chosen as substitutes for Piaro. Their natural talents and training environment were different from ordinary knights. They could be regarded as Piaro class.

Even Kasim, the king of shadows, was a weak presence in front of them.

‘The empire is an insurmountable mountain.’

Grid needed to grow faster and stronger. Kasim believed it. Grid would someday surpass the mountain that was the empire. No, he would completely destroy it. This wasn’t a vague belief, but a conviction based on Grid’s potential. Until that day, Kasim’s role was to protect everything belonging to Grid. It was to help Grid grow in comfort.

‘In order to do that, I need to be stronger.’

The difficulty was really high, but it seemed time to challenge the fourth advancement class that he’d been putting off.

“Huh? What’s that?”

While Kasim was locked in thought. Lord was looking at the necklace White dropped with interest.

Kasim laughed and explained, "Loot will occasionally drop after defeating enemies or monsters. It's compensation for the winner."

"Heh...."

Lord's eyes lit up. Kasim willingly handed the necklace that White dropped to Lord.

"This artifact reduces the rate of skill deployment. It's a rare treasure that would be seen as precious in the empire. Please keep it carefully and use it for your convenience."

Lord refused.

"N-No! Master is the one who fought those bad sisters! Not Lord, but Master!"

"You aren't acting as a cute kid." Kasim felt both admiration and regret that Lord was growing up much faster than his peers. "Please receive this. It's a reward since you always study so hard."

"Uh! I'm so happy."

This child was so pure. Kasim felt guilty when he saw Lord's happy tears.

'I'll have to give him more gifts so he can get used to it.'

In retrospect, Lord never even received a birthday cake. It was inevitable since Grid was always absent. How big was his father's vacancy? Kasim pledged to become a teacher that would fill this vacancy and smiled.

"I will give Father this necklace. I hope this necklace will always protect my father."

"You....you are very special."

If the Nero clan hadn't been destroyed by the empire.... Would he had lived a normal life and become a father of someone like Lord?

'Now that I think about it....'

There was too much blood on his hands. He dealt despair to countless people and didn't deserve to dream of happiness. Kasim bowed his head with a dark expression. Lord grabbed his rough hand and placed it on his cheek.

"Warm."

"..."



[Saintess Ruby has obtained extraordinary rewards in exchange for annihilating the soul of the great demon!]

[The Saintess class has grown to the unique rating. All skill levels will increase by two. Two new skills will be acquired when you reach level 300.]

[The Saintess' private weapon, the Wooden Staff, has grown to the unique rating. The enhancement value is reset.]

[The title 'Denial' has been acquired.]

[Denial]

Your divine power isn't obtained from believing in the gods. It is a unique power that is built up because of the people's worship.

In this world created by the gods, only you can deny god.

\* When fighting creatures made by gods (great demons, divine creatures, demigods, etc), all your stats will rise and your skill power will rise. You can give them eternal rest.

\* Your heals won't overlap with the heals of priests of other religions. When targeting the same person with a heal, only your heal is applied.

This was the content of the special reward obtained after the success of Saintess Ruby in the great demon raid. It was very encouraging that her class rating grew, but there was some ambiguity about the title effect. Ruby had a low understanding of the game

and asked her brother Grid about it.

“This title is a good thing, right?”

“Umm.... Increasing a Saintess’ stats and their rare offensive skills.... But it’s better than nothing. The rise in healing ability will increase the survival rate of raids.”

Grid felt it was lacking for a special reward obtained by destroying a great demon. In particular, the penalty was bad. Ruby’s heals would no longer overlap with the heals of other priests. It was unfortunate, since Overgeared’s future plans involved a large-scale Rebecca Church presence.

‘I need to abandon my plan to make Sehee head of the healer group.’

This was just a few hours ago. Grid couldn’t see the true value of the ‘Denial’ title. However, his thoughts changed after he came up with a plan to reconstruct Lifael’s Spear.

‘Can I use Sehee’s power to suppress the divine power of Goddess Rebecca?’

The problem was that Goddess Rebecca’s power was too strong. It was enough to eat at the user’s health. If the strong divine power could be denied by Sehee, the power of White Transformation would be halved and it would protect the user.

‘I will try it.’

The determined Grid immediately invited Sehee.



“A success!”

“Good!”

It was as Grid expected.

Once Sehee purified the goddess’ hair, the powerful divine power was greatly weakened.

[Goddess' Fluffy Hair]

Fine hair belonging to Rebecca, goddess of light.

It contains a divine power that can't be tolerated by humans, but the power has been halved by the Saintess.

Weight: 0

'As the divine power is weakened, the strength of Lifael's Spear will also weaken.'

This was a problem Grid needed to overcome with techniques.

"Sigh."

Grid took a deep breath and focused his spirit. He thought of all the items he had produced since becoming Pagma's Descendant.

'The skills and experience that I've accumulated isn't light. Now I'm able to transform Lifael's Spear into a more powerful and ideal form.'

*Flash!*

Grid raised his concentration like a sharp knife. He was confident that he could pull this off and had a desire to help Isabel. He pulled out the white phosphorus wood. He finally started the full-scale production. Isabel's heart pounded as she watched him.

'He's especially cool and manly when standing in front of a furnace.'

"...."

Isabel was looking at Grid like she was a shy woman. Damian's expression darkened as he saw it. Isabel's sweet heart, which couldn't forget her first love, was both lovely and bitter. When would she look at him?

'Maybe that day will never come....'

He resigned himself to it. Damian smiled bitterly and dropped his head, only to

become surprised. It was because Isabel suddenly grabbed his hand.

“I-Isabel-chan...?”

The trembling and warm Isabel’s hands made Damian’s heart beat faster. Isabel blushed and spoke to the dumbfounded Damian.

“If.... If Grid manages to free me from White Transformation.”

“....?”

“At that time, I want to accept Your Holiness’ heart.”

“Isabel....chan....”

In fact, Isabel had thought of Damian as a man with no care or consideration. He didn’t care about the other person’s position and kept expressing himself recklessly. This was an old story. Isabel came to know that despite Damian easily expressing his affection, the weight of his affection wasn’t light.

She watched what Damian did for her and how straight and confident he was when thinking of her. Isabel developed a great liking for Damian in the process of this realization. It was a love that went beyond her longing for Grid. The feeling she had for Damian was real love.

Nevertheless, she turned away from Damian’s heart. Why? It was due to White Transformation. The health that was consumed by Lifael’s Spear was always holding her back. She thought she would soon be dead and couldn’t accept Damian’s heart.

But now.

“Okay, should I begin?”

*Ttang! Ttang!*

There was a person sweating for her. Grid. He was someone who saved her many times from the moment they first met. If it was him, could he save her again this time?

*Kkuok.*

Isabel tightened her grip on Damian's hand. It was filled with a desire to not miss this opportunity.

'Please.... Please help me.'

She also wanted to feel happiness like an ordinary person. Isabel's ardent prayer reached Grid.

[Rebecca's Daughter Isabel is deifying you. Her faith in you is even more powerful and desperate than her faith in Goddess Rebecca. This isn't a distorted faith. It is a natural phenomenon that Goddess Rebecca can understand. You have avoided Goddess Rebecca's wrath.]

[If you have experience in making myth rated items, you deserve to be deified.]

[The title Glimpsed the Myths has been updated.]

[Glimpsed the Myths]

The minimum qualification to raise your class rating to 'Myth.'

[The special stat 'Deity' is opened!]

[Deity]

A holy dignity that can't be tolerated.

Every time this stat gains 10 points, you can gain a new power. The power acquired will depend on your personality.

"...."

What was this? Grid was confused and stopped hammering. Then he saw Isabel and made a warm smile. Isabel and Damian's heads were leaning against each other as they held hands tightly, looking like natural and sweet old lovers.

‘Damian’s efforts have gained fruit.’

Grid knew how much Damian loved Isabel. In addition, Grid had married Irene and had a child. He was different from those who evaluated friendship or love between NPCs and users as a mere outlet. He really supported Damian and Isabel’s love.

‘If you give birth to a daughter later, send her to my Lord.’

Satisfy’s roots. The roots of the bonds created by Grid were spreading widely. Chairman Lim Cheolho said, ‘I hope Satisfy will develop into another world rather than a simple game.’

[★Hidden Quest★ ‘For Isabel’s Sake’ has been acquired.]



# Chapter 590

[For Isabel's Sake]

## ★ Hidden Quest ★

Isabel's mission to defend the Rebecca Church at the expense of her own life is harsh.

It is a fate that can't be denied by the will and power of a human. Even Pope Damian can't save her.

But you are different.

Perfectly reconstruct Lifael's Spear and prove it.

Your blacksmithing ability is a mighty force that can destroy fate.

Reveal the absolute techniques that can't be tolerated and become qualified to become a myth beyond a legend.

Quest Clear Conditions: Weaken the divine power of Lifael's Spear and ensure Isabel's safety. However, Lifael's Spear must be stronger than the existing spear.

Quest Clear Rewards: Deity stat +1.

'I need to build up my deity stat in the long run.'

Hidden quests were absolutely correct. They gave rewards that weren't possible with normal quests. The reward of the hidden quest was a point in the deity stat. This meant that the deity stat couldn't be raised in an ordinary manner. It was like the good luck stat. The titles Kingdom's Hero and Savior of the World gave points to all stats, but they didn't have an effect on deity.

'It's natural.'

He wasn't expecting much in the first place. It was rather strange if it was easy to raise a stat that can obtain a special power every 10 points.

'Well, whatever.'

There was another headache. He needed to suppress the divine power of Lifael's Spear, but make the performance more powerful than before? It was a shameless quest. Think about it. The main reason for the power of Lifael's Spear was its mighty divine power. It was logically impossible to increase the spear's power while weakening the divine power.

But.

'I have to do it.'

Grid grumbled as always, but he didn't think about giving up. There wasn't any limit on the quest duration and he wanted to acquire a point in the new stat. Above all, Grid wanted to give happiness to Isabel.

'This is for the future of both Damian and Isabel. Don't be in a rush. Do it slowly and carefully.'

"..."

Grid stood in front of the furnace and thought intently. It seemed like a deeply sorrowful look. An artist who wasn't satisfied, the stubborn craftsman. The so-called years of experience.

'It's nice to just stand here.'

'The atmosphere isn't a joke.'

'I want to be like him someday.'

The blacksmiths of Reinhardt envied Grid. It was natural for blacksmiths to respect legendary blacksmiths.

"Hrmm."

Grid kept thinking.

'It's tough to raise the performance of the spear itself. What if I change the structure of the spear to a shape that fits Isabel?'

It was likely that Lifael's Spear would be more powerful than before, as the options were dedicated to Isabel.

'...No, this is one of the three major artifacts of a religion. I don't think it can be dedicated to just one person. Think about it.'

Grid first took a normal approach. After considering the basic methods of raising the spear's power, he planned to reconstruct the spear. But it wasn't easy. After restraining the power of the goddess, it was virtually impossible to make Lifael's Spear stronger with ordinary methods.

'Wait.'

The sun had gone down and the moon rose. Grid's eyes sharpened as he stared at the furnace.

'What about a change in the materials?'

Adamantium was one of the best minerals. This was why Grid perceived the materials of Lifael's Spear to be perfect. He wasn't willing to add another material to Lifael's Spear, which consisted only of adamantium. But looking back, didn't he had materials equal to adamantium?

'Belial's bones and horns!'

Adamantium was a 'mineral' that naturally grew in the god realm. But it was like a lower-grade material when compared to the body of a great demon. A dark smile appeared on Grid's face.

'If I make the spear with Belial's bones, the power will be maximized.'

Why didn't he think of such a simple idea? Braham poured cold water on the cheering Grid.

'Will you mix the bones of a filthy demon with Goddess Rebecca? Kuk kuk, it's fun, but won't it hurt the Rebecca Church?'

“....Ah.”

It was unacceptable to use the body parts of a depraved being for a divine weapon. Grid belatedly realized and got a headache.

‘It isn’t a simple matter.’

Braham gave advice to the disappointed Grid.

‘Why don’t you try magic?’

‘....?’

‘Attach magic to Lifael’s Spear. If your goal is to increase the power of the spear, wouldn’t it be simple and effective to use magic?’

Indeed, it was a simple answer. But it wasn’t feasible.

“How can I do that?”

Three steps were required to create a magic item. First, it was to imprint the magic power recovery formula so that the item could produce magic power on its own. Second, mark the item with a magic spell. Thirdly, insert the magic spell on the engraved mark.

It seemed simple, but was a very difficult task. Even the so-called great magicians couldn’t easily create magic items. It wasn’t an area for Grid, who was a blacksmith. Braham spoke proudly to Grid.

‘I will teach you how to make magic items.’

“Ah!!”

Grid was reminded of something. Who were the ones who created the strongest mineral pavranium? They were Braham and Pagma. The legendary great magician Braham was likely to know how to create magic battle gear. Grid’s eyes lit up.

“You will really teach me? I can create magic battle gear?”

As long as Grid had the ability to make magic battle gear, the type of items he could

make in the future would increase significantly. It wasn't an exaggeration to say that the value was astronomical. Braham replied positively to Grid who had high expectations.

'The making of magic battle gear was something that Pagma could do. You can do it with your skills.'

"R-Really? Then why didn't you tell me about it sooner?"

'You have the potential to produce magic weapons because you destroyed Great Demon Belial and your intelligence increased from the reward. Until then, you were so ignorant that there was no hope.'

"..."

He praised the Savior of the World title. At that moment, a notification window appeared in front of Grid.

[One of Pagma's Descendant's hidden pieces 'Sealed Ability' has been acquired.]

[You can acquire 'Magic Battle Gear Production Method' by clearing the quest.]

[A new quest has been created.]

[Production Training]

Difficulty: SSS

The making of magic battle gear was originally just for magicians.

But in the past, the legendary blacksmith Pagma created his own unique method of making magic battle gear thanks to Braham's help.

You can also learn from Braham how to make magic battle gear.

Quest Clear Conditions: Achieve what Braham demands.

Quest Clear Reward: Magic Battle Gear Production Method Lv. 1.

"Braham, you...."

He did so much, only to be abandoned by Pagma later on. Grid felt compassion and then Braham spoke.

'Don't betray me.'

"...."

The impact of being betrayed by a friend was very huge on Braham. If Grid was in Braham's position, he wouldn't trust a human again. Nevertheless, Braham showed a steady trust in Grid. What was the reason? Grid couldn't help asking.

"Braham, why do you like me?"

Braham shouted angrily. 'W-What!? W-Who likes you?'

Braham denied it, but he felt favorable towards Grid and was a lot of help. Why? It was because Grid's nature was different from Pagma. Unlike Pagma, who betrayed his friends for his cause, Grid was a person who cherished every friend. Braham had been expelled from the world of vampires and his personality gradually changed over hundreds of years. He also wanted to be important to someone.

'Che.'

Why was his heart weakening? It was from the time when Mumud was his disciple. Braham was jealous of Mumud's talents, intercepted his achievements, and made up his mind to erase Mumud from the world. However, Braham couldn't kill Mumud. Later, Mumud was busy trying to cure his illness.

'....'

Mumud. The innocent smile of a man who was more lovable and naive than anyone else.

Grid prompted Braham. "What are you doing? Quickly teach me the Magic Battle Gear Production Method."

'Right. Start with learning how to forge metal with Magic Missile.'

"....?"

'Do it 10,000 times. You need to hit the metal with Magic Missile that number of times.'

"?????"

Couldn't it be a bit easier? Grid didn't understand why he had to suffer every time.



Lauel faced himself in front of a full-length mirror.

"Lauel, you know that you are perfect in every way."

His talent had already transcended the human realm and was enough to earn the jealousy of the gods. Ah, perhaps that was why?

"....I'm under a terrible curse."

It was a curse that his military talent was merely at this level.

"Lauel, you are not qualified to lead the army."

Lauel had a strategy to quickly end the war by targeting Reinhardt's weakness. It was a great strategy to make sure all the members of his team did their best, but Lauel felt that he was lacking.

'I can't cope with variables flexibly and can't handle a war that changes in real time. Someday, I will make a big mistake and cause the army to fall into a crisis.'

His role was the chief of staff, not a general. He needed a talented person who was cool and charismatic, while having excellent skills. Piaro and Asmophel? They were lacking. They were able to win battles, but weren't wise enough to win a war.

'Of course, it might be different if Asmophel grows further.'

Was there someone who could take over Asmophel's role until Asmophel's talent fully blossomed? Lauel's face was ugly as he thought for a long time.

“...N-No one?”

Overgeared Guild. He couldn't deny that they had the best talents, but most of these talents were biased towards individual force. Lael felt desperate.

“Kukuk.... It can't be helped. I need to secure new talent from outside.”

How? The method was obvious. Recently, the honor and authority of Overgeared was tremendous. At this moment, many people were working hard out of a desire to join Overgeared. Lael planned to use this.

"Toban, hold a large-scale tryout for Overgeared. Preach my will to the world right now. I will wait for those who will gain the honor of sharing my destiny.”

“Ah.... In other words, advertise a job availability around the world?”

“ ...”

There were no romantics in Overgeared. Lael was depressed.



# Chapter 591

On the outskirts of Innsbruck, Austria.

If a person walked along the mountain path, they would see an old castle. It was a castle by a transparent lake. It was beautiful enough to capture the gaze of passing birds. But why did it feel so dreary?

*Swaaah.*

The wind blew through the fields. There were no signs of life.



A 100 pyeong room that didn't have any furniture or decorations. There was only one capsule placed in this room.

"Luna...."

The man sleeping in the capsule seemed to be having a terrible nightmare. The dyed green hair was wet from tears, and the haggard face was distorted with pain and sorrow.

"Luna....!"

The troubled man who repeatedly called out one name was none other than Agnus. He gave a loud scream and raised his body.

"Pant.... Pant...."

He couldn't see his lover, no matter how hard he looked around the desolate castle. The awful reality cooled Agnus' cold head and blood.

"Luna...."

Agnus got up and moved to the window, his golden eyes staring at the lake. The landscape of the castle was reflected on the lake. He always felt warm when he saw

this scene with her, but now it was the opposite.

"...The landscape that you wanted to see every morning."

He had accumulated wealth. It was an immense wealth that allowed him to buy a whole castle. But he was alone. There was no one but him in this huge castle.

*Kkuok.*

Agnus barely suppressed his tears. His lover Luna had to face a terrible end because of his incompetence. Agnus wanted to kill himself every time he thought about the past. He resented that he couldn't turn back time.

"I... I want to meet you again."

*Stagger.*

Agnus' powerless steps headed back to the capsule. Then he connected to another world, Satisfy. It was to achieve a desire that couldn't be fulfilled in reality.



"Shit! Dammit!"

"..."

Black and White attacked Reidan but died, suffering enormous losses. They were filled with poison as they reunited at the resurrection point. White cursed while Black screamed inwardly. Their fury towards Overgeared pierced the sky.

'What type of person is Grid? How did he get so many excellent NPCs?'

'Faker.... A normal class dares....'

White wanted to run back to Reidan right now. This time, she would achieve her desire. Unfortunately, the opponent was too strong. She couldn't dream of revenge. Did this make sense? They should feel fear when fighting Kraugel or Grid, not Grid's subordinates!

A gentle voice entered the ears of the trembling sisters.

“It will be hard for you to confront Overgeared with your strength. It is safe to say that Overgeared’s current power is a match for the Ares army.”

“....!”

Who was at the resurrection point? The sisters’ eyes sharpened as they stared warily in the direction of the voice. Then they were surprised as they saw the owner of the voice. It was a white-haired young man beautiful enough to be a woman, Veradin.

"Captain of the hyenas? Why are you here?"

Hyena. It was a derogatory term for necromancers. A necromancer could manipulate the corpses of others. They were called hyenas because they had a habit of looking for dead bodies on the battlefield. The reason why the sisters called Veradin the captain of the hyenas was simple.

Veradin was the top ranked necromancer.

‘The one who was called the best genius along with Lauel in the 10 Rookies.’

‘Unlike Lauel, he’s been acting quietly. Why did he approach us?’

There must be a big picture. Veradin extended a hand to the sisters.

“If you want revenge on Overgeared, why don’t you join us?”

“Hah....!”

White laughed. It was ridiculous.

“Join the White Wolf Guild? You want us to join the guild led by someone weaker? Do you not understand your targets? In the first place, how can you help us?”

It was a violent reaction, but Veradin wasn’t offended. The White Wolf was a guild in the top 200 of the guild rankings. However, Veradin acknowledge it wasn’t enough to recruit such big people like the White and Black sisters.

“Please don’t misunderstand. I’m trying to recruit you into Immortal, not my guild.”

“Immortal?”

It was a big name.

"The organization of necromancers?"

The sisters laughed but then Veradin spoke amazing words.

"Immortal is a secret organization that serves Agnus."

"A-Agnus?"

The weight of Agnus' name was enormous. Agnus, along with Kraugel and Ares, had a powerful force and a unique madness. Even the worst dark gamer group, Blood Carnival, avoided Agnus. None of them wanted to provoke Agnus and they were always wary of him.

But so far, Agnus didn't have much influence on the power structure. It was because Agnus was always alone, just like Kraugel. Now Veradin claimed otherwise. Agnus also had a force behind him.

"Wait a minute. Isn't it too dangerous to give power to that crazy guy?"

"He smashes a city every time he's bored...."

"..."

Veradin felt bitter that even the sisters, who weren't classified as normal, perceived Agnus as the biggest madman. Veradin laughed and shook his head. "Unlike what you think, Agnus has a surprisingly cool mind. He doesn't do mass murder unless his feelings are disturbed."

"..."

In other words, he would commit mass murder if he was in a bad mood. Veradin once again made an offer.

"Come to Immortal. If you're with Agnus, you don't have to be afraid of Overgeared."

"..."

It made a lot of sense. Agnus' presence was that big. In particular, there was Agnus'

Death Knight Transformation. It might be temporary, but he could become the strongest undead knight that didn't have to fear death.

'If we're with a person like that....'

'We will gain wings on our back.'

However, it was difficult to change forces so easily. They had to look at the conditions.

"What is Immortal's purpose?"

"It's to make Agnus the king of the living and the dead. The goal is to dominate the whole continent in the future by setting up a kingdom where undead and users coexist."

"...Interesting. It would be incredibly strong if you can create an undead army at the level of a kingdom."

"But won't there be annoying activities if we join? We're in Blood Carnival because we're guaranteed freedom."

"Of course, you will also get freedom in Immortal. However, please be aware that Overgeared and the Ares army are our enemies. If there's an armed conflict with the two forces, you will have to fight."

"..."

The conditions weren't bad for White and Black. Not only were they guaranteed freedom, they liked the fact that they were definitely opposed to Overgeared.

'I'm wary about being hostile to Ares, but....'

'Won't we be invincible if our strength is combined with Agnus' undead army?'

Their worries didn't last long. They felt reassured when thinking about Agnus.

"Okay. Then we will withdraw from Blood Carnival."

Veradin shook his head at the Black and White sisters.

"No, on the surface, you should stay in Blood Carnival. Just like I am staying in White Wolf."

"You aren't announcing to the world that there is an organization called Immortal yet?"

"Yes, more than anything else, I'm curious. The master hidden behind Blood Carnival. What is his identity?"

"Ha, we also want to know that."

The White and Black sisters scoffed, but didn't express any complaints. They were also curious about the master's identity.



The stronghold of Blood Carnival located deep inside the Dravian Mountains. One person spent most of his time in the previous nest of the light dragon Nevartan. Blood Carnival's master, a.k.a 'Dark.' Only the three founding members of Blood Carnival knew the identity of the hidden master.

'It's annoying that the White and Black sisters are silent.'

The sisters had attacked Reidan and failed. Based on their original nature, it wouldn't be strange if they rushed to him right now. The Blood Carnival members gathered for the benefits of the individuals, so it was impossible for him to send forces to help.

However, they were silent and this didn't make him feel good. He thought about this and sent a whisper to Viola, one of the founding members of Blood Carnival.

*-Have you found any named NPCs on the level of Piaro?*

*-I have roamed several kingdoms with the kids and haven't seen a talented NPC. It's the first time I've discovered that an independent NPC is so precious.*

*-Everyone is greedy for talents. Hrmm.... Maybe it is wiser to train one ourselves.*

*-Train a named NPC? How?*

*-Viola, have you seen the Bairan war video? One soldier was helping Grid covertly on the*

*battlefield. Maybe Grid didn't look for named NPCs from the beginning. He might've systematically trained an ordinary NPC and evolved them into a named NPC.*

*-Is that possible?*

*-We need to figure out if it's possible or not. If you see a roughly gifted NPC, secure them. We will place them in the dungeon and raise their level.*

*-U-Understood.*

Viola was dubious, but followed Dark's command. Her confidence in Dark was this deep. After passing on the order to Viola.

"I should keep it faithful to the owner."

Dark made a pleased expression and moved to a secret passage hidden behind a curtain. He descended the stairs and saw a complex maze. The creator of this maze?

"Let's work hard today."

It was none other than Dark.

*Kaaang! Kaaang!*

A dungeon with a terrible difficulty was created by Dark's hand that was holding a pickaxe. It was the emergence of a new hidden class, Dungeon Maker.

This would later be a great gift for Grid and Overgeared....

# Chapter 592

A Dungeon Maker could build dungeons underground, in caves, inside buildings, etc.

The rating of the constructed dungeon varied according to the location, design, and scale. The higher the rating of the dungeon, the greater the number of traps and monsters that could be placed. Therefore, the rank of the dungeon was a factor that directly contributed to the difficulty.

[The third section of the 'Beware Dogs' dungeon has been completed.]

[The third section is structurally capable of placing 8 traps and 193 monsters. However, you can't place flying-type monsters.]

[This is a unique-rated dungeon. As a bonus, experience has increased by 10% and all stats have increased by 6.]

[Every time someone destroys a trap or hunts a monster, you will share some of their experience. You can acquire a certain amount of gold and building materials every time someone acquires items. If a dungeon explorer dies during the dungeon, you will receive various special rewards.]

The dungeon 'Beware Dogs' built in the Dravian Mountains by Dark was his masterpiece. It was a structure that thoroughly blocked intruders to protect 'it,' which would someday become its master. Of course, dungeons built by Dark weren't always used for this purpose.

Dungeons were a highly utilized space. Dark sometimes produced dungeons that trained his allies or were easy to attack for his own benefits. Often, he created special dungeons such as a ghost house and charged for admission, creating a tourist attraction.

In any case, Dark didn't doubt that Beware Dogs would fully protect him as he



intended. But there was still a long time left until it was finished. The production time and cost for the dungeon was too big. In particular, money. More money was needed.

‘Should I raise the commission cost for Blood Carnival?’

No, he couldn’t be too greedy. Competitors in the same industry had been on the rise in recent years, so he had to be nervous.

‘There are too many bad guys in the world.’

In the shadowy parts of the world, he could see all of them. There were those who harmed others casually, those who killed people for a reason, etc.

*Kaaang! Kaaang!*

*Puok! Puk.*

*Suksak.*

He repeatedly knocked down walls with a pickaxe, dug with a shovel, and built new walls with bricks. Dark was deeply involved in the creation of the dungeon when he felt skeptical.

‘What is this feeling? I have a hidden class, but have to do hard labor every day?’

He looked at the pickaxe and shovel he never touched in reality and was appalled.

“Sigh.... Still, I’m glad because it’s a class that can earn me many rewards.”

Dark sighed deeply. He was a lot like someone. That someone was naturally....

“Magic Missile! Magic Missile! Magic Missile! Magic.... Oh! Hey, this #@\$%~!”

Grid.

Grid used Magic Missile for hours on the iron ore placed on the anvil. He already emptied a few mana potions in his mouth and asked Braham again for confirmation.

“Is this real? Can I really learn the Magic Battle Gear Production Method by repeating this?”

Braham replied to the desperate looking Grid.

‘That’s right. After hitting the iron ore 10,000 times, you need to hit the jaffa ore 10,000 times and then orichalcum 10,000.... If you continue this process, you will eventually strike adamantium and bloodstone 10,000 times and you will be qualified to learn the Magic Battle Gear Production Method.’

“Eh....??”

It wasn’t just iron ore? Grid doubted his ears but didn’t forget to use Magic Missile. Then a notification window appeared.

[Your intelligence has increased by 1.]

[Your magic accuracy has increased by 0.01%.]

“Ohhh!”

It was fortunate that his stats increased from labor. He was particularly pleased that his intelligence stat was increasing.

‘....’

Grid had just been cursing and now he was as happy as a child. Braham thought it was absurd.

‘There’s such a simple person in this world?’

He wasn’t disparaging this simplicity. Braham thought that Grid’s talent came from this simplicity.

‘In particular, his simple personality plays a big part when he focuses on repetitive work.’

A huge smile. Grid was happy at the sight of his rising stats and Braham whispered to him.

‘Please note that you can learn new magic if your intelligence increases a bit more.’

“R-Really? Okay! Magic Missile! Magic Missile!”

*Teong! Teong!*

[Your intelligence has increased by 1.]

[Your magic accuracy has increased by 0.01%.]

[Magic Mastery has increased by Lv. 5 to Lv. 6.]

There was compensation. Labor was always right. It didn’t matter if it was hard.

“Pant pant! Magic Missile! Pant pant! Magic Missile! Magic Missile!”

Grid’s satisfaction rose. His enthusiasm rose from the increasing stats and he continued to hit the iron ore with Magic Missile. At first, the iron ore was damaged or penetrated by Grid’s Magic Missile, but now it was become firmer every time. It was the process of training his magic.



Minor. He had been serving Grid since he was a 13 year old boy. Now the talent forcefully obtained by Grid in Bairan had turned 18 years old. What had he been doing for the past five years? He was exploring all over the continent for new and better quality minerals. It was very difficult. It had been difficult to find new minerals during his stay in Reidan.

But the power of education was terrible! His qualities had blossomed due to Grid forcing him to study, and at this moment, he found new minerals. The Dravian Mountains. It was renowned for being the nest of Light Dragon Nevartan.

‘This is really....!’ I feel the aura of a new mineral!’

Now he had good news to tell Duke Grid.

‘No, he isn’t a duke, but a king.’

Minor originally disliked Grid. Minor’s pride was high in the sky because he was such a unique genius and he thought it was shameful to serve only a duke. Minor thought that only the emperor of the Saharan Empire was qualified to become his master.

But his thoughts had changed recently. Despite being a commoner like Minor, Grid became a great nobleman and was even qualified to become the king of a nation. Minor’s impression of Grid changed a lot.

‘This is a person I can serve.’

Minor was determined to serve Grid in the future. He would perform faithfully under Grid and learn a lot.

‘Huhuhu.... Then one day I will become a noble and a king.’

From now on, his goal was to become the second Grid. Minor felt resolved and pulled a pickaxe out of his bag. He planned to maximize his achievements by taking the newly discovered mineral directly to Grid. Grid utilized Minor as a minerals detector, but he liked mining more.

Minor, who was as greedy as Grid and as self-conscious as Lauel, started climbing the Dravian Mountains. He had developed great mobility skills and raised his strength, stamina, and persistence while exploring the continent for the past several years.



“Magic Missile! Magic Missile! Magic Missile!”

The average time it took to use Magic Missile (Enhanced) Lv. 3 was 1.5 seconds. The cooldown time was less than one second, but this calculation was when it was used repeatedly due to the very short activation time. It consumed 420 mana for one. Thanks to various titles and items, his total intelligence was over 1,900 and his mana was 12,000.

Calculating it simply, Grid’s mana was depleted when Magic Missile was used without rest for 40 seconds. There were limits, even if he took a mana potion. There was a waiting time for the potion reuse time. In other words, it was theoretically impossible

for Grid to launch Magic Missile for dozens of minutes.

Yet Grid had already used Magic Missile for over four hours. It was due to the Ring of Absurdity that reduced the consumption of resources by 50%.

‘This game is truly about items.’

Grid realized the undeniable truth again and smiled with delight. The moment the 10,000th Magic Missile hit the iron ore.

[You have learned the Iron Ore Magic Training method.]

[In the future, you can train the iron ore with various attack spells. The power and skill of the magic you use will determine the speed of the iron ore training.]

[The magically tempered minerals have a lower durability than traditionally handled minerals, but there is a possibility that special magic options will be attached. The types of options depends on the magic you use to temper it.]

“Oh....! Ohh!!”

Grid’s joy pierced the sky after repeating the same thing for 4 hours and 10 minutes. Braham urged Grid as he was checking the rewards.

‘Wouldn’t it be better to keep using Magic Missile? Next is the jaffa ore.’

Perhaps Braham wasn’t aware of his own emotions. Braham’s voice also sounded excited and Grid laughed.

‘I want to see the magic battle gear that you can create quickly.’

Iron ore, jaffa, mithril, orihalcum, black iron ore, blue orichalcum, and finally adamantium and bloodstone. Grid had to strike at least 19 types of metals 10,000 times and it would take at least a week. Of course, this included the stamina recovery time and Satisfy connection time limit.

The same process needed to be repeated for a week or more. It would be terrible and disgusting for another person. But it wasn't a big deal for Grid. Grid wasn't frustrated because it merely required patience, not talent. Not giving up was Grid's specialty.

[The long term magic use has slowed magic recovery speed and the mana deployment speed.]

[You are tired. Stamina is consumed more quickly. You have resisted.]

'It might take 10 days instead of a week.'

The system started to interfere. But Grid's expression didn't change at all. He had perfectly adapted to this training.

'Isabel, wait a little longer. I will surely give you the best spear.'

There was no anxiety. Grid's expression was calm as he started striking the jaffa ore with Magic Missile. Only those waiting by the side were nervous.

'How long is he going to repeat the same thing?'

'Isn't he bored? I'm dying of boredom just watching....'

'Uhh, my body is tired standing next to him. I am sore.'

'Please go and take a rest....'

Reinhardt's blacksmiths started to be afraid of Grid's obsession. On the other hand, Damian and Isabel looked at Grid like he was a role model. They thought that Grid's spirit was uncommon in this world.

"Magic Missile!"

*Jeeong!*

White flashes occurred in the smithy through the night. Lael smiled at the sight from

the distant walls.

“This light is the glorious future that will lead this kingdom. Hut....!”

The cool wind blew in the pleasant night.

# Chapter 593

While Grid was learning the Magic Battle Gear Production Method.

The Overgeared members were scattered all over and performing their own duties. They encouraged and helped the people greatly damaged by the war and repaired Reinhardt, Patrian, and Bairan. The person who played the biggest role in this process wasn't the high rankers like Jishuka, Yura, Regas, or Pon. It was surprisingly Grid's sister, Ruby.

Ruby's overwhelming healing power and benevolent spirit helped to heal and encourage the wounded bodies and minds of the people and soldiers.

"Thank you! I really appreciate it! My friends and family are able to regain their health thanks to Saintess Ruby!"

"I thought I would spend my whole life like this, but I'm able to walk thanks to the Saintess. I will thank the Saintess for the rest of my life and live well."

"Ah! Saintess Ruby is Grid's sister? How could there be two such wonderful siblings?"

The people's love and respect for Ruby grew further. In accordance, Ruby's sphere of influence was naturally expanded. It was right below Grid's. Lael thoroughly took advantage of this.

"We will increase the speed of the recovery operation. Let the people and soldiers work more. If Ruby goes and preaches the necessity of labor, the people will be willing to work harder."

"Aren't the people already working all the time except for when they're eating and sleeping? No way. They'll collapse."

"Ruby, can't you heal them if they fall?"

Perfect infinite power! The value of the Saintess' wide-area healing ability was great. Lael really liked Ruby, who created an environment where the people and soldiers could be overworked. Ruby didn't like Lael's words.



"A bad person."

"You can condemn me, but I'm proud of myself. My decision is solely for the growth of Grid and Overgeared. I don't think I'm wrong."

"Hmph, I have nothing to say to you."

Ruby turned around, going to the people and soldiers to ask them for more harsh labor. Ruby was also a member of Overgeared and couldn't disobey Lael's orders.

"I'll take good care of you so that you don't get hurt."

Ruby promised the people.

A smile appeared on Lael's face.

"Unlike Grid, she has a cute side...."

*Duguen!*

The feelings deeply sealed in his heart were moving.

'What? What is this hot flame moving through my heart?'

Lael didn't know, but it was love. The late first love of the 22 year old Lael began.



"What? Lael ordered the troops to gather in Reidan?"

"Yes, because it's at the border of the Saharan Empire and must be thoroughly defended."

"Why did he make such a decision? Shouldn't we be paying attention to the remnants of the Eternal Kingdom, not the Saharan Empire? From their perspective, they can't forgive us for killing the king and dividing the kingdom. What if they gather their troops and advance to Bairan or Reinhardt?"

Toban questioned Lael's command. He had served as chief of staff of the Tzedakah Guild. From his point of view, Lael seemed to be making a big mistake.

Euphemina and Vantner agreed.

“Yes. In the current situation, the remnants of Eternal wouldn’t miss this gap.”

“Did Lael make a mistake because he is tired?”

The moment everyone was feeling distrustful of Lael’s judgment.

“Lael hasn’t overlooked the presence of Marquis Steim.”

The silent Yura opened her mouth. Her peach lips captivated everyone’s eyes.

"After the death of King Aslan, his evil deeds were revealed to the public and Marquis Steim has nothing to worry about anymore. He will unconditionally serve Youngwoo-ssi. But how can he come to Youngwoo-ssi with empty hands after he refused his support during the war?"

“I see!”

"There’s still Marquis Steim!"

Vantner made a confused expression while Toban and Euphemina nodded immediately.

"Sooner or later, Marquis Stein will arrive with a gift."

“The gift is the remnants of those who are against Grid. Indeed, Lael is incredible. He expected this and stationed the troops in Reidan.”

"Yura is also amazing for discovering it. Won’t Lael have an easier time if Yura assists him?"

“No. Yura needs to level up. She’s one of the strongest powers of our guild.”

“...”

The strongest power. Was it really like that? Yura couldn’t accept it.

‘I’m weak.’

The epic class Euphemina, and Jishuka armed with the Red Phoenix Bow were comparable to the legendary rated Grid and Kraugel. She was weak, despite having a legendary class.

‘This is a problem. I need to devote myself to finding the hidden pieces as soon as possible.’

It was a matter of pride. Yura also dreamt about becoming stronger than everyone else.

‘My next destination is....’

Hell. The stage that maximized a Demon Slayer’s abilities. Once the establishment of the Overgeared Kingdom was complete and the Overgeared Guild regained stability, she would rush to hell and concentrate on her growth. Yura was prepared.



Three Rebecca Temples would be built in Reinhardt. The elders of the Rebecca Church accepted Pope Damian’s command. They would send full support to Grid and Overgeared, who destroyed the great demon Belial. The players belonging to the Rebecca Church received a quest.

[The ‘Temple Construction’ quest has been created.]

[Temple Construction]

Difficulty: A

The Rebecca Church plans to build three temples in Reinhardt, the territory of the great hero Grid.

Help the construction of the Rebecca Temples.

Quest Clear Conditions: Work for at least four days at the construction site of the Rebecca Temples.

Quest Reward: You have the right to be assigned to the newly built temple. Divine

Power +20. The compensation will differ according to construction contribution.

"How much manpower are they lacking that they would make paladins and priests participate in the construction sites?"

"Isn't it common that the funds and manpower required for the construction of the temple be covered by the lord of the territory that the temple is built in?"

"Wow.... Surely we aren't paying for the cost of the temples built in Reinhardt?"

"Pope Damian is abusing his authority. It's well known that he's a fan of Grid."

"I can't believe that the elders approved this."

The players in the Rebecca Church didn't like the Temple Construction quest. They couldn't understand why they were supposed to participate in the construction of the temple and felt uncomfortable because they seemed to be used for Damian's private affairs. However, there were very few players who refused the quest. A-grade quests weren't easy to get and the reward was quite good.

'It increases divine power by 20.'

'Reinhardt is one of the few very large cities on the whole continent. If I can get there, I can make great profits by clearing numerous quests every day.'

'I don't want to miss the chance to build up a friendship with Overgeared.'

'Follow the trend for the future.'

Talents started to gather in Reinhardt, which would become the capital of the Overgeared Kingdom. This was the power of Overgeared.



"I'm sorry!"

The members of the Silver Knights, including Peak Sword, returned. They thought of themselves as sinners. It was because Cork Island was completely destroyed. The Cork

Island that flourished in the past couldn't exist again. Tears flowed down Peak Sword's face as he recalled the ruined Cork Island.

"If we had handed it over to Eternal when you told me...."

The island wouldn't have been destroyed. It would've been taken away, but they could've used it in the future. They needlessly protected Cork Island and brought about irreversible results. Lael comforted Peak Sword, who couldn't even lift his head.

"It isn't your fault. It's mine for not anticipating Blood Carnival's strike."

There was no way to predict it, but he didn't make excuses. Lael never thought that Peak Sword would completely protect Cork Island from Eternal's navy. In the first place, there was no reason for Blood Carnival to intervene. Unfortunately, Peak Sword was far more outstanding than expected and the result turned out like this.

'Now that Cork Island is destroyed, the cost of restoring the destroyed facilities is too high. It's better to give up neatly.'

They didn't need to be so obsessed. Originally, Cork Island was the major source of income for Overgeared. But this would change in the future. The territories belonging to Eternal that would be occupied by Overgeared were much more valuable than Cork Island.

Then Lael received a new report.

"Katz has returned."

Blood Warrior Katz. His strength was comparable to Grid when he was on the battlefield. No, maybe it was higher than Grid. Lael had big hopes for him. He hoped Borneo would be protected for 10 days. Lael rushed over and greeted Katz.

"You must have suffered a lot. We were able to protect our rear thanks to your actions."

It would be great if they could make Borneo completely theirs, but there were only 1,000 troops assigned to Katz. It was impossible to completely protect Borneo from the Gauss Kingdom which could move tens of thousands of troops. It was great work to keep it for just 10 days.

Katz reported to Lael. "The Gauss Kingdom's army has given up on occupying Borneo and has retreated. I think it's better to send reinforcements to Borneo so that the Gauss Kingdom doesn't attempt it again."

"...Huh?"

The Gauss Kingdom's army gave up on occupying Borneo and retreated? The result was unbelievably shocking.

"How did you keep Borneo?"

Katz formed a circle with his fingers after hearing Lael's question.

"Money."

"..."

Well, he should speak to Grid. Lael wanted to give Katz and Peak Sword good weapons for all their hard work.



*Chaaeng! Chaaeng! Chaaeng!*

Days passed. He kept using Magic Missile except for the time he spent sleeping.

*Chaaeng! Chaaeng! Chaaeng!*

"..."

Grid used Magic Missile on the metals without a break. The dark circles under his eyes were reminiscent of a dead man.

"Grid...."

Isabel's beautiful face was filled with worry as she watched Grid in the smithy. She felt sorry that Grid was struggling for her. She wondered if she could really abuse Grid this much.

'Suffering because of me.... No. I can't endure it anymore.'

Isabel stood up. She didn't care about her own matter anymore. She only hoped for Grid to be safe.

“Grid....!”

Isabel was about to tell Grid to stop. Then the adamantium was hit 10,000 times by Grid's Magic Missile and shone brilliantly, lighting up the entire smithy. Grid turned to the amazed Isabel and smiled brightly.

“Are you ready to enjoy your happiness?”

# Chapter 594

It was hard. It was seriously hard.

One week?

‘Bullshit!’

He spend over a fortnight striking 19 types of metals with Magic Missile. The penalty of using magic continuously was far worse than Grid expected.

‘Striking it?’

As soon as he opened his eyes, he connected to the game and repeated the same thing until he fell asleep. His mind was bound to weaken. Grid thought several times about giving up. It wasn’t an exaggeration to say he was going crazy at the thought of firing Magic Missile 190,000 times.

‘How can a human do such a crazy thing?’

It was different from the days when he looked for the North End Cave and became Pagma’s Descendant.

Reaching the limits of his stamina and concentration wasn’t enough to dampen Grid’s will that was ignited by anger. Grid wanted to forget about that time even now. The idea that this repetitive action wasn’t something a human should do weakened his heart.

‘No.... No. I can’t give up now.’

He would waste the efforts of the past few days the moment he gave up. Grid’s nature couldn’t tolerate this loss. More than anything else.

“Grid....”

“....”



He couldn't turn away from Isabel, who was making a pained face from guilt. He started this in the first place because he wanted to make her happy.

'I won't give up!'

*Kwaduduk!*

Grid once again started firing Magic Missile. 100 times, 200, 500, 1,000, 5,000, 10,000 times a day....

From that moment on, he couldn't count how many Magic Missiles he'd shot. He couldn't afford to count.

"Grid! That's it! Stop now!"

How many days had passed? The sight of Grid coughing up blood while shooting Magic Missile made Isabel become pale and confused. She couldn't bear it anymore and shouted. She didn't want Grid to suffer any longer because of her. At that moment.

*Jeeeong!*

Grid fired Magic Missile with a trembling hand.

[The quest has succeeded!]

['Magic Battle Gear Production Method' has been acquired.]

Notification windows popped up. It happened when the 190,000th Magic Missile struck adamantium.

[Magic Battle Gear Production Method Lv. 1]

Metal can be tempered with magic attacks. If you make an item with this metal, there is a certain chance of the item developing a magic option.

\* The rating of the metal enchanted with magic is subdivided from normal to legend. Depending on the rating, the magic options will be stronger and more varied.

\* Level 1 production. The magic that can be used to temper metal is limited to Magic Missile.

\* In order to raise the level of Magic Battle Gear Production Method, you must learn how to temper the metal with higher rated spells.

“Good. Very good.”

The reward that came at the end of a huge amount of effort was always satisfying. A delighted smile appeared on Grid’s haggard face.

“Isabel, are you ready to enjoy your happiness?”

“G-Grid....”

Isabel finally burst into tears. She was forced to sacrifice herself for Goddess Rebecca, who she loved and believed in the most. Now a savior had appeared. Grid’s existence was becoming more and more special to Isabel. Her gratitude, respect, and trust in Grid was much stronger and more absolute than her heart that served Rebecca.

‘Wait?’

Grid was proud when he saw the delighted Isabel, only to suddenly worry about his future.

\* In order to raise the level of Magic Battle Gear Production Method, you must learn how to temper the metal with higher rated spells.

A phrase in the skill description made Grid uneasy.

‘Hey Braham. Raising the level of the Magic Battle Gear Production Method.... Don’t tell me....’

‘Your guess is correct. Later, you will learn new magic and shoot it at all minerals 10,000 times.’

“...”

The reason Grid could fire Magic Missile 190,000 times despite grumbling about the difficulty was because the resources consumed by Magic Missile and the time needed to use it was small. It was impossible to compare 190,000 Magic Missiles to 190,000 higher rated spells.

“Hah....”

Grid sighed deeply like someone who had lost a country.



Recently, Brazil's real estate market had been suffering.

Jishuka. She accumulated a huge amount of wealth from Satisfy and had started to dispose of all the land and buildings she owned. It was a sudden sale. She hastily sold her properties at a cheaper price than the market value and converted it to cash.

What was the emergency? People started speculating.

Jishuka had received information that the Brazilian real estate market was going to collapse and disposed of her properties in advance.

Jishuka was addicted to drugs and was disposing of her properties to pay for the drugs.

Jishuka was preparing to move to South Korea to be with Grid. It was clear that her marriage to Grid was approaching.

And so on.

People's speculations about Jishuka ran wild. Once it became an issue, various types of media outlets came forward. The Brazil media requested an interview from Jishuka. Jishuka gave an interview in exchange for money and greatly shocked the Brazilian people.

"Recently, Jishuka's actions are making the Brazilian people uneasy. Can you explain the reason why you are disposing of your real estate so hurriedly?"

"It's to pay for an item."

“Huh?”

"Item....? An item in Satisfy?"

“Yes.”

“....?????”

It was estimated that Jishuka’s disposable real estate was worth almost 60 million dollars. It was big enough to make a company with a lot of capital. She was going to use this huge capital to pay for an item? The reporters barely regained their spirits and asked Jishuka.

“Are you entrusting Grid to make you a set of items?”

Yes, Grid was a legendary blacksmith. The value of the items he made was high enough to be different from normal items. If Grid produced a ‘set’ that covered the whole body, this astronomical price made sense. Think about being covered from head to toe in legendary items. They would be able to quickly kill monsters and monopolize various contents.

Jishuka shook her head at the reporters.

“It’s the value of a bow.”

“....”

Grid’s items were priced at a premium that they couldn’t imagine. This article became a hot topic all over the world and the Internet was once again turned upside down.

*-Won’t Grid become the world’s largest conglomerate?*

*-Grid is really....*



Yatan Church.

The eternal enemy of the Rebecca Church. Their purpose was working to bring the great demons to this earth. This meant they had to defeat Rebecca’s Daughters. The

Rebecca Church was the strongest force and placed too many restrictions on the Yatan Church's activities. Thus, the Yatan Church was forced to pursue them.

It was the reason why the quest 'Kill Rebecca's Daughters (SSS)' was always on the list of quests for players belonging to the Yatan Church. But was it really that easy to kill a Rebecca's Daughter? They were too strong. As the incarnation of divine power, Rebecca's Daughters were deadly to black knights and black magicians. It was realistically impossible for the Yatan Church to kill these women.

But at this moment, an opportunity came. Isabel, one of the most powerful Rebecca's Daughters of this time. The Yatan Church acquired information that she was weakened in the battle against the Great Demon Belial.

"Great Monarch Belial sacrificed herself for this chance."

"The current Isabel is extremely weak. It's enough to send only the believers."

The Yatan temples hidden throughout the continent. They would be able to find Isabel quickly. The Yatan Servants sat around a table and smiled with satisfaction.



The Yatan followers were divided into eight classes.

The 8th grade believers were as weak as the soldiers of any kingdom, while the 1st grade believers had a mighty force. Although there were only 100 of them across the Yatan Church. Their battle ability alone was comparable to the Yatan Servants.

"It's here."

"Immediately after the war, the defense is weak."

The 1st grade Yatan followers, Bon and Adus, succeeded in infiltrating Reinhardt. It was just after the war and Reinhardt wasn't able to fully control access of outsiders because the guard system wasn't fully in place.

"Where's Isabel?"

"I don't know exactly. We must measure the divine power."

In the dark. Bon and Adus concealed themselves under the shaded walls and started to use dark magic. It was the precursor of Magic Detection that most senior magicians could use. Magic Detection used with black magic power was particularly effective in detecting divine power. Bon and Adus were able to find Isabel without much difficulty.

“Indeed, she’s weakened like the information said.”

"I think it’s possible even if we don’t go out.”

“But this mission definitely needs to be resolved. Don’t leave it to the lower rated guys. We’ll go out directly.”

“Unfortunately, it can’t be helped.”

At present, Isabel’s divine power was like a flickering candle. It meant her health was fading. They didn’t need to watch out for White Transformation because she was so weak she would die immediately upon using White Transformation.

*Suuuk.*

Bon and Adus made confident expressions as they assimilated into the darkness and disappeared from the spot. Their destination was a smithy to the north of Reinhardt.

“I see her.”

Bon and Adus spied on the inside of the smithy. Despite the darkness, the light of the furnace showed a blacksmith working and Isabel watching him.

“What’s she doing?”

Rebecca’s Daughter Isabel was sitting idly in the smithy, despite dying. Bon and Adus didn’t understand the situation at all. But it was only for a moment. Their confused expressions changed to smiles.

“Maybe Lifael’s Spear is broken?”

"Rebecca’s divine artifact is broken? Is Rebecca’s divine power corrupted?”

"Great Monarch Belial must’ve dealt a big blow.”

“Ah!”

Now the situation was convincing. Isabel was wounded and couldn't return to the Vatican.

"Lifael's Spear is so badly damaged that it needs to be urgently repaired."

"This is a really great opportunity."

Isabel was weakened and her divine weapon damaged. Dealing with her was as simple and easy as hitting a fly. Bon and Adus exchanged a look before moving.

*Kwa kwa kwa kwang!*

They shattered the wall of the smithy with black magic.

"Kuahahat! Rebecca's dog will be caught today!"

They swung swords made of black magic at Isabel. But their swords didn't reach Isabel.

“What is this?”

The blacksmith hammering in front of the furnace. Yes, it was a blacksmith. Bon and Adus hadn't paid attention to the person hammering at the golden spear. Then.

*Paiijjik!*

Dozens of Magic Missiles were fired from the golden spear.

“What?”

*Pepepepeok!*

Bon and Adus were confused by the bombardment of Magic Missiles. They were Magic Missiles with divine power that made the dark shield useless.

# Chapter 595

“Kuaaaaak!”

“W-What is this....!”

A man whose face was covered in sweat and dust. The black-haired man was a blacksmith. There was no awkwardness to his movements as he hammered on the spear. He looked just like an ordinary blacksmith. But how could he wield Rebecca's divine weapon and manifest magic from it?

‘What in the world is this blacksmith?’

‘Surely a Rebecca paladin isn't disguised as a blacksmith? He's been polishing his blacksmith skills for years just for this day?’

Using common sense, it didn't make sense that the weakened Isabel didn't return to the Vatican. Was it possible for her to be left alone when she knew that the Yatan Church was after her?

‘Wait. Does it make sense that a paladin is trained in blacksmithing skills?’

‘No, have you forgotten how cunning the Rebecca bastards are? It's certainly possible! We've fallen into the vicious trap that this angelic female has dug!’

‘T-That's right!’

Bon and Adus were indignant. They healed their wounded bodies with black magic and stared at Isabel and the blacksmith.

"Yes, just like the Rebecca dogs. Placing a trap to lure people here?"

“....?”

Isabel was confused by Bon and Adus' words, but Grid just laughed. It was annoying to argue with them when they were the one making a surprise attack. Grid had experienced ridiculous things more than one or twice already.



"Uh, that's right. It's a trap. So just die. Your deaths were determined the moment you fell into the trap."

Grid smiled widely. He was pleased to have an opponent to test the reconstructed Lifael's Spear on. His attitude was an eyesore to Bon and Adus.

'He's laughing at some of the most talented people in the Yatan Church?'

There were less than 200 1st grade followers in all of the Yatan Church. It meant it was really hard to be qualified as a 1st grade follower. They were lacking in the fields of theology, intelligence, politics, and military matters, but their combat ability was comparable to the Yatan Servants. This was why Bon and Adus had great pride. They didn't think they would be pushed, despite fighting Isabel on a one-on-one basis!

"The hyena might dig a trap, but it can't hunt a lion!"

"Do you think Isabel can stop us in her current state?"

*Peeng!*

Adus spoke confidently and his black magic exploded. It was so powerful that a shockwave occurred. The interior of the smithy shook like there was an earthquake. The flames in the furnace became bigger! The smithy became a sea of fire. Amongst the flames, Grid's smile widened.

'Indeed, they're good opponents to test this on.'

Bon and Adus' names were written in gold. It meant they were named NPCs. They were strong. If Grid was a normal player, he wouldn't dare be hostile to them. But who was Grid? Among the hidden classes, he showed off unique skills and was an outstanding figure. He had killed some Yatan Servants so the 1st grade followers weren't his opponent.

"I will start the test."

A myth rated spear that had been modified using the Magic Battle Gear Production Method. Grid held Lifael's Spear that was surrounded by a white light.

## [Lifael's Spear]

Rating: Myth

Durability: 990/990

Attack Power: 1,530~2,190

\* Divine Power +2,000

\* All stats +200.

\* 250% increase in health recovery.

\* Fixed damage of +5,000 on each attack.

\* There is a high probability of activating the 'Light Wheel' skill. Every time Light Wheel is activated, Magic Missile is shot. The number of Magic Missiles is determined according to the usage range of Light Wheel. The damage of Magic Missile is fixed at 4,000 per hit and will increase by 50% if the target is evil. No mana will be consumed.

\* When defending or evading, there is a high probability that Shield of Light will activate. Magic Missile (Enhanced) is attached to the Shield of Light. Any target that pierces through the Shield of Light will be hit by Magic Missile. The damage of Magic Missile is fixed at 4,000 per hit and will increase by 50% if the target is evil. The accuracy of the Magic Missile counterattack is 100% and does not consume mana.

\* When moving, there is a high probability of activating the 'Light of Guidance' skill.

\* It is possible to use the 'Weakened White Transformation.'

\* Attack power +30% against those with black magic power.

It is one of the three divine artefacts of the Rebecca Church. It contains a strong divine power that humans can't bear. However, the blacksmith Grid has suppressed the divine power.

The power of technology has restrained the divine power. Lifael's Spear is tempered by legendary enhanced magic and is now more powerful than before.

Conditions of Use: Rebecca's Daughter.

*Hwiririk! Cheok!*

Grid rotated Lifael's Spear and thrust it. In the past, he had tried to copy Pon's techniques. Now he acquired Weapons Mastery and his handling of the spear wasn't awkward at all.

'Strange?'

Bon and Adus hesitated as they were trying to kill Grid. They felt a sense of incongruity.

'Aren't Rebecca's Daughters the only ones who can handle Rebecca's three divine artifacts?'

This information wasn't certain. But when looking back at the history of the Rebecca Church, only Rebecca's Daughters had used the three divine weapons. But now this male blacksmith. No, the paladin disguised as a blacksmith, was using Lifael's Spear?

Grid rushed over as they were standing there bewildered. The spear wasn't Grid's main weapon and Bon and Adus were quite capable, so he didn't want to miss this opportunity.

"You dare!"

Bon and Adus scoffed as Grid narrowed the distance and swung the spear. They ridiculed Grid's movements, which was a slash instead of a thrust.

'This slow attack can't touch us.... Heok!'

The relaxed Bon and Adus both turned pale at the same time. The golden orbit drawn by Lifael's Spear. Dozens of white flashes appeared simultaneously?

'Another spell!'

'How is this possible?'

Magic Missile was the lowest grade magic spell, but dozens of them were used at once

and in rapid succession? In addition, the Magic Missiles used by this guy....

*Pepepepeng!*

“Kuaaaack!”

“It hurts!”

It was enhanced Magic Missile!

“Ugh.... How can Dark Shield be penetrated with Magic Missile?”

All things were born with a limit and magic was the same. Just like a pebble couldn't break a rock, the lowest grade Magic Missile shouldn't be able to penetrate Dark Shield, a superior defense spell.

‘It's only possible if his magic power is tens or hundreds of times higher than ours....!’

*Chill.*

Adus got goosebumps. Was this an elder priest of the Rebecca Church? The blacksmith's simple force might be weaker than them, but he overwhelmed them in magic power.

‘We were tricked!’

Swinging Lifael's Spear was just a gimmick. He was a priest, not a paladin. It was also a senior priest!

‘That's why his spearsmanship is lousy!’

The blacksmith pulled their attention to the spear. It was just a means to attract their attention, while his real attack was the magic he used. Bon and Adus determined this as Grid swung the spear again.

‘I won't be tricked anymore!’

Bon and Adus smiled. They ignored the spear Grid was wielding and attacked Grid. It was possibility because they were confident they wouldn't be hit by Grid's spear. But the result?

*Seokeok!*

*Puok!*

“Cough!”

“Eek!”

A single blow. Grid’s spear severely tore their armor and their shoulders were severely pierced. It was a powerful destructive force that couldn’t be compared with Magic Missile.

“Y-You....!”

Bon and Adus finally realized the seriousness of the situation. They finally guessed Grid’s real identity.

“Tem....!”

A secret weapon raised by the Rebecca Church.

“....Templar!”

There were only a few of them, but if they were left alone, they would become comparable to Rebecca’s Daughters. Grid shook his head at the astonished Bon and Adus.

“I am overgeared.”

“.....!!”

*Peeeeeeong!*

Grid swung the spear again. He had been stubbornly slashing so far, but this time it was a stab. It was a stab that maximized the attack distance of the spear. The speed and power of the attack was unmatched.

“Ugh!”

The targeted Adus hurriedly raised his sword. It was necessary to defend against the

stab. But immediately before reaching Adus, Lifael's Spear curved and struck Adus' side instead. It was Light Wheel that had a high probability of activating.

[Light Wheel]

Stabbing, hacking, cutting, etc.

Any type of attack will be linked to a circular attack. The target won't be able to escape this irregular attack.

\* The hit rate is 100%.

\* Contains the light attribute.

*Puok!*

"Kyaak!"

Adus screamed as the orbit of the attack suddenly changed. Bon standing next to him also suffered terrible damage. As Grid attacked Adus, Magic Missile was emitted from the golden trail created and struck Bon.

*Pepepepeng!*

"Ugh....! Uhhh...."

*Duk.*

*Dududuk.*

The flames in the smithy became bigger and bigger. Adus and Bon's groans mixed in with Isabel's admiring cry. Adus and Pon were named NPCs and quickly got up.

"Overgeared!"

Yes, they remembered. The Yatan Servants' Slaughterer. From Malacus, Neberius, Dark

Bus, and the First Servant Tallos. It was the worst danger to the Yatan Church.

“Grid.... You are Grid.”

Bon and Adus knew that Reinhardt was Grid’s territory after the war. But they couldn’t imagine that the blacksmith repairing one of the Rebecca Church’s divine artifacts would be Grid. It was hard to imagine, since Grid had risen to a major rank and there was also the rumor that Grid used Blackening. It was a violation of common sense that he could handle an artifact filled with Rebecca’s divine power.

“Who the hell are you?”

Blacksmith and swordsman.

Swordsman and magician.

A person who handled divine magic and the power of demonkin.

Bon and Adus were filled with confusion as Grid replied.

“Overgeared King.”

The identity had already been established. It was thanks to the Overgeared Guild and it wasn’t long before the Overgeared Kingdom would be established. In the future, Grid wanted the world to call him Overgeared King.

‘What is overgeared?’

Adus and Bon were filled with strong doubts. The two men had completely recovered. Grid’s performance test was enough. He handed Lifael’s Spear back to Isabel.

"You can use White Transformation freely. It can be used as long as you have enough mana."

The spear no longer consumed health. It was tamer than before. But it was still strong.

"Have strength, Isabel."

He wanted to rest. It might be a little dangerous for him to deal with Bon and Adus right now. The story would be simple if he used Belial’s Strength attached to the Rune

of Darkness. But Grid had no intention of using that extraordinary power when he was sleepy.

Grid shook hands with Isabel and left the smithy, leaving Isabel to use the White Transformation of Lifael's Spear. She completely overcame the fear of death, making the power of the spear unfathomable.

[The quest has succeeded!]

[You have gained 1 point in deity from the quest reward.]

[Isabel deifies you even more. Isabel will even become hostile to Goddess Rebecca for you if it is required in the future.]

[Isabel will give you the loot she has acquired from Bon and Adus.]



# Chapter 596

*Swaaah.*

It was important to do everything steadily. Shin Youngwoo originally had a bad physique, but he'd been working out for the last few years, resulting in a solid muscular body. The cold water coming from the shower that slipped over his smooth muscles was an attractive sight to look at. The changes in body and spirit were due to his efforts. This was one of the sources of Shin Youngwoo's confidence.

'The pros and cons of the Magic Battle Gear Production Method are clear.'

Shin Youngwoo thought as he cooled his overheated head with cold water.

'Apart from hammering the metal, I have to train it with magic. It will take four times longer to handle and the durability of the metal is significantly reduced.'

Lifael's Spear. The original myth rated weapon had a durability of 1,500. But the durability dropped to 990 in the process of training it with Magic Missile. It had fallen by one-third.

'If I enhance a weapon with a low durability like a dagger, I might not be able to use it....'

Equipment items needed to be durable by default. The repeated use and repairs would inevitably drop the maximum durability. Therefore, people were reluctant to use items with low durability.

'If I'm planning to make items just for selling, it would be wiser not to use the Magic Battle Gear Production Method.'

Of course, it was true that items made using the Magic Battle Gear Production Method were excellent. In fact, Lifael's Spear was much more beautiful than before. But that was possible because Lifael's Spear was a myth rated weapon.

'The higher the rating of the item, the greater the increase in options.'

Considering that the average rating of the items that Shin Youngwoo produced was usually epic, it wasn't worth investing so much time with the Magic Battle Gear Production Method.

'However, I will use the Magic Battle Gear Production Method on the items that the guild members will use as their main force.'

He could afford to spend valuable time on items for his colleagues. The disadvantage of the low durability was overcome by Shin Youngwoo's repair techniques. It was because the maximum durability didn't decrease when Shin Youngwoo repaired the item directly.

『The world's attention towards the first country built by a player, Overgeared, is getting hotter day by day. It isn't just South Korea. Everyone around the world is focused on Overgeared's founding ceremony. There are many people who are wondering why Overgeared, who has already acquired the minimum qualifications to set up a kingdom, are delaying the establishment of the kingdom.』

『It must take a long time to prepare. It's an event that all countries and people all over the world are interested in. They want to create an unprecedented splendid and magnificent founding ceremony.』

『The restoration of the palace ruined by Belial will take quite a while.』

As Shin Youngwoo was taking a shower, stories about Overgeared started to flow from the TV set on the bathroom wall. Shin Youngwoo witnessed the news and turned off the shower.

'Busy.'

As predicted by the news, Overgeared was planning a magnificent and brilliant founding ceremony. It was to announce the dignity of the best guild while the attention of the world was focused on them. It was too big for Lael to handle alone. Every member of Overgeared played a proper role, including Youngwoo. There was 14 days until the ceremony and Youngwoo needed to make items to reward the members.

It was Lael's plan. Once the items made by the legendary blacksmith were revealed at the scene of the foundation of the kingdom watched by billions of viewers, the wavelength caused would be truly enormous. Imagine it. New items would increase

the Overgeared Guild by leaps and bounds. The viewers who saw this would feel envious and be filled with a burning desire to join Overgeared.

“Overgeared King.... Kuoh.”

It was a good name no matter how he thought about it. Shin Youngwoo admired his own naming sense as he left the bath and wrapped his wet hair with a towel.

*Diririri-*

The phone installed in the middle of the living room rang. It was Jishuka. Youngwoo was startled.

‘She has gathered 60 million gold already?’

60 million gold was a huge amount of money. It couldn’t be secured just by selling items in the game. She had to use money to buy gold from the trading sites and he couldn’t imagine how big the transaction fees would be. Youngwoo opened his mouth as he kept in mind Jishuka’s hard work.

"Pick up."

At the same time.

*Yiing-*

The phone stopped ringing and a video appeared on his phone. He could see Jishuka with an endless blue sea behind her. As always, she was smiling brilliantly.

“Hi~! Grid....!”

Jishuka tucked her hair being blown by the wind behind her ears, only to suddenly close her mouth and blush.

‘Why?’

Youngwoo cocked his head, while Jishuka’s face turned redder as her gaze focused on one part of his body.

"Are you appealing to me?"

“...”

Ah, he wasn't wearing clothes. Youngwoo belatedly felt a sense of shame and rushed to his room to grab clothes. In the video, Jishuka couldn't help feeling embarrassed and delighted.

"I think he's perfect for me."



The restored Reinhardt Palace.

"Erase all traces of Eternal's royal family."

The Eternal Kingdom had a history of 400 years. Reinhardt Palace might've been ruined in the aftermath of the Belial raid, but there were still traces of the Eternal dynasty remaining. It was from the small decorations to the architectural style. It was enough to bother Lael.

"What? The historical value? There's no value to the history of the losers. Please remove all the statues of the Eternal kings and build a statue of Grid on the spot. Burn all the items engraved with the silver dragon emblem that symbolizes Eternal and imprint a hammer and anvil on the new items. All facilities designed for left-side traffic should be switched to right-side traffic, and...."

Lael directed the workmen. His hands were constantly on his head. The habit of worrying about his hair loss in reality had transferred to the game.

Administrator Rabbit approached him and reported.

"All the royal families of the 15 kingdoms have rejected the invitation to the founding ceremony. It's an atmosphere where every kingdom on the continent aren't acknowledging us."

Lael didn't panic.

"As expected."

Technically, Grid was a rebel who destroyed his kingdom. Recognizing Grid meant acknowledging rebels, so it wasn't possible for the royal families of other kingdoms to

recognize the Overgeared Kingdom.

"Diplomatic isolation would be a major hindrance to national development. Is there a solution?"

Lauel nodded at Rabbit's question.

"It will be resolved with diplomatic quests."

"....?"

Overgeared was a kingdom set up by players. It was evident that it would evolve in the direction that players agreed on, since most of the people of Overgeared weren't NPCs. Lauel's focus was on the growth of NPCs and other players. In other words, quests.

'If the players of Overgeared go out to other kingdoms and repeatedly hunt and do quests, our culture and influence will naturally spread to other kingdoms. One day, the other kingdoms would have to acknowledge and accept Overgeared.'

It was a problem that would naturally resolve over time. There was just one point to pay attention to. It was the disruption of other forces such as the Saharan Empire, Ares, Agnus, and Blood Carnival. If the mighty forces sought to persecute the players of Overgeared, most players wouldn't join the Overgeared Kingdom.

'We must have the power to prevent that from happening.'

They had to prove that they had the power. That's why he invited not only Kraugel, Damian, and Chris to the founding ceremony, but also the high rankers who were once hostile to them.

'I have to prove our influence.'

Please let the rankers who received the invitation attend the ceremony.

Vantner approached the eagerly praying Lauel and whispered.

"Grow head. Is the pronunciation unusual? It's a Korean hair loss drug. It works well."

"Vantner, you...."

He recognized Lauel's grievance at a glance and recommended hair loss medicine?

Lauel pledged. He would never use the hair loss medicine recommended by Vantner, even if there was a knife at his neck. He didn't have any confidence in the hair loss medicine recommended by the bald Vantner.



"Many followers have volunteered to attend the construction site of the Reinhardt temples."

"It's a reflection of their respect for Grid, who defeated the great demon Belial and brought peace to this world."

The Rebecca Church's Vatican.

After the fall of Pope Drevigo and pop candidate Pascal. The high ranking priests sat in higher seats. Their gratitude and respect for Grid was sincere, making Damian feel good.

Damian sensed the atmosphere and said, "I received an invitation letter from Grid asking me to attend the ceremony for the establishment of the Overgeared Kingdom. I'm going to attend. Do any of the elders want to come with me?"

"...."

It grew silent in an instant. The elders made fake smiles and shut their mouths.

Damian realized his mistake.

'They respect Grid, but we can get the persecution of the empire if we support the Overgeared Kingdom.... Well, it's a worry. I was too short-sighted.'

Maybe he would be pressured to not attend the founding ceremony? The moment that Damian was feeling concern.

*Kung!*

The 15 silent elders rushed to their feet. Then they looked at Damian with resentful eyes.

“W-Why?”

Damian hesitated as he was pushed by their momentum and then the elders cried out.

“It’s regretful! How can Your Holiness take the opportunity to bless the path of Grid alone?”

“....?”

“We will go with you! We will lead all the believers of the Vatican to go and bless Grid and the Overgeared Kingdom!”

“Please take us too!”

“....Yes, yep.”

Damian was surprised by the unexpectedly strong reaction and nodded.

Isabel smiled from next to him. She was more beautiful than ever now that her health was completely restored and the shadows of her mind were gone.



“Kraugel, what about you?”

“Are you going?”

Sword Saint Kraugel. Hao and Alexander came to find Kraugel, who was clearing a dungeon with level 300 monsters alone. Would Kraugel, who was dreaming about reclaiming first place, participate in the Overgeared Kingdom’s founding ceremony? Alexander was convinced it wasn’t possible. Kraugel’s desire for strength was stronger than anybody else, and Kraugel wouldn’t be happy about having his training disturbed.

But Kraugel’s answer was different from his prediction.

“It would be nice to attend. I can’t let down a friend.”

“....Eh?”

Unlike the disbelieving Alexander, Hao laughed quietly.

Then Kraugel suggested. "If you don't mind, how about coming with me?"

"I understand. I will also come."

"....Understood. I will attend with the Russian rankers."



# Chapter 597

Grid destroyed the Eternal Kingdom and seized this chance to build a new kingdom. Emperor Juander of the Saharan Empire had already seen reports of this, but didn't respond. It was an attitude of not being interested in such a trivial matter.

Grid inherited the power of a legend and was steadily expanding his reputation throughout the continent. But so what? There were countless talents in the empire that were comparable or better than Grid. He didn't have time to care about a person who would soon self-destruct.

"That's what His Majesty said."

1st Prince Roland smiled. 2nd Prince Dulandal confirmed that his teacup was empty, signalled to the maid and asked.

"Brother, what do you think? Can we leave Grid unattended?"

Roland lifted the cup that the maid had replenished and nodded.

"I also know that the force of a legend transcends the human category. But in the end, that's the power of an individual. He can't afford to go against Saharan, our great empire which dominates the continent."

"There are many people in the empire that transcend the category of a human."

"That isn't all. In the first place, Grid is a traitor. The royal families of other nations can't tolerate his existence, since he won the throne through resisting the royal family."

"Acknowledging Grid will have an adverse effect on the people. Other kingdoms will hope for Grid's destruction."

"That's right. They will constantly oppress him and keep him in check. Grid and the kingdom he builds will self-destruct."

1st Prince Roland and 2nd Prince Dulandal. They were the children of Empress Aria, who left the world six years ago. They were highly likely to be crowned as the heir due

to their abilities and adaptability. However, their positions had greatly reduced in recent years.

It was because the emperor's favorite, Empress Marie, politically isolated them. The trend in recent years was 4th Prince Edan. There was much talk that Empress Marie's son would become the crown prince.



After Eternal's royal family had been destroyed. Apart from the Saharan Empire, the royal families of the 15 nations gathered together. The place of the meeting was in the Gauss Kingdom, located close to the Eternal Kingdom. The king of the Gauss Kingdom, Cactus, opened his mouth.

"I'm thankful that the princes of the prestigious nations are gathered here."

"It's an honour to meet King Cactus."

"My father asked me to apologize for not being able to attend personally."

The atmosphere of the meeting place was cheerful because they were in accord. The reason for gathering was to discuss the Overgeared Kingdom which would soon be established.

"There must not be peace for a kingdom that a rebel has established."

"That's right. There's no glory for rebellion. We need to ensure that our people know this."

"The Overgeared Kingdom must be destroyed quickly."

"Thus, we should put pressure on it."

"Of course. We won't be establishing diplomacy with Overgeared."

"That's right, that's right. We have to isolate the Overgeared Kingdom and make them self-destruct."

The princes of the kingdoms spoke. There was a smile on the face of King Cactus, who looked at them as if they were cute. It was a smile that fit well with the appearance of

a toad.

"It's essential to isolate them. How about all 15 of us send a representative to Overgeared's founding ceremony?"

"Huh?"

The princes frowned at King Cactus' sudden proposal.

"Why do you want to send representatives to the founding ceremony of a kingdom that can't be accepted?"

"Do you want to celebrate?"

There was a backlash from the princes.

King Cactus shook his head. "We will send a delegation that if he doesn't pay tribute to our 15 kingdoms, we will condemn him. How about it?"

"Hoh.... That's a great idea."

"Making the Overgeared Kingdom send tribute to us...."

"It will accelerate the destruction of the Overgeared Kingdom! Hahahahat!"

Loud laughter filled the meeting place. It was 10 days before the establishment of the Overgeared Kingdom.



Levanfield.

It was a small town near Reinhardt. The peaceful village surrounded by mountains on every side was as quiet as a dead rat. From the outskirts, it looked like a ghost town where no one lived.

"Hik.... Hiik.... S-Spare me Sir. Please...."

Levanfield's food warehouses. More than 2,000 residents were sobbing in a corner.

Earl Logan screamed at them. "Shut up! The king has died and the kingdom is in turmoil, yet you're still obsessed with your little lives?"

Earl Logan was really angry. The flag hanging in the centre of Levanfield was a hammer and anvil, not a silver dragon.

"These commoners....! This town is supporting the the rebels who have occupied the kingdom! You guys are turncoats and need to die!"

"H-Hik....!"

Earl Logan eventually pulled out a blade. He planned to kill all the residents of Levanfield. Then Marquis Vedaman spoke up.

"Are you going to make your blade dull before tomorrow's holy war? Don't worry about the pigs who are too busy eating on their hands and knees when they're given bread."

"Marquis Vedaman is right. The reason why we're here isn't to dispose of livestock, but to regain the kingdom from the traitor."

"Cough...."

Earl Logan stopped his sword at the nobles' words. The residents of Levenfield sighed with relief. Marquis Vedaman asked them, "The hammer and anvil is the symbol of the traitor Grid?"

"Yes, yes! That's right! A few days ago, soldiers arrived from Reinhardt and changed the flag!"

At that moment.

*Seokeok!*

Earl Logan, who had wanted to pull back, brandished his sword as hard as he could. The head of the resident talking to Marquis Vedaman was cut off and rolled across the ground. Earl Logan gritted his teeth.

"Flag! Acknowledging the rebels' kingdom!!"

"H-Hik....!"

The faces of the Levanfield residents changed. The situation recently had been too confusing. The king, who had never done anything for them, died and the kingdom imposed hard taxes, depleting their food warehouses. Why should they be sad? Why should they hate the rebels? Was it their fault that the flag was raised by the rebels? They were taught to always follow the royal family and nobles. They just did what they were taught.

"In the first place....! It isn't our fault that the kingdom was lost! Weren't you the one who lost the country because of your own helplessness?"

A young man screamed as he held his dead father that was murdered by Earl Logan.

"First, this is our kingdom! Eternal is our kingdom and we are not livestock!"

"You!"

Earl Logan's eyes bugged out. His face distorted like a demon and he tried to swing his sword again.

"Stop."

The tightly closed door of the food warehouse opened, revealing a middle-aged man. It was a man who looked like a bear. The moment he appeared, he radiated a large presence to the nobles and residents of Levenfield.

"Marquis Steim....!"

He used his natural bravery and superb mercenaries to clear up the monsters in the north, becoming its lord. The sudden appearance of one of the greatest powers in Eternal made the nobles, including Earl Logan, feel confused. Marquis Steim looked over the silent crowd and sighed.

"Do you have to involve the people in politics? I'm ashamed of my fellow Eternal nobles."

"Ik....! Eek!"

Earl Logan was silent for a moment before shouting in an enraged manner.

“Marquis Steim! Why did you come here?”

The rebel Grid was Marquis Steim’s son-in-law. In addition, Marquis Steim had remained silent during the war. He just watched as the kingdom perished. Earl Logan was convinced that Marquis Steim was allied with Grid. The other nobles thought differently.

“Earl Logan! Politely greet Marquis Steim!”

“Marquis Steim wouldn’t betray this kingdom!”

Marquis Steim had always been a loyal figure to the royal family of Eternal. The fact that he didn’t act during the war didn’t mean that he supported Grid. Marquis Vedaman felt confident. Marquis Steim would surely help with the Eternal nobles’ independence movement. That’s why he sent a letter telling Marquis Steim of this place.

“I have known for a long time that Marquis Steim isn’t stuck on petty things like marriage relations. I sincerely thank you for accepting my invitation. Together, we will punish Grid and set up the Eternal Kingdom again.”

“...”

Marquis Vedaman held out a hand to shake. Marquis Steim stared at it and asked, “Do you still not know the reason behind how Aslan rose to the throne?”

“...Of course I know. King Aslan killed Prince Ren. However, that’s already in the past. There’s no reason for us to fall apart because of King Aslan. We must quickly wipe out the rebels and set up a proper king.”

Marquis Steim shook his head.

“No, there is no proper king. The moment Prince Ren and King Aslan died, the direct line of Wiesbaden was erased from the world.”

“What?”

It might be minor, but there were many places in the kingdom where the bloodline of the royal family still existed. This couldn’t be denied. It proved that Marquis Steim had a dangerous mindset.

“Marquis Steim! In the end, you are siding with your son-in-law?”

Marquis Vedaman noticed it at last, causing the nobles, knights, and soldiers to pull out their weapons. The soldiers hiding outside the food warehouse gathered together, isolating Marquis Steim and his men within thousands of people. But Marquis Steim didn't even blink.

"My son-in-law might not be the right king, but he's qualified enough to become a new king. Is there any person in the world more suited to be king than my son with his power, strategy, and resourcefulness? I am sure that even the emperor of the empire won't be better than my son."

“Nonsense!”

Earl Logan couldn't listen anymore. He was determined to cut off Marquis Steim's head with his sword. But he coughed up blood and died before he could move even a few steps. It was due to a sword that came flying from behind. It was a man who the nobles firmly believed belonged to the Nobles Against Grid Alliance. It was the sudden betrayal of Viscount Chris.

“Who are you?”

Chris ignored the screaming Marquis Vedaman and bowed his head to Marquis Steim, staring at him from afar.

“A friend of Grid.”

Marquis Steim laughed.

“A colleague of my son-in-law is also my colleague. Laden, kill the enemies.”

“Yes.”

The Northern Nova, Laden. The young man, a genius who represented the kingdom, moved as soon as Marquis Steim gave the order. He was like a black lightning bolt. Every time he moved, half a dozen enemy soldiers died. But the alliance also had talent. The good knights pressed Laden.

Then Chris and the Giant Guild moved.

*Kwarururung!*

Grid's Greatsword. The sword roared like a beast as it swept through the allies.

[The 'Against Grid Alliance' quest was abandoned. The quest rewards have been permanently destroyed.]

The quest reward? How could they be more valuable than the future with Grid? Chris and the Giant Guild members couldn't guarantee it.

"Kill them all! Don't allow even one of them to reach Reinhardt!"

"Kuaack! Chrissss!"

The remaining nobles of Eternal started dying. It was a week away from the establishment of the Overgeared Kingdom.



## Chapter 598

The Overgeared Guild won the battle against Belial and laid the foundation to establish a kingdom. Every member of the guild was faithful to their role. It was thanks to them that Overgeared was able to establish a kingdom. Grid knew this, so he wanted to reward all the members of Overgeared with magic battle items.

But it was impossible in terms of both time and capital. In particular, Lauel's objections were severe.

"Don't you know the meaning of meritorious retainers? It's a word that refers to a subordinates who built up a lot of merits when establishing a country. Since we worked hard, we are all meritorious retainers? That's ridiculous. Unless you select and reward those who sacrificed more, you will lose the meaning of meritorious retainers."

"It's a shame."

But Lauel was right. Giving the same reward to both those who were active and who weren't active? The people who were more active might feel a sense of deprivation.

'Indeed, this isn't a communist country. What is equal compensation?'

As a simple example, people received different rewards in raids. Grid was convinced and broke down the contributions of the Overgeared members. He excluded personal friendship and thought objectively.

'The first person on the list of meritorious retainers is Katz.'

At first, Katz was a disagreeable guy. He was a typical right-wing Japanese who disparaged Koreans. It was difficult for Grid to accept him. But Katz withdrew all his comments in the past and sincerely apologized. Not only did he apologize, he abandoned all of the narrow perceptions he had about South Korea. He attempted to atone by creating new jobs for Koreans living in Japan. After joining Overgeared, his activities were dazzling. Take a look at this war. He defended Borneo with only 1,000 troops. Katz alone defeated the Gauss Kingdom.

'Thanks to him, we were able to fully concentrate on the war and raid.'

It would've been terrible if Borneo was taken back by the Gauss Kingdom. The Eternal Kingdom would've worked with the Gauss Kingdom and Overgeared would've been completely isolated and destroyed.

'Therefore, Katz must definitely be placed on the list of meritorious retainers.'

The second was Jishuka. She defended Patrian until Grid's arrival and completely flew once she received the Red Phoenix Bow. She completely destroyed Eternal and played a great role in reversing the situation by healing her dying allies in the Belial raid.

'I shouldn't forget about Piaro.'

Without Piaro, they wouldn't have been able to raid Belial.

'Asmophel's work was also great.'

Grid now knew for certain the role that Asmophel played during the battle of 1 against 100,000. He watched the war videos playing on TV and confirmed Asmophel's actions.

'If Asmophel hadn't assassinated the enemy leaders, I might've died during the battle.'

What if he had died?

'I wouldn't have arrived at the Belial raid on time. Eventually, Piaro and all of Overgeared would've been destroyed.'

That wasn't all Asmophel did. During the war, he penetrated the enemy forces, secured all types of information, disturbed the enemy forces, etc. But.

'Let's pretend not to know.'

Grid felt sorry for Asmophel, but Asmophel's passive skill called Determination of the Number Two exerted itself when he needed to prove himself.

'As soon as I acknowledge Asmophel, Determination of the Number Two will weaken and his growth rate will slow down.'

This didn't mean that he would be excluded from the list of meritorious retainers. Asmophel was a pillar supporting the kingdom and he needed to be placed in the appropriate position.

“Hrmm....”

He had to give a title, but Asmophel’s value would decrease the moment he was given a title. What should he do? Grid worried about how to handle Asmophel for a long time.

‘I should consult with Lael.’

If he couldn’t think about it alone, then he should discuss it with Lael. As always.

‘Thank you.’

It had already become a habit to thank Lael. Grid completed the list of meritorious retainers and went to visit them one by one.

"What item do you want to have?"

Of course, every person needed different items. Some wanted a weapon that would maximize their class characteristics, some wanted armor to boost their survivability, while others wanted farming equipment that would improve the efficiency of farming. There was one point they all had in common.

"If I can obtain Grid’s magic items, I can grow faster than ever."

“Okay.”

It was a gratifying response. Grid was motivated to work. After securing the necessary materials to produce the items, he asked Sticks to move him to Reidan. Along with Khan and the Reidan blacksmiths, he lit up all the Reidan furnaces. He generously used the white phosphorous wood as fuel.

"The intermediate blacksmiths should ensure the fires in the furnaces aren’t turned off and the advanced blacksmiths should refine iron ore. Khan will help me."

“I understand. Do you have anything for the beginner blacksmiths to do?"

"Tell them to focus on observing my techniques."

“...”

The Reidan blacksmiths fell into confusion. A beginner blacksmith could do the work of one person in a smithy while an intermediate blacksmith could work as a private blacksmith. Furthermore, an advanced blacksmith was talented enough to work at a palace. But the beginner blacksmiths weren't given any jobs, while the intermediate blacksmiths had to maintain the furnace and the advanced blacksmiths needed to smelt iron ore?

Even Khan, a craftsman grade blacksmith skilled enough to work in the empire, was acting as an assistant? The blacksmiths confident in their skills couldn't understand Grid's role assignment. But none of them disobeyed Grid's command. They witnessed Grid's work after a long time and once again realized that even Khan wasn't a match.

'I will soon become an intermediate blacksmith thanks to Grid's help.'

'It's the best honor to do odd jobs for him.'

The Reidan blacksmiths understood the topic and no longer questioned Grid's orders.

"Father, fighting!"

Lord held Irene's hand and came to the smithy. He spoke the cheer he learned from Aunt Ruby and pulled out a small hammer. Then he watched his father's movements.

*Ttang! Ttang!*

*Tatang! Tang!*

The sight of the father and son next to each other was peaceful and joyful. There was a happy smile on Irene's beautiful face.



"I want to see Grid look bewildered and scared."

Baron Kons was excited as the carriage moved. He wondered how surprised and frustrated Grid would be when he heard that he had to offer a tribute to 15 kingdoms, including Gauss.

"It isn't that simple to build up a kingdom."

If it was that easy to set up and maintain a kingdom, there would be hundreds of kingdoms on the continent by now. Baron Kons laughed as he imagined the look on Grid's face.

"We've arrived."

Baron Kon's carriage stopped in front of Reinhardt Palace.

"Hrmm...."

Baron Kons was surprised as he got out of the carriage. Unlike what he expected, there were no traces of war anywhere in Reinhardt.

"The damage from the war was repaired so soon? Did he work the people as slaves?"

That bastard called Grid was stupid. It was only a matter of time before the people's hostility would grow and the Overgeared Kingdom would self-destruct much faster than expected.

"Tsk tsk, abusing the people when you aren't fully established yet. As expected, not just anyone can become a king."

"Excuse me."

A knight approached Baron Kons. The knights were wearing sturdy black armor.

"Are you Baron Kons of the Gauss Kingdom?"

"Yes."

It was hard to imagine that these excellent knights had just gone through a war. Baron Kons gulped nervously while the knights scratched their heads.

"You don't need to be polite to soldiers like us."

"Relax your manner of speaking."

"....???"

Baron Kons was stunned. It was absurd that they were calling themselves soldiers

when they were wearing such excellent armor.

‘Who are they trying to fool?’

Why were these knights pretending to be soldiers and tricking him? Baron Kons soon became angry.

‘That’s right. Overgeared is trying to tell me not to look down on them because their soldiers are as well trained as the knights.’

Yes, it was acting.

‘Who would be deceived by this?’

Baron Kons shook his head as he was entering the palace garden.

‘There will be no well-known person.’

Which famous person would attend the founding ceremony of a kingdom established by a traitor? Baron Kons predicted that it would be filled with random people or the event site would be empty. However....

"Oh, Your Holiness. Look at that wonderful statue. Brother Grid’s appearance is really reproduced well."

"Wouldn’t it be nice to put a statue of Goddess Rebecca next to it?"

"Grid wouldn’t want to pay for it."

"Huhu, Your Holiness is too much. Brother Grid has contributed so much to the Rebecca Church. How can he oppose the creation of a statue of Goddess Rebecca? A statue will be built at all costs."

"Heok."

Baron Kons became breathless as he walked through the garden. 15 middle-aged men dressed in the clothing of the elders of the Rebecca Church were calling a young man the ‘pope?’

‘This is ridiculous!’

The pope and elders of the Rebecca Church. They didn't even come when the emperor of the empire called, yet they were attending the founding of the Overgeared Kingdom? Baron Kons had to deny it.

'It's a scam. It can't be true! It's obvious that Grid dressed up his own men as the Rebecca Church's pope and elders!'

The pope was so dominant that no one dared judge him, but the Rebecca elders were famous for their heavy hips. In order to meet them, the great King Cactus himself had to visit the Vatican. Yet they were attending the founding of the Overgeared Kingdom?

"Excuse me."

A group brushed past Baron Kons as he was denying it.

'Fishy smell?'

Baron Kon blocked his nose and frowned, then he looked at the group passing by. He recoiled like he had seen a ghost.

'T-The water clan!'

Water clan. A species that lived in Siren deep below the sea. They were famous for their excellent magic. Many kingdoms, including the Gauss Kingdom, wanted to ally with them. But they didn't like humans. Humans were turned away, even during their most difficult times. Yet they were attending the Overgeared's founding ceremony!

'No, this is impossible.'

The water clan were here for the Overgeared Kingdom's founding ceremony? He wasn't convinced. They must've come for other reasons.

'Maybe Grid needs to repay the water clan somehow?'

Baron Kons constantly tried to deny reality, but it became hard to deny it anymore.

"King Maxong of the water clan is entering!"

"?!?!?!?!"

The water clan's king? Baron Kons' eyes widened as he turned towards the entrance of the garden. The existence who entered was much larger than the water clan people he saw earlier and give off a majestic and overwhelming presence.

'R-Really. It really is the king!'

While Baron Kons was feeling shocked, King Maxong approached the group pretending to be the Rebecca Church's pope and elders.

"Hello King Maxong."

"Oh, Your Holiness. It has been a while. Have you met Grid yet?"

"I couldn't see him yet."

"...."

In this atmosphere, the pope and elders seemed to be the real deal. Baron Kons' eyes trembled.

'Is it true that a great demon descended to Reinhardt and that Grid and the pope united their strength to defeat it?'

Rumors had spread throughout the continent that Grid had destroyed a great demon. But hardly anyone believed this rumor. The great demons existed to annihilate the human race. It didn't make sense, even if Grid was a legend. The people in the world thought Grid had spread false rumors to increase his reputation.

Now Baron Kons thought the rumor might not be false after all.

'King Cactus.... I.... I can't....'

In an event where the greatest figures such as the pope and water clan king were attending, he needed to demand that Grid give them a tribute? It was too much for Baron Kons to do such a crazy thing.



# Chapter 599

"All 15 kingdoms except the empire dispatched an envoy?"

They refused the founding ceremony invitation, but now they sent representatives? The members of Overgeared reacted strongly when they heard the news.

"Why are they acting as they please? Why are they acting like we are pushovers?"

"It's obnoxious, but the situation isn't that bad. The fact that they sent representatives means they're willing to deal with us."

"Isn't that too unbelievable? Those bastards are accepting Overgeared as a kingdom?"

"Why did they suddenly change their position?"

"Overgeared will become as big as the empire in the future and they are trying to suck up to us! Puhuhu!"

"Now they have realized the dignity of God Grid! Puhahahat!"

The more the conversation progressed, the more excited the atmosphere became. The positive energy generated by Peak Sword and Vantner caused unfounded confidence.

Lauel sighed and poured cold water on them. "That's impossible. They will deny us until the end."

"Eh? So why are they sending representatives?"

"Hut, isn't it obvious? My reincarnation has already detected 100% of their intentions. Well, there won't be too much trouble no matter how we act. Huhuhut, this is a very good opportunity."

"...."

Lauel was very happy. He was like a snake looking at his prey: the representatives from 15 kingdoms.



It was around an hour after the Gauss Kingdom representative arrived. The rest of the 14 representatives gathered in Reinhardt. Baron Cudan of the Murrary Kingdom was surprised.

"There are a lot more people than I thought?"

Reinhardt Palace, where the founding ceremony would take place, was really packed. No matter where he turned his gaze, he could only see people. Why was it so crowded, despite being a kingdom without a foundation? It was completely unexpected. The representative of the Ultana Kingdom shrugged at the confused Baron Cudan.

"Aren't they just pretending? Take a good look at their faces. There isn't a single celebrity."

"Certainly...."

There were no big people gathered at the venue. The majority of them were anchors and staff members of the broadcasting companies. There were also users with low or medium reputation. In the eyes of the NPC nobles, they were only flies.

"Where is Baron Kons of the Gauss Kingdom who arrived earlier?"

A knight dressed in black armor approached the representatives and explained.

"He suddenly moved to a restroom because he felt sick. Can I help you?"

"Um....? No, it's okay."

The knight's equipment was unusual. The armor and weapons were all exceptional.

"I thought they wouldn't have enough money because they need to invest in the founding ceremony...."

"Overgeared Kingdom.... It surprisingly has significant capital."

"How can that be? It's just bravado. The knights are only wearing good armor in front of the guests."

“But there are too many knights wearing the same thing...”

“...”

The gazes of the representatives shifted. The number of black knights scattered throughout the venue seemed to be around 1,000. The representatives were stunned.

‘What? Even the empire doesn’t have such a large number of knights?’

There was a stir among the representatives. There was silence until Baron Briton of the Arc Kingdom trembled.

“Grid.... He’s a wicked man.”

“What do you mean?”

“Think about it. How can a new nation have so many knights unless it’s exploiting the people? These 1,000 knights were raised by squeezing out the blood of the people. It proves that Grid treats people as less than cattle.”

“Hrmmm....”

Treating the people as less than cattle? Some representatives didn’t agree with each other. On the other hand, Baron Cudan was furious.

“What a demon!”

A person who betrayed his kingdom and his king. A vicious demon. A kingdom ruled by such a person? It couldn’t happen. Baron Cudan touched the sheath at his waist.

‘For the peace of the continent, isn’t it better to kill him?’

Baron Cudan’s momentum was fearsome as he thought about it. It was enough to make the people around him shrink back. The other representatives admired it.

‘What a fearsome energy. Murray’s Lion isn’t an empty name.’

Baron Cudan was famous for fighting one against two with the empire’s Black Knights. He was a very upright person which didn’t allow him to gain a high position. But Baron Cudan’s swordsmanship was well known throughout the continent. He wasn’t called

Murray's Lion for nothing. The moment everyone was feeling amazed by Baron Cudan.

"Put away your sword energy."

"....?"

One soldier approached Baron Cudan.

"Why are you emitting sword energy? If you're a representative, you should be aware of the basic courtesies. Don't you know the basic courtesies?"

The blond soldier took a step forward. He was wearing shabby armor. As he scratched it with his fingers, the old leather armor seemed to tear. Overgeared Kingdom. The soldiers were treated so insignificantly compared to the elite knights?

'It's the soldiers at the forefront of the battlefield, not the knights.... Grid is just bluffing.'

The representatives laughed at Grid. On the other hand, Baron Cudan was white.

'What is this soldier?'

The blond soldier in shabby leather. The soldier looked just like a soldier. Compared to the black armored knights he witnessed before, the soldier seemed like a trivial existence. However, it was difficult to gauge his status when actually facing him. The sword energy that Baron Cudan was proud of shrunk back in front of the soldier.

'Eh.... How can a lowly soldier seem so profound?'

Goosebumps appeared on Baron Cudan's body. If one soldier was so strong, what about the 1,000 knights scattered around the venue?

*Gulp!*

Baron Cudan stood like a stone statue and gulped.

"How dare you say such ridiculous things?"

"We're soldiers of the great Murray Kingdom!"

Baron Cudan's knights were angry and drew their swords. The moment they were about to strike at the blond soldier. Baron Cudan hastily stopped them.

"S-Stop!"

If they attacked in this place, it would mean all their deaths. It was also from a soldier! Baron Cudan suddenly held his stomach and fell.

"U-Ugh? No? Why does my stomach suddenly hurt? Oh my? I'm too sick too move?"

"M-My Lord?"

Baron Cudan's knights were embarrassed. Baron Cudan's innate health was so great that they couldn't help feeling like this once Baron Cudan complained of stomach pain. Baron Cudan urged them not to worry about the rude soldier anymore.

"We need to go back to the kingdom. Let's go back. Oh my, it burns. It must be the beef jerky I ate on the way here."

"B-But the king's request...."

"It burns! Go back!"

"Heok! Yes, yes!!"

Baron Cudan's knights hastily took him away. The moment that the Murray Kingdom's delegation left Reinhardt.

"Look over here! Baron Cudan!"

"Hah.... What is this....?"

The representatives were stunned. Baron Cudan left before fulfilling his duties as a representative.

'It's different from the usual discipline of the Murray Kingdom.'

The representatives thought it was ridiculous as they watched Baron Cudan leaving this place. All of them didn't recognize the Murray Kingdom anymore.

On the other hand, Baron Cudan made a resolute expression as he left Reinhardt.

‘I must speak to the king about making peace with the Overgeared Kingdom.’

How could the person called Grid be more vicious than the emperor of the empire? He might be a rebel, but his power seemed to transcend imagination. He was the trend.



"What? The Gauss Kingdom's representative has also left?"

Two of the 15 representatives were gone. The remaining 13 representatives thought it was ridiculous.

"What representative would return before completing his mission?"

"Baron Kons and Baron Cudan are both incompetent."

"It's proof that their kings aren't dignified."

Baron Vedika was the representative of the Ultana Kingdom. His nickname was 'vampire baron' because he hunted the intermediate vampires that appeared in his territory and acquired the vampire rings as loot. He had a reputation for his great sustainability in combat, since he restored his health by taking his enemy's. It was rumored that he was almost immortal when he fought. He was a brave man and disappeared the runaway Baron Kons and Baron Cudan as cowards.

‘They ran out of fear after seeing the 1,000 knights.’

They thought they would be struck by the knights the moment they demanded that Overgeared pay tribute to their kingdoms.

‘Truly pathetic. Anyone who represents their kingdom should put their honor of the kingdom above their fear. Tsk tsk tsk....’

To be honest, Baron Vedika was also tense. He could gain honor as soon as he accomplished the mission, but he could be executed by the 1,000 knights that surrounded them. However, he had the power to overcome this fear.

‘I have the vampire ring.’

It was a ring obtained by hunting the intermediate vampires in his territory along with all his knights. Baron Vedika believed that with the vampire ring, he could survive in a 1 vs 1,000 fight.

“Huhuhut.... Huh?”

Baron Vedika was looking at the ring on his finger when he suddenly became aghast.

"Will there be group activities after the founding ceremony? What is it?"

"A group will be organized to hunt in the vampire cities."

"Ah, what? The vampires are too weak to be fun anymore, and they don't give much experience."

"But isn't it a good day today? We'll be able to raise the level of the guild members in the second group."

"Well.... Yes, if I have to go, then I should do my best."

"It would be fun to try a city we haven't cleared yet."

"...."

Organizing a group to hunt in the vampire cities? The vampires are too weak?

'What are they saying?'

Baron Vedika laughed as he heard the words of the group passing by. He believed they were just bluffing. This lasted until he spotted a ring on one of their fingers.

"Pant.... Pant?"

Baron Vedika doubted his eyes. The dozens of people, including a bald man, were wearing vampire rings on their fingers. The rings also contained better magic power than the ring that Baron Vedika wore. Baron Vedika made a disbelieving expression, before gathering his courage and approaching the bald man.

"If I'm not being impolite.... Can I ask what you're doing here?"

*Gulp.*

Baron Vedika swallowed his saliva as he asked the question. Then the bald man replied.

"We are King Grid's subordinates. Why are you asking?"

"....U-Urgh? Why am I suddenly feeling anemic? Isn't it weird?"

In the end. The representative of the Ultana Kingdom also ran away from Reinhardt.

"....???"

The remaining 12 representatives failed to recognize the situation and finally settled in to observe the founding ceremony.



# Chapter 600

The world's attention towards the first country built by a player, Overgeared, was very hot. Many broadcasting companies around the world dispatched people to Reinhardt.

"Move the positions of cameras 5 and 7! Be careful to film Grid from all angles!"

"The Japanese people want to see Katz' face more than once. Arrange the camera so that Katz' face can be seen from time to time."

"There are many beautiful woman in Overgeared. Make the lights bright so that their beauty is stronger.... Hey! Why are you filming Vantner? The ratings will fall!"

Every broadcaster identified the trends of their viewers and designed their broadcasts accordingly. The female-oriented broadcasters with many female viewers focused on anyone handsome. The broadcasters who focused on accurate information communicated the situation of Grid, Reinhardt, and the Overgeared Guild. Political and diplomatic experts sat on a panel to deeply evaluate the future of the Overgeared Kingdom.

"Kuk, I am nervous."

There were cameras and lights everywhere they looked.

Several Overgeared members were nervous at the thought of the whole world paying attention to them. Most of the members of Overgeared were from the Silver Knights Guild. Those who were high rankers were afraid of the camera because they weren't familiar with appearing on air.

"Aren't you a citizen of South Korea and a member of the Overgeared Kingdom? Don't be nervous and straighten your shoulders."

"Yes!"

Peak Sword's encouragement was effective. The Silver Knights members didn't shrink back anymore. They stood proudly as they appeared on the camera.

『I noticed it once again. There are a lot of Asians in Overgeared..』

『Most of them are Koreans. It's the impact of absorbing the Silver Knights Guild.』

『But I'm surprised that they don't show the national color. Usually, wouldn't most guilds anchored to a country show bias towards them?』

『This is a glimpse of Grid's true heights. Overgeared started as a multinational guild. If he focuses too much on a certain country, some members of Overgeared might feel alienated. Grid deliberately excluded the colors of his country because of this concern.』

『I can see how well Grid is coordinating the guild members just by looking at Katz. Who would have expected Katz, a famous Japanese nationalist, to adapt so well to the Overgeared Guild?』

『As expected from Grid.... He's the person who built up a network of friends and NPCs.』

『There's no way to explain how big his vessel is. Grid goes far beyond ordinary standards. Recently, some people in China are claiming that Grid is the reincarnation of Liu Bei.』

『Liu Bei? Liu Bei from China's Three Kingdoms era? Hah, truly. China still has a habit of claiming any good thing as theirs. Why is the Korean Grid called the reincarnation of a Chinese person?』

『Hum hum, please refrain from personal comments during the broadcast.』

The people who ignored Grid and laughed at him were now hard to find.

He had proven his skills many times to people who didn't acknowledge him and built up such unparalleled achievements that he was no longer treated as a psychopath. But was it truly possible to fully grasp someone? The world still didn't know Grid's true value.

'The reincarnation of Liu Bei? What nonsense!'

Grid trembled when he accidentally heard what some people were saying. Pangea's

Lord of Virtue. It was a title that had a certain probability of sparing a monster when hunting. Grid felt very uncomfortable when he forcibly acquired this useless title due to a misunderstanding.

"Ugh, this is sick. Why isn't there a feature to delete titles?"

Grid was waiting for the coronation and founding ceremony. Lael heard Grid's grumbling as he approached through the crowd.

"In general, titles are things you can get after making a direct connection to Satisfy's setting or stories. If there was a title removal function, Satisfy's setup and story would collapse."

"...What is that?"

Grid freaked out when he saw Lael. Lael had a black eye patch over his left eye and there was a black mask over his mouth. Both were items with no function. They were a favorite among middle school students. Lael saw Grid's confused face and raised two fingers.

"Kukukuk! Grid, this is a style I prepared to coordinate with you. It's a recreation of my days as a dragon knight. How about it? Isn't it cool?"

'What a waste of his face.'

Pure white skin and silver hair. Lael was a young man who gave off a mysterious feeling. It felt like he came from a manhwa. He was a charmed existence. But he was a chuuni. He didn't care about love and only devoted himself to his previous life. Grid couldn't imagine how many women would be saddened by this.

"Tsk tsk...."

He would never achieve love. Grid clicked his tongue and turned back to looking out the window.

Suddenly, people started moving.

'What?'

The atmosphere was incredible.



『Breaking news! Breaking news! According to reports from players, the remnants of the Eternal nobles are gathering near Reinhardt!』

『The number of armed troops led by the nobles is as high as 100,000! On the other hand, there are no more than 5,000 troops in Reinhardt!』

『Currently, most of the Overgeared forces are concentrated in Reidan.』

『Reidan? No, why? Placing troops elsewhere ahead of a big event....』

『It must be due to the Saharan Empire. What if they placed the troops here in Reinhardt? Reidan would be empty and a good prey for the empire.』

『Hah.... In other words, they were alert to the empire and forgot about the Eternal nobles?』

『That's right. This is clearly Overgeared's mistake for not looking beyond a few steps. Grid and Lael have overcome previous crises with superb maneuvering and armed force, but it's very shallow compared to our experts.』

The founding ceremony that would be held in a few minutes was ruined in an instant. The anchors and panel members of the broadcasting stations, as well as the players gathered at the scene, started to shake.

"Shouldn't we run away? We'll be swept up in the war."

"I don't want to die just because I'm watching an event. Hurry."

"Wait. What's the fuss? Grid has fought 100,000 people before. In addition, the high rankers of Overgeared are gathered here. The 100,000 enemies will be killed by Overgeared in an instant."

"Are you a fool? Don't you know that the level of monsters and NPCs in the new episodes are far ahead of the level of monsters and NPCs in previous episodes?"

"The enemy soldiers who might not be over level 200 during the war episode have probably completed their second advancement in this episode. Do you think that even

Grid can deal with 100,000 second advancement soldiers?"

"Even though Grid and Overgeared wins the war, what about us? Will the enemies leave us alone?"

*Buzz buzz.*

The frightened players started making a fuss. Some people were already running away from the palace. However, the soldiers of Overgeared blocked the entrance to the palace.

"Get out of the way! I want to leave!"

"..."

The players shouted but the soldiers were unmoved. They stood there silently. The international broadcasters and experts figured out the situation.

『This....! I think I know why Grid blocked the entrance!』

『What?』

『Grid is trying to use the players gathered here as sacrifices!』

『Hah....!!』

The people currently gathered in the palace. From the enemy's point of view, they were all on the same side. Soon the enemies would attack everybody they saw, intent on killing Grid and the Overgeared members.

"Demon!"

"Grid is a demon!"

Everyone remembered Grid's old nicknames. Psychopath, butcher. Grid was recently called a virtuous person, but what was his true nature?

"H-Hik....!"

*Kung!*

*Kung kung kung kung!*

The ground shook. It felt like tens of thousands of troops were surrounding the palace. The players became confused and frightened, while the broadcasters spoke in real time.

*-Wow, Overgeared.... Are they going to sacrifice innocent people in order to live?*

*-Really vicious.*

*-It's better than being fooled by kindness.*

*-Does this really deserve to be the first kingdom built by a player?*

The people around the world had various reactions towards Overgeared. Some blamed Overgeared, some agreed with Overgeared's choice, and some insisted they should imitate Overgeared. The turmoil increased.

*Step.*

Grid appeared inside the palace for the first time. He walked towards the entrance of the palace as thousands of players gazed at him with resentful eyes. Then....

*Kuuong!*

The marching sound of the large army beyond the walls stopped. It meant the 100,000 troops led by the Eternal nobles had reached the palace.

"D-Dammit!"

"Let me logout!"

The faces of the players became paler. On the other hand, Grid remained calm. He looked at the crowd with his uniquely sharp eyes.

"Open the gate."

He ordered the soldiers sealing the entrance to the palace.

".....!!!!!"

The players and broadcasting station staff were scared. Opening the gate when the enemies were outside? Everyone thought Grid was crazy and started blaming him. But Grid didn't withdraw the order and the soldiers opened the firmly closed gates.

*Kiiiiiiiik-!*

The gates slowly opened. Tens of thousands of troops came into view, with the city behind them. The players were stunned. Grid wanted all of them to die. However.

*Cheok!*

The tens of thousands of people gathered beyond the gate. Rather than pushing inside the palace and starting the slaughter, they took a military stance?

『W-What is this?』

The players and staff of the broadcasting companies were stunned.

"We see King Grid!"

"Attention!"

The tens of thousands of troops saluted Grid, shouting and saluting him without any distractions. The leader of the army was Marquis Steim. It was truly spectacular. It wasn't just the players gathered at the scene, but the millions of people watching in each country. They all got goosebumps.

As the world was feeling shock and doubt, Grid declared to the saluting soldiers.

"In the name of the Overgeared King Grid, I will start the founding ceremony."

[A new kingdom has been born on the West Continent! The Overgeared Kingdom! The name of the king is Grid!]

[The first player to become a king has appeared! His great achievements will remain in Satisfy's history!]

*Snap! Snap snap!*

The lights that the broadcasters prepared focused on Grid. Thousands of cameras only captured Grid's appearance. As the military band started playing music, the ratings of the founding ceremony skyrocketed.

It was the beginning of a new era.





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